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BEYOND THE BARRIER

BY A DOCTOR'S WIFE

I

I OPENED my eyes. On the white lake above my head, silver fish were swimming, in curious geometric designs that elaborated the forms of their bodies. Now there were five; now, at the close of a bewildering interweaving of flashing bodies, there were six. The curves grew wider; they opened; a seventh entered. The mystic number was complete.

I looked at my nurse. Without raising her eyes, she took up a piece of linen upon which she was embroidering strange scrolls. Even as I looked, a curve began to crawl. I turned hurriedly back to the pure white lake above my head, fearful lest I had lost some movement in the intricate puzzle of silver light; distressed lest, through the relaxing of my will, the wandering of my attention, those mystic symbols of my faith might cease to be. One by one they were extinguished on that cold hard lake of white. I had failed them.

'The fishing boats are coming home. It is very pretty. Don't you want to look at them? How many can you see.'

Why was my nurse trying to test me out in this hateful calculating way? She could read my every thought. That was one of her cruel advantages, for on her forehead, as on the forehead

of my doctor, was pricked in smudgy red the sign of souls that were lost — the cross of the hypocrite, that was no true cross, strong in its uprightness, but a crooked slanting ugly scar. In spite of my deplorable weakness, I was still permitted to struggle against such spirits of darkness as these.

And those boats. She saw, and she knew that I saw, against the cold light of a winter sunset, four; and now there were six. Soon perhaps would come the mystic seventh, upon whose presence their safety hung. They were making valiant headway against a strongly ebbing tide. Their sails were furled, their engines silenced by distance; but there was no magic in the power that drove them home; they were spluttering in, as usual.

She knew, too, that I saw, though perhaps she did not see herself, — she was fortunately sometimes blinded; or was she only oblivious from sheer stupidity and obstinacy, — the dark hulks that shadowed them. Red lights were breaking out upon them as they swung idly to and fro, casting no anchor within the breakwater, held by desires stronger than wind or tide. Their leader was long and low, and her masts shot skyward at bow and stern. The green

of her starboard light was as full of malignant life as the eyes of a hungry brute; the red was cruel as blood.

The short winter twilight was almost gone. While I could still trace the serpent-like outline of the craft, I must act. By the absolute concentration of the power for good still left in me, by a supreme act of self-forgetting will, I might make it burst into flames. I set my mind to the task. The flames burst forth. They died away. The night was black. It sucked me in.

The next day I was called upon to pay the penalty for my defiance of the powers of evil. At my head stood a strange woman. In a smooth French voice, from which the nasality had been wiped out by the broken English she was talking, she read aloud my thoughts as they jumped from one estimate to another of my husband's ability to pay for the boat which I had burned. It would beggar him, if my thoughts betrayed the truth; it would worse than beggar him, if I thought too high a figure. Seven hundred, a million, nine hundred and ninety-nine — the sums tore through my mind with a recklessness that was betraying their falsity, was numbing my hope of concealment. Her smile was as faultless as the arrangement of her hair. It never left her lips as my figures rose and fell in breathless irregularity, but always, in spite of my frantic effort, toward higher levels. And always, in mockery of my misery, I could hear the rhythmic explosions of a gas engine at work.

'Can't you make them stop that noise?' I asked my nurse.

'They will stop soon,' she said. 'It is almost dinner-time. Have you ever been in the shipyard? And seen the subchasers they built during the war?'

'Yes,' I replied, as casually as I could; 'their designer was so good as to take us over one, and I have met them outside on their speed tests.'

So answering, I thought bitterly of the speed for evil that the boat which those fiends had already started rebuilding at my husband's expense would have. She would rush down the open lane of water that her own fires burned clear of ice, loaded with the souls of the despairing, of those responsible for their despair. Would my own daughter be among them? Her father imprisoned for debt, who would save her? As hostage for the payment, they would claim her.

That night they took her. But before they had bound her fast in the lowest hold of that deep ploughing bow, I had followed her in her flight through darkness that was seared with flames.

When I came to the crossing under the turbulent current of the channel, choosing my way blindly among caverns where whispered the voices of many waters, I lost her. Yet twice already I had threaded those caverns — twice, naked of body. Now I had failed, because it was my soul that was perishing of the cold. I threw what was left of me upon the darkness.

A man stood before me with a kindly wrinkled face and mild blue eyes.

'There is one sacrifice for her salvation that you have not yet made. It lacks but this test. Will you dare it?' He laid his gnarled hand gently upon my shoulder.

'Only tell me,' I gasped.

'We are making the sacrificial bread,' he said. 'For the kneading of it, human strength, human hands are required. The heat of it is as white as is the bread. You will live, but brave men will shrink from looking on you. Will you —'

I fell upon the task. With the flesh crackling from my hands, I tore at that surging mountain of bread. It engulfed me; I was lost in pain. The light grew more intense. I saw as in a mirror against its glowing side the seared

horror that was my face. I fell into nothingness.

I found myself. I was in pursuit of that ship. I rushed from land to land, from shore to shore, and knew only that now I was in a harbor, searching wildly, now on the docks, hunting among staunch ocean-going steamers for a phantom ship. At last I reached the far edge of the world, where a forest clothed its last and most awful of precipices, the trees clinging to which had been turned to stone. The light of the forest was cold as stone is cold, and of a gray such as the sky in its mercy never makes known to men. It was the color of their corpses mouldering in the earth. Chained to a branch which, even as it bent before the blast, had been turned to stone, was a bird. It sang, and I knew it for the soul of the singer whose voice, my mother said, had made women weep. I, too, must soon take my place upon those granite boughs. Would it be granted to me once and again in the empty months to sing? Probably not. I had not consciously added to the flood of women's tears.

But even now the precious moments of my freedom were slipping by me in selfish speculation. I looked wildly about me, and there, casting anchor on the sea at the mountain's inner rim, was the ship. Into an opening in her bow, I slipped all that was left me of what I had brought — a pair of water-proofed shoes. Seeing those, would my child know that I had done what I could? At least she would be spared the sight of my face. Perhaps when I was turned to stone, the scars of my disfigurement might flow together. But now I was grateful that she would never have to see me as I was.

II

'You must eat. See, I have here the lamb chop which you yourself asked

for. Nothing can cure you but eating. Why, then, will you not eat?'

I looked at my nurse in amazement, and then realized that the muddy red sign had slipped from her forehead. In her human stupidity she had asked the question, for her power to read my thoughts was for the moment gone. It was a lamb chop which she offered me. How could I, who had kneaded the sacrificial bread, eat of the symbol which the world's Saviour had made his own? I refused to eat.

'Some fish, then?'

Did the woman's blasphemy know no bounds? They were the reincarnation of the crew of that phantom ship — evil spirits whom I had sunk, but not annihilated. Eat them, and by coalescing their spirits with mine, weaken my own miserable power for good, strengthen the world's power for evil? It was unthinkable.

At the end of countless repetitions of her foolish formula: 'If you eat, you will get well,' she took the temptation from me, saying reproachfully, —

'You cannot realize, perhaps, that for an hour and a half, three times each day, I stand here by your side, trying in the only way we know to make you well — through food. You are making it hard, not only for me but for the maids in the kitchen, who are not through with their work till your tray returns.'

I took a spoonful of the fruit in great haste. That amount of poison I could, no doubt, assimilate. I was sorry for her when she was human and tired, and for the maids. It did seem strange, however, that all my food could be poisoned without their coöperation.

That night, my daughter came to me. It was very cold, and the windows, heavily frosted, were only partly opened. Noiselessly she opened the one beside my nurse. Instantly I felt the sudden current of cold air that always

warned me of danger. The nurse turned on her cot in the corner. I saw my child change before my eyes into a big black slimy creature, with a broad flat head. She passed round and round the cot of my nurse in ever-narrowing curves, and from her body fell glistening ropes that lay on the bed like taut drawn snakes, holding my nurse fast in unconsciousness. Then, from the window, she drew in her coils a boat of curving prow and stern, lined with soft white fur, its rails filigreed in silver.

'I have come to fetch you, mother,' she said, and her clear young voice never faltered. 'You never cry, mother. Your eyes are too hard and bright. You must plunge into the sea. Don't shrink away like that, mother. It is cold, but see the fur in my boat. I thought even of that. And when you come back, your eyes will be soft with water that will look like tears. O mother,' — her poor voice broke pitifully, she was my child again, — 'tell me quick — you are not afraid?'

'I cannot cry, child,' I said. 'My eyes are parched with pain.'

But all she answered was, 'Are you coming, mother?'

I sprang from my bed. Of course I was going where she went.

My nurse clutched me as I fell. She had been sleeping with the eye that her evil spirit controlled toward me. So I had failed.

The night wore on. I could not sleep. I was watching the window. Over and over again in my mind was tossed the ugly doubt: did my child think that it was fear which had held me back? Poor little soul, she despised fear so cruelly. And I had n't been really afraid at all, only inexplicably slow.

'Why did you try to get up in the night? Do you not realize that you have not strength to take safely one step unsupported? If you should fall, before I could reach you, you might

break your hip.' My nurse's tones were insistent with worry.

Because she had been asleep, it was obvious that she had not been able to read my mind. The advantage was mine. I would not yield it. So I turned my face to the wall.

'If you have any wish, you have only to mention it,' she continued more kindly. 'That is your husband's order. Of course, you do not realize that I am on double duty now, because nurses are so scarce on account of the influenza. I am doing my best. Usually, when you stir, I waken; but last night, on account of the awful storm, I found it hard to go to sleep at first. I was glad to see that you were sleeping peacefully.'

'I did not want to waken you, you looked so tired,' I said. 'How long have you been nursing?'

And she answered as clearly and distinctly as before: 'Since the Middle Ages I have been in his service. Four hundred and twenty-one years it is that I have worked for him. Nurses have ever been the handmaidens most favored of the devil, the instruments best adapted to work the more subtle of his purposes.'

'Won't you come to my bedside?' I asked. While she was honest, I need not be afraid of her. 'Yet your eyes,' — I looked long and questioningly into them but without understanding, — 'your eyes are as blue as God's own skies. But your face — it is so strange that they did not more cleverly blend your face and his. That upward curve on your cheek is so blatantly characteristic, is n't it? One gets so tired of seeing it on the stage. That was why I liked that last Mephistopheles I saw. He was in that haunting shade of faun that the woods have in the spring, that certain spirits —'

I shut my lips firmly. Ignorance was never power; it behooved me to guard her ignorance.

'And yet you can talk so logically,' was all she said.

The petty logic of everyday life, of course, I thought impatiently; but when it came to an understanding of the deeper problems of life, I was becoming more and more hopelessly incompetent. If only in my wanderings I might run across Royce. He would n't be like Seneca and Epictetus, and even Marcus Aurelius, who never looked up, only drew closer together beneath the pale shadows of the aspen trees when I passed by. He must surely remember me. Besides, he was the only one that James had thought really believed in his own philosophical theories, even in summer. 'Even in summer.' Professor James had told me so himself. And it was cold now; it was n't summer, it was winter, and he would be spared the extreme test. So Royce had believed something all the time that he seemed to me just to be comforting his doubts with the wealth of words that his imagination loved. If only I had not been too young and timid to insist on his telling me just what it was that he actually could call true! It might help me now, it might, it might — And yet, an immortality that was not of time. What could that mean, anyway? And the *ding-an-sich* — one must n't talk German any more; that, at least, was true.

Across my misgivings, broke a clear voice, sweet as the honey that orange-blossoms yield.

'It is I, mother. Ask what you will. Only this time you must be quick, mother, quick!'

'Teach me something, child,' I faltered, 'something —'

'O mother, mother, you have lost me! You should have asked for something to eat. I have brought the apple with me. And now you cannot even look on it. And it is a snow-apple, too. O mother, do you remember that night

when the moon had dropped from out the sky and was hanging just above the cypresses?'

'But how can you remember that when you were not there?' I questioned her. 'I missed you so! And coming up the coast, when the ship lurched and the oranges dropped in showers from the trees in her hold, I used to wait for you to come running to pick them up. But you never came. The air in the hold was close and sweet —'

'Would you like the windows opened, madam? The room seems fresh to me.'

The child was gone, and that cloying odor of exquisite sweetness under a dewy night was gone with her.

That night she returned again, but not to me. Though I pressed my head against the door beside my bed, the door that opened into the superintendent's room, and though I stopped breathing that I might hear, I caught only the sound of gold and yet more gold falling with a soft clink upon a stone floor. At last their voices rose: —

'I have given you all that I have, and yet you will not tell me what to do. Everything is so strange, so different here; but you've seen so many people die, some of them must have come back to tell you all about it. They have, have n't they? And you'll tell me all you know —'

The child's voice dropped to a caressing cuddling tone. 'What have I done already? Why, I have been to see mother, of course. Poor mother, she is so serious, she wants to know what no one ever knows. I'd have more gold to give you if this is n't enough, only —'

'Well, you see, I could n't help it. He was walking without legs, and he had medals on his breast. I'm afraid he was a German. Oh, don't look at me like that! I know I ought n't to have given him anything. Do you think that

is why I've lost the way — to punish me, I mean; and so I can't get back to mother?

'You know, and you've got to tell me. If you don't, I'll make you wish you had: I'll choose to change into you! You think I can't? But that is what we do here all the time. Everybody changes into everybody else, and people get so diluted and thin and queer, that they don't know themselves. That is the way it will be with you. Only I won't let you be cruel, then, and I'll know what you know — the way to mother.'

'Don't worry about me, dear,' I cried as loudly as I could. 'But tell me, is it a moral as well as a physical confusion?'

'How did you know, mother?' she questioned eagerly. 'That is just the trouble. This hidden world of realities, behind the veil of causality, where there is no *where*, and where the *when* is not. Oh, why did men dream such foolish dreams about reality? because, what man, dreaming, wills, that becomes reality itself.'

'It is awful, mother. We are always bumping into each other, and we never know ourselves at that. Oh, that's our house I smell burning! And father — mother! mother!'

The child's voice rose to a shriek of more than mortal terror. She snatched me up, and we flew together down the wind toward that long white line of smoke.

Her father lay on the narrow couch he always loved. The cool white sheet was folded close about his neck, the blankets turned back about his hips. One of the blankets had a tear in it. The flames entered the room, first in one corner and then in another. The smile deepened on his dear face. But even as I stood in an agony of helplessness, the flames fell upon it. They ate it away —

III

'If you shriek like that, you will disturb the other patients. Did you have a bad dream?'

I could not answer. A big black gate was slowly opening in the corner of my room. Now the whole side of the room was falling away, and beyond it was the abyss into which worlds fell when they were lost. It swallowed them without a sound because it was nothing, nothing at all: black, soundless, sightless nothingness. They could not, should not, must not push me there. I measured the seconds of my life by the strength of my will. I struggled wildly.

'Don't try to raise yourself. Let me help you. It is lunch-time now. To-day you will want to eat everything that I have brought you.'

'How delicately you serve my food,' I said, scrutinizing the tray of dainties, 'and how very patient you are!'

'And my reward?'

I raised my glass of water. On its surface was a lake of quicksilver. In its depths rested an ivory dagger set in turquoises, but in their hearts red fires played.

'Would you prefer grape juice or orange juice? Your husband has had an ice chest set just outside your door. You see how you are worrying us. Why did you refuse to drink your eggnog this morning? Do you not know that in pellagra you must have vitamins?'

'Pellagra' — 'vitamins,' — the words were worse than Greek to me. Now Greek — on the wall above the window I watched the pretty letters twine and untwine among laurel wreaths, silver or green like moonlight on moss. Now they were dancing, and a *phi* was bowing to a *kappa*. Pretty soon the *beta* would come and try to separate them. What was it she had asked about eggnogs? I would not

drink them? Of course I would not, when they were thick with gluey poison. Poison and quicksilver — how could the devil expect to catch me by such childish tricks as these! 'C'est à rire,' I murmured wearily.

'You will not drink, you will not eat. What shall I do? Can you suggest anything that you would eat or drink?'

'An egg,' I said at last, 'boiled four minutes. And please be sure that it is brought to me in the shell, unbroken.'

In ten minutes, by my wrist watch, it was brought to me. I broke it. The yolk was lying against one side of the shell. In that short time the devil had acted. I did not explain my refusal to eat the tainted thing. Of course not. She could read, when her attention was focused upon me, my most fleeting thought.

In the night, I awoke. I was alone, alive, on a vast plain strewn with the bare bones of all mankind. Someone was pressing a warm cup against my lips. I took it. I had to; for in me alone remained the source of life of all the generations of men still waiting to be born. The bitter edge of the cold blunted. I began in trembling haste to pick up those scattered bones, and to arrange them one by one in the decent pattern they had had before their coffins had rotted away. It was getting bleaker and colder, but the light was changing.

Suddenly I saw my nurse. She looked so frail, and yet so pretty, in her flimsy night-robe.

'Have you anything on your feet?' I asked quite crossly; for I could not but be anxious about her.

She breathed a sigh of relief as I drained the last drop, and for answer pattered off to bed.

I spent the rest of the night on whirling spheres, and found each sphere a life nearer to the perfect life, a sphere nearer to the perfect sphere. And now

at last I had reached the limit of my possibility of perfection.

A voice broke over me: 'You have failed and yet you have not failed. It was written that they should sacrifice a mother, too.'

'But I was too poor and weak to choose,' I faltered.

'There is no choice,' was the sad answer. 'Of the primary atom you were the only direct living descendant. The time had come. You have never failed to struggle; that was all that we could expect or demand.'

'And now?'

'The world which you know is in ruins behind you.'

'And yet —' I strained my eyes into the dark distance. Gradually, far below me I made out a long slide of white thrown across the confusion.

'All that science has taught men has been swallowed in the abyss of their cruelty, of their barbarity.' The voice became almost a wail. 'And that which you see is the only attempt at antiseptis which it has occurred to their bewildered minds to make. It is chalk. Watch the devils blacken it.'

Of a sudden, the barrenness was swarming with swarthy, leering black men. In their midst a father was trying to cover with his own body his son.

'But that is hell,' I gasped.

'The hell that your rarefied New England atmosphere has never suffered you to consider except as an intellectual absurdity, an age-worn bugaboo for children and simpletons. But here you see it in all its loathsome crudity. Curious it is that, in spite of your idealism, you have never properly evaluated the creative power of fear, the —'

'They're pinching the child!' I shrieked.

'Why should n't they?' he demanded. 'Your world destroyed, there is nothing else for them to do.'

I woke to hear an infant crying. The

nurse said that a nice lusty little fellow had just been born. I thought of my child in the hold of that ship of iniquity, and stifled a groan.

‘If he disturbs you —’

I was wondering what flowers the mother would like best. The world had need of mothers now. Just why, I could not seem to remember. Oh, yes, it was the war, and France’s decadent mother-spirit that was not responding to the strain.

IV

The next morning I wondered why it was that, on waking, I could not always remember what I had agonized over the day before. And if I could not remember, was it really worth the agonizing?

This, in spite of what they tell me was the curiously precise logic of my conversation, was, I believe, my first rational thought, the opening wedge that forced the gate of the barrier.

I tried to turn over. I hunted for my body, and when I found it, it was nothing but a shell, with fold on fold of burning flesh clinging to it. I tried to crawl into it, but first I had to tear away the flesh. I could not find the shell. Yet there was nowhere else that I could go —

In the middle of the night, I awoke with a start. The light was very dim. In one awful moment I knew why. A monstrous black bird was covering it. His eyes were white as hot iron is white, they were brilliant as sun striking on ice, yet they were cut like diamonds, and sparkled maliciously as he turned his heavy head from side to side. In his claws he held a bird whose breast was as blue as the sea, whose wings were as white as its foam. His hooked beak plunged into the tender flesh, his black head was hidden in the drift of feathers falling from her breast. And the feathers were all red with blood. I struggled

impotently. He looked at me and jabbed again.

‘It is nothing, I do not mind —’ It was my child’s voice I heard, in stifled agony. ‘If only mother need not know! She is sick, she is dying —’

I lay as one paralyzed, frozen with horror. If I moved, he would murder her.

She clung to the electric cord, then cuddled nearer to him, with body all relaxed, inviting the attack. He fixed his blinding eyes on me, made as if to launch himself, and then I saw her fall across his pathway, and heard her cry: —

‘I am young. You shall stay with me. She is — mother!’

Was it only my own shriek I heard? I was staggering across the floor.

‘You have had an unusually good night’s sleep. You have not moaned at all. See, I have fixed the grape-fruit a new way this morning. If you eat, you will get well, you know. And you will eat? You must not forget that every day I have to write down exactly what you have eaten. You really cannot imagine how eagerly your husband hopes each day —’

‘I will try,’ I said, ‘though why I should have the luxury of grape-fruit at this season of the year, when they are starving in Europe, I do not understand.’

‘You do not have to,’ the nurse said kindly. ‘Only eat. That is all you have to do.’

I took the grape-fruit, determined by the broken cells the two sections in which my medicine was hidden, and then courageously ate all but that. Only the day before I had caught on the arm of the chair in which my husband had sat a glimmering of that hateful red symbol of evil. Somehow they must have succeeded in corrupting his staunch integrity. And so I could n’t take his medicine. I did n’t mind

starving my body, of course, if I could save my soul.

When I awoke, I was really afraid to breathe. I ordered my nurse to rush for sheets and to stuff them against the cracks beneath the doors. Yet she hesitated when I insisted peremptorily on her throwing wide open the windows.

'It is very cold outside,' she said, 'but I am going to do what you ask. Please don't make me do things that are either too dangerous or too foolish, will you?'

'It is not foolish,' I answered, not stopping, of course, to go into needless explanations. She knew as well as I that the night before, my poor husband in desperation had transmuted his spirit's essence into a marvelous white light, which in brilliancy had exceeded his extreme calculations, but in curative power had not only failed utterly, but had been followed by a poisonous gas. It was strange that he had not realized that the forces of evil would of necessity rush into the vacuum created by the defeat of the positive forces of good. On the window-ledges were standing pools of queerly colored snow that was not snow at all, but the chemical which, through its constant evaporation, was filling the room with floating discs of poisonous matter.

I tried accurately to gauge the currents of air. Close to the southeastern window, where the air seemed to be moving most rapidly, I had her place my chair. Her eyes were so very blue. I told her so.

'And yet you will not eat to please me. Or,' she smiled cheerily, 'will you? What shall it be?'

I could only turn my head away sadly, even bitterly. Her hypocrisy was so commonplace, so crude. From the well of the centuries she had drawn no subtlety; yet in experience she had found a superficial sort of sympathy. And the conscientious attention she

gave me night and day was duty well done, if only it were not done in the service of such a master!

My thoughts were rudely diverted by the sounds which I dreaded above all others to hear. They told me that my husband and, perhaps, my daughter were yet once again undergoing the tortures that, bravely borne, suffered them to come before me. I could hear the wild singing of the screws, the creak of the steel ropes, the heavy descent of the rollers that crushed and crushed yet once again their outstretched bodies. For the first time, I heard them force my husband to complain. He was growing older with every hateful day; he could not know that I might hear him. 'I can — not.' Had he failed of strength to say the 'not'? Had I imagined it? The rollers began to rise —

And then the door opened and they stood before me, rosy-cheeked, slapping off the snow. But the ice of torture that had bound their spirits no human warmth could melt. Their eyes told me that.

'You never saw anything like it, mother! It's up to your neck, and such fun! The oldest inhabitant and that is old Doctor — Why, mother, what is the matter? Do you want something?'

Held close in a chair of cunningly wrought silver, I was rising as gently as if in a dream toward a sky veiled in shining light. Behind me, another day was breaking for mortals, and the low hills glowed purple against crimson clouds. I floated higher. Below them stretched the sea, its foam shimmering like stars fallen from a brightening sky. A marvelous sense of exhilaration flooded over me. At last, in very truth, I stood free, alone in the presence of a beauty which through its impersonality, could know no cruelty, could be neither vicious nor false.

And then, in a flash, I saw my loved

ones, and they were searching for me. Yet where I had gone, they would not know; where I was, they could not follow, not though they strained their eyes to blindness, and emptied their hearts with grief. From the marvelous glory above me I turned my eyes. I dropped through the waiting air. With infinite anguish I again took possession of my body. It was dead. And then, upon the pane of the window that looked out upon the hills I had seen against the dawn, I watched in bitter sorrow, but not in indecision, the bright bubble of silver that was my chair grow smaller and smaller, until the moments for its recall by the exercise of my will, of my desire, had passed, and it was gone. The scar that it left upon the glass I could see when the light was willing.

V

Because of the indisputable evidence which was accumulating from day to day as to the poisoning of my food, I, of course, found it more and more necessary to refrain from both food and drink. In this, I found my determination lamentably weak. The parched condition of my mouth was so insistently disagreeable, that I yielded too often to the pleading in the sweet blue eyes of my nurse; I permitted myself to be beguiled by the clarity of her arguments. When these failed her, she would turn to me and say very slowly, very distinctly, —

‘If you care for your husband, you will eat.’

This argument unnerved me sometimes, but not always. I grew rather more and more easily to see through its wicked speciousness.

My husband and daughter stood in the door. Striding into the room, my husband gathered me into his arms. They had come to take me home! But

my nurse was to go with me. I was in despair. I refused to go, myself. They insisted on dressing me, and she went with me. She did not stay over the night, however. At last they realized the profound antagonism between us, which militated against any hope of my ultimate victory.

The drive home was frightful — not because of physical discomfort, though my bones seemed to puncture my skin as the automobile jounced through the snowdrifts, but rather because of the way in which the inner secrets of men’s minds, the inner significance of nature, were revealed to me.

We passed some young women at a crossing. I heard the very disparaging remarks which they made as to my nurse’s past, although I could see from the passivity of her face that she remained in agreeable ignorance of them.

‘Hi, there, you’ve done your work well, you have!’ some teamsters yelled.

She ignored their remarks so creditably, that I was again quite sure that she had not heard them.

At the station, we had to wait for the train to pass. This was the most unfortunate incident in an unfortunate ride. It enabled a number of homeless, but pettily malignant spirits from the city to fasten themselves upon our car. I fought against their entrance into my home and into my room, and finally lost them through ignoring them in the stress of more important struggles. As my silver chair had left its impress upon my window, so they left the scars of their presence on the framework of the doors of our car.

At home, I found the field of conflict broadened. The entire daily life of my husband, and more especially of my daughter, centred for good or ill upon the strength of my faith, the power of my will. When, for example, my husband went for the mail, there was a certain shadowy bend in the road where

evil spirits lay in wait for him. They hid in the body of a dog, in the trunk of a tree, in the heart of a hillock; and when they felt him coming — but through my courage and the firmness of my faith in denying their power to injure him, he returned to me in safety day after day, his hand at the steering-wheel of his car held true in spite of their malevolence.

The fact that in my constant companionship my family lost the ability to read my thoughts at critical moments, greatly increased the difficulty of my position. My daughter would start down to the barn for her saddle-horse. Of course, I at once took up my station at an open door. With fixed gaze, with set attention, I watched her safely past the swaying forms that lurked among the trees, down to the stable door. Eagerly I looked for the first sight of her horse as she opened the door that led directly into his stall — eagerly but not in doubt. Though he died in the early morning hours, yet, praying for the return of his spirit, I had never failed to be rewarded by those sounds of life which close in so abruptly upon the silence made by death. No, I did not question that the horse was there, that his spirit would not leave him until another morning. But the moment that my daughter entered into the shadowy stall, beside the white figure of her horse I saw her wrapped in a garment of glistening white. I saw it dissolve into waves of light. And I knew that the last wave would sweep her forever beyond my reach.

At the instant of its passing, it was vouchsafed to me, through an agony of willing, to bring her back to the earthly body that rode forth so jauntily, quite as if no miracle of reincarnation had supervened.

'You cannot sit in that open door. You will get your death of cold.'

My poor, poor husband!

In the evening, and especially during the small hours of the night, my faith was at its lowest ebb, my struggles were sorest because most despairing.

Just before daylight, the air became so crowded with all sorts and conditions of spirits, that the confusion of the conflict was maddening.

But at the moment when I lost all hope of being able to follow the struggle, when the air grew dimmer and thinner, and the spirits began to fade away like ghosts, I would hear my husband walking about the room, would see him flashing his light into its farthest corners, would catch, as from a great distance, the sound of his gentle voice bidding me watch how easily he could make the shadows shift.

But in the end I would feel so sorry for him, so cruel in my forced negligence of his patient effort, that I would open my eyes. Then, because of the look in his eyes, he would seem to me to belong for an appreciable time to the world beyond the barrier, and in his strength to be about to dominate its wickedness. But soon upon my attention would be focused the room in which he moved. It was without substance or depth, flat and empty as a house of cards. Just as my body had no feeling, so it had no meaning. Slowly my husband moved his light about. The queer beings in the room moved, too, flaunting their grotesque shapes quite shamelessly around him. He called them shadows. He said that the chairs and the tables were casting them.

One day, I was lying on my couch, feverishly studying on my wall the diagrams of the world I had known, pondering the full fatality of the interlocking of the two lower spheres. For this partial union, this interaction of planets and of lives, I was responsible. A mortal, I had walked among spirits. My world was trying to cast me forth,

in fear of my knowledge. Their world was locked with it in the refusal to receive me. Homeless, a wanderer between worlds for all eternity, I raised my eyes in desperation.

Across my room I suddenly saw wafted the most intricate insignia of the Roman Catholic Church — the replica in silver and gold and age-old ivory of the designs which I had seen on vestment and on altar-cloth, in marble on mosaic floors, in wrought iron on cathedral doors. The breezes that bore them were more exquisitely scented than those which had soothed my doubts, had stimulated my imagination on her feast-days. Closing my eyes, I heard her choirs chant, resistlessly because monotonously, their voices blending and swelling for the drowning of my questionings.

But I was born of Puritan stock; I had been trained in metaphysic. Their subtleties, their crudities, their emotional artistry, their superstitions, made as little fundamental impression upon me as did their flaming gold, their purple that was crimson as their pride. And so, in discouragement, the care of my soul was entrusted to lesser, meaner souls.

Instead of twisted gold and frosted silver, of carved and stained ivory, of leather tooled in gold, the mystic symbols of the Church accepted for their fashioning straw clumsily braided by peasant hands. They came to me, not on clouds of sweet incense, but among the wet clinging fumes of suds which, for spirits of such low estate as these, must serve for godliness. Sometimes the fumes were soggy with the pungent smell of cabbage good for sturdy bodies such as theirs had been. Instead of chanting, I heard voices that were toil-worn and thin, yet honest and earnest withal.

I failed them both. The sadness in the Pope's voice made me realize the

depths of human experience which he must have sounded in his prison of the Vatican, although all that he said was, —

'We have done what we could.'

The others simply frittered away their lesser powers of concentration, too easily discouraged even to recognize defeat. But I was grateful for their willingness to help me. The road which my soul must travel was not theirs, that was all.

Around me the old legends now began to weave their spells. I was sitting alone in the library. The house was strangely still. In a panic of horror, I realized that I was forever shut off from the living. Perhaps, once in a hundred years, some traveler, sensitive to suggestion, would be permitted to come upon my home and me, sitting, as now I was sitting, gaunt, stiffened into unconsciousness of my body, but not lifeless because living in a world of sinister shades, of menacing shadows.

There was a sudden sharp sound. It was the wind blowing a broken shutter loose from the clutches of overgrown ivy. The house, as a matter of fact, had no shutters. The next day I remarked that, examined with pride my luxuriant but carefully pruned ivy, and welcomed effusively a delivery man whom I chanced to meet coming up our walk.

I smiled when I saw his apparent pleasure. I laughed when I thought that he was the traveler permitted to discover my haunted house at the end of a hundred — or was it a thousand — dead years.

At last, one day, I suddenly found myself standing as it were without the confines of my own mind, and watching in quiet happiness a complete shifting of its scenes. And yet, that is not what I saw. Among the mountains I have watched dark shadows chase across their valleys, and, disappearing, leave

them basking in the sunshine. Even so it was with me. I saw the shadows pass.

I turned my face to the wall where had been the diagram of my clashing worlds — for I was lying on my couch. There were only a few imperfections on its surface! Gone from out my life was the bitter tragedy of those vanished spheres. Ah, no, it had never been.

I looked at my hands. They were white and thin; they were n't disfigured at all. And all that curious pattern that malicious spirits had pricked upon them when I was weak and cowardly — it was absurd. Or, rather, it was pellagra! If only I could have known what pellagra was! If only I might have had something comfortable and understandable, like typhoid fever!

I ran to a window. In the sunshine the sea was breaking and the wings of

white gulls were flashing above its foam. Among the woods that rimmed the blue inlet of its waters, where, in the late winter, on a white glare of snow, the blackened tombstones of the dead of all the ages had mocked me with the mystery of their presence, the shadows of tall trees were lying soft upon the grass. The dead had been but the deeper shadows that the light had cast.

Beneath my windows, in my garden, the wallflowers had survived the winter, my sturdy pansies were blossoming in the friendly shade of cool gray walls, and tulips were spreading their glowing cups to the sun. The birds were twittering in the lilac hedges. In the stable I heard the impatient whinny of a hungry horse and my daughter's cheery answering call.

I was home again!

THE FLOOR OF HEAVEN

BY EMMA LAWRENCE

I

THE breakfast-table had been drawn into the bow window to catch all that was possible of the pale December sunlight. Its three occupants were doing themselves well, knowing that a long day lay ahead of them, and that the prospect of any lunch, save the cold bacon sandwiches which their saddle-boxes would contain, was practically negligible. The three of them were in riding clothes: Philip Colford's a rather heterogeneous collection, consisting of field-boots, khaki breeches, a worsted-

embroidered waistcoat, tweed coat, and an ascot, which accentuated rather than concealed the heavy lines of his jowl and neck. His twin daughters, Laura and Phyllis, were in neat black habits, which showed evidence of service.

Seen together, the two girls were easily distinguishable; apart, their likeness was sufficient to cause confusion. As little children, it had been more arresting; but now, with two decades behind them, personality and character were beginning to stamp themselves

on the delicate features and blond prettiness, making an intangible difference. Laura gave a curiously combined effect of greater vitality and less staying power — qualities which would have been determined by physique had a young hunter been up for inspection, but which in a girl were recognizable only in expression and manner. Phyllis, in contrast, appeared more sober, less brilliant; what was really a dawning sense of the responsibilities of life was best summed up in her father's definition of his daughters to a friend: —

'If I were goin' in for show horses I'd buy that filly [indicating Laura], and guarantee to beat any horse in the Garden; but for a day with hounds in open country, I'd choose her sister.'

At breakfast, as usual, except when the unpleasant topic of home economics was under discussion, the Colford family talked horses and hunting. The season had opened auspiciously and the girls, limited to one horse apiece, would be put to it to find mounts for the three days a week that the Leith County Hunt offered. Philip, who rode unbelievably vicious horses and sold them as soon as he had mastered them, — granted, of course, that that occurred before he killed them, — was always supplied. Until Christmas, both Laura and Phyllis knew they would be the frequent recipients of borrowed steeds; they were admirable horsewomen, and either a friend who was long on horses, or a dealer who wanted to offer well-broken ladies' hunters to the Northern market, was eager to mount them. But with the holidays, when a hard frost might destroy the hunting from Massachusetts to Maryland, there would be an influx of visitors ready to job or to buy horses, and the Colford girls would be forced to conserve their resources, Brown Betty and Minoru.

'It's one of the real tragedies of life,' Laura said, 'that during the cubbing

season and the six weeks before Christmas, Phyllis and I could be mounted six times a week; but when the real fun begins, it's all we can do to get two days out of our own hacks.'

'They ought not to be asked for more than three times a fortnight,' Phyllis put in; 'and it's particularly bad luck this year, because with the Worship Valley Hounds coming down for January, there'll be better sport than ever, and so many people to buy horses we won't have a look-in.'

'Is it decided they're coming?' Laura asked with sudden animation.

'It's decided all right,' her father answered. 'They'd had instructions at the kennels yesterday, and their Master's written Gee-Gee.'

Gee-Gee was their own beloved M.F.H., so nicknamed from the initials which his name, George Graham, contributed, as well as from his profession.

The twins looked at each other — swift, pregnant glances. Laura's conveyed: 'Then he *is* coming back!' and Phyllis's answered: 'Go in and win, old dear — *if you can*.'

There was to be no quarter — asked or given.

'They'll be here for the Hunt Ball, then,' Laura offered, as a remark which required confirmation.

'I reckon so,' Philip said. 'Gee-Gee tells me that he's put it off from New Year's Eve to New Year's night, to make certain. That reminds me,' he added, with a certain elaboration of expression which betrayed the fact that he had never forgotten, 'I've got something for you-all.'

He produced from the inside pocket of his coat a voluminous and bulging wallet, which contained always a great many things that are not intended to be carried in wallets, and very little, usually, of what is. This time, however, he took from it two one-hundred-dollar

bills, and tossed them carelessly across the table.

'Pip — you darling,' Laura grabbed her share, and had both arms round his neck. 'You darling old darling!' she continued rapturously in his ear.

Phyllis remained in her seat, her eyes brooding on the green note on the white tablecloth. Suddenly she raised them to meet her father's.

'I suppose an outsider won,' she said. He nodded, his mouth buttoned in to render his opinion of himself less obvious. He looked, Phyllis thought, with his handsome, weak face, very like an adult Jack Horner.

'Decent odds?' she asked casually: 'five to one?'

He loosened his lips to allow 'six' to escape from them.

'Here 's two hundred,' Phyllis continued, 'and I reckon you 've paid Gee-Gee what you lost at Fryeville: that ought to leave another couple of hundred to straighten things out here.'

'And where do I come in?' Philip demanded, his mouth relaxing into an obstinate smile. 'Does n't your poor old daddy get anything out of this? I spotted that chestnut of Longstreet's when he was a yearling, and I had the courage to back him in his first race; now I 'm savin' a bit of this pot if he starts at Uniontown.'

'It 's a brilliant idea,' Phyllis — a little tired and contemptuous of her father's gambling proclivities — answered; 'only we happen to owe the money.'

'I reckon we owe a damn sight more than this pittance.' Colford was approaching anger. 'If I win anything at Uniontown, we 'll pay 'm off and start fresh; if I lose, I 'll go without, and they can go without, too, damn 'em!'

'I don't mind the tradespeople,' Phyllis went on wearily: 'they can attach the property again if it comes to that; but it 's a little hard on Dan'l and

the house servants. They have n't seen cash for months.'

'Well, neither have I,' her father responded, his good humor suddenly restored; 'neither has Laura; have you, Baby?'

Thus appealed to, Laura, nearer her infancy than Phyllis by twenty-seven minutes, flew to his defense.

'You 're so ungrateful,' she said to her sister. 'Pip divided it all beautifully, and you don't even thank him for your share.'

'I thank him,' answered her twin, 'for everything he gives me — that 's his to give.'

'I won it, did n't I,' Philip retorted, 'and I 've given it to you. Now, if you choose to pay Ca'line and Dan'l, you 're welcome to make that hundred go as far as you can.'

'Yes,' said his daughter, securing the bill and thrusting it into the pocket of her habit, 'I 'm going to.'

She got up from the table and proceeded to the sideboard, where she began to cut the bread for their lunch-boxes.

Philip contemplated her back for a moment; then, with a characteristic little shrug of his shoulders, he, too, rose from the table, announcing as he left the room: —

'I 'm goin' down to help Dan'l saddle. Remember we 've got a five-mile road hack and the meet 's at ten.'

Laura kissed her hand to him, but remained seated on the arm of his chair, where her demonstrations had landed her. When he was out of earshot she addressed her sister.

'Phyllis! You did n't mean it?'

'Mean what?'

'You won't give your hundred to Ca'line and Dan'l?'

Phyllis turned and faced her.

'I certainly will,' she said. 'It 's no more Daddy's to give to us, when he owes money to every single soul on this

place, than the mare I'm riding to-day is mine.'

'Do you expect me to give mine, too?' Laura questioned, in a dangerously quiet voice.

'I hope you will.'

How desperately she hoped it, only Phyllis knew. Not only would she, as housekeeper, welcome the money to pay the patient servants, but she wanted Laura to feel — to prove that she felt — that it was theirs.

'Well, I'm not going to,' Laura answered, in the same quiet tone, drawing her words a little. 'I'm going into town to buy me a whole cloth-of-silver dress and some silver shoes and stockings and a little fillet of rhinestones for the Leith County Hunt Ball; and,' here her voice broke and became loud and quick, 'if you're not a skunk, you'll do it, too!'

Only the manner in which Phyllis returned to her manipulation of the bread-knife implied that she had taken this insult to heart. Laura, who knew her, who knew her silences, realized that an explanation was awaited.

'We've always dressed alike,' she said, 'and what sort of figures shall we cut, do you think, if I have a new dress and you turn up in that filthy black rag we've worn for the last two years? O Phil, please be human just this once; there'll be all these strangers at the ball, and we do want to look nice, — really nice, — like the women they see in New York and Philadelphia; not just two fresh-faced country girls, whom they can't imagine any place out of Leith County. Please, Phyllis darling, let's look nice just this once!'

She was almost crying in her eagerness, her lovely little face flushed with the intensity of her feelings, her eyes dark with tears which awaited their shedding for her twin's answer.

Phyllis delayed it for a moment, then she said soberly: —

'I won't take Dan'l's money for a silver dress; but I'm perfectly willing not to go to the ball, Lolly, if you think that, without it, I'd detract from your effect.'

'I'm not asking you to give up the ball,' Laura rejoined; 'only not to wear that awful black again.'

'And as I have n't anything else to wear, you might just as well ask me not to go. I see your point perfectly, and I entirely agree with you that we had better both wear black, or one of us go in silver.'

'I suppose you think I'm a pig,' Laura said, 'and I reckon I am; but one's got to look out for one's self in this world, and it may never happen to me again that I have the money and the ball in the same month. I'd almost steal the money to get a new dress.'

'Then for heaven's sake get it!' said Phyllis, wishing Laura would clear out. It was much easier to make a sacrifice, she thought, than to be pleasant about it afterwards.

Her sister offered a few more remonstrances, but, meeting no response or encouragement, drifted out of the room.

II

Phyllis, having cut sufficient bread for six lunch-boxes, began the sandwiches. Her heart was very heavy, partly with young sorrow for her disappointment over the ball, and partly with old grief for Laura's willingness to accept her sacrifice. Her mind revolved in little circles between the two; but she continued to work swiftly, and she was conscious that she was listening with a small, detached part of her mind to the words of a song the two colored maids were singing in the kitchen.

The cook, in deep, pleasant contralto, and in very free verse, was repeating the story of Elijah, working up to a chorus in which Caroline joined her,

which announced and reiterated that —

‘Elijah was a witness foh de Lo’d.’

In turn, Ca’line sang the history of Daniel and the lions, and in the ensuing chorus the cook proved positively that —

‘Dan’l was a witness foh de Lo’d.’

Then, suddenly, as if all the intermediate history of the world was of slight import, they reported in unison, —

‘Ma soul will be a witness foh de Lo’d.’

Phyllis had loved this song from childhood; and even now the primitive rhythm and fervent rendition brought her some measure of solace and amusement.

Having packed up her sandwiches, she gathered up the boxes, together with gloves and crop, and proceeded to the stables. Laura and her father were already mounted; they accepted her contribution, and slipped the tin containers into the leather cases that were fastened to their saddles; but, except for a word of thanks, they made no effort to speak to her, and Phyllis concluded that Laura had enlisted sympathy. She turned to look critically at her borrowed mount — a keen, little mare that she had ridden before, and would gladly have bought for herself had the Colford finances warranted the purchase of any horses in which Philip could not see a swift and certain profit. She loosened the chin-strap, which Daniel always would pull too tight, and made various futile adjustments, hoping that her father and sister would take the opportunity to slip off without her.

Philip called, ‘We ’ll start along, you can catch us,’ and hardly waited for her nod of agreement.

Daniel, the sixty-year-old stable ‘boy,’ put her up, giving her a fluent biography of her beloved Minoru for the past twenty-four hours.

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‘I ’ll see him when I get in,’ she said, ‘and see you treat him well. I ’ve got a month’s wages for you in this pocket, and you ’ll stand a poor chance of getting it if Minoru is n’t fit.’

‘Dat suttently am fine news, Miss Phil,’ Daniel answered. ‘Ah got a opportunity foh a first-class investment, if ah can obtain de captilization.’

‘That means you ’re going shares in a horse again,’ said Phyllis with some severity, not at all deceived by the high-flown language. It struck her as doubly cruel that the proceeds of her sacrifice should go for a negro’s gamble. ‘But, after all, it *is* his money,’ she thought; ‘only I do wish I could get it changed quickly and divided between Dan’l and Ca’line.’

She kept purposely behind her family during the long hack to the Forge Crossing, where the hounds were meeting. There was a phase of the situation existing between Laura and herself which she had not yet considered; but, although she was reluctant to meet it, she was accustomed to ride straight and to face her fences squarely.

The year before, when a few straggling members of the Worship Valley Hunt had discovered Leith County, the most enthusiastic and attractive of their number had been Warren Arnold. Both by his horsemanship, which was noticeable even in a community of good horsemen, and by his charm, which was distinguishable among a people whose charm was their major asset, he had become the most popular stranger who had hunted the County for years. Golden things were said of him, of his position, his wealth, his increasing importance among men of affairs; but, in the happy-go-lucky atmosphere of the Leith County Hunt, these things counted for far less than his own personality.

He had become a warm friend of the Colford twins, and had the romantic and impulsive neighborhood ever been

able to determine which one he liked the better, there would have been plenty of kindly, well-intentioned gossip flying about before he had returned North. Even the twins themselves had never decided which of them he preferred. They had admitted freely to each other, in those days of unguarded intimacy, that he was the only man they could ever, ever love; but their feeling for him had never interrupted the pleasant routine or the healthy enjoyment of their lives. They had been almost always together on the occasions when they saw him, either hunting, or, after a day with hounds, when he came home for tea with them, or at a dance or dinner at a neighbor's house. After he had left, he had written them both — friendly, amusing letters, equally free from sentiment. Yet in the heart of each was a conviction that it was she whom he more nearly more than liked.

The twins had 'hunted in couples' always; but Laura had this morning chosen her own line and the old partnership was dissolved. Slim and tall in the silver frock, she would greet him on the night of his arrival at the Hunt Ball, while Phyllis sat at home alone — a Cinderella, without a godmother, pitted against Diana.

She was too normal, too keen an enthusiast, to let her thoughts interfere with her day's sport once she arrived at the Forge Crossing. The little mare carried her easily, and she and Laura were soon in happy rivalry in the field. But in the days that followed, when her bank note had been divided and the halves swallowed in the black palms of Caroline and Daniel, it was not always easy to discuss with Laura the relative merits of silver cloth and *crêpe météore*, a bandeau in Greek-key design and a wreath of stephanotis. However, she succeeded in playing up, evolving the philosophy that what is given grudgingly is better withheld.

III

The day of the New Year dawned fair and cold. Phyllis and Laura spent the morning about the stables, giving Brown Betty and Minoru, who would be called on for a hard day to-morrow, a little gentle exercise and a great deal of petting. They put their tack in the best possible condition, and impressed upon Daniel the importance of their being well turned out for their first day with the Worship Valley Hounds, which had been imported by invitation to hunt the County.

They lunched alone, as Philip was at the Kennels with Gee-Gee and the visiting Master; and afterward Laura went upstairs to rest, preparatory to the evening's festivities. Phyllis put out the ingredients she knew her father would demand when he returned, with several of his cronies, for one of his famous eggnogs, laid out his evening clothes, — for, in spite of his good looks, Philip never cared in the least what he put on, and would appear a regular rag-bag were it not for the ministrations of his daughters, — and curled herself up before the library fire with a book.

She may have read a chapter, she may have dozed a bit, she may have done both, before Caroline presented a grinning face at the door and announced: —

'Tha 's a gemman here, honey.'

Before Phyllis could straighten herself out, Warren Arnold was in the room.

How enchanting he was! When a girl of nineteen idealizes a man, he is cruelly apt to disappoint her at twenty; but Warren was exactly as she had visualized him all these months.

'I've popped in for only a moment,' he said. 'I must have a look at my nags before dark, and I've only just arrived. I wanted to know if you would have supper with me to-night at the party.'

For a moment Phyllis hesitated. She

was wondering what would happen if she should put on the old black dress and go to the ball; and she was wondering whether, if Warren had found Laura curled up before the fire alone, he would have asked her the same question.

'I'm not going to the party,' she answered at last. 'I've been rather done in lately, and I'm conserving all my energy for to-morrow.'

Whether he would have asked Laura or not, his face expressed genuine regret.

'I am sorry,' he said; 'sorry you're not going and particularly if you're not fit. You look as right as rain.'

'Oh, I'm quite all right,' she responded. 'I'll prove it to-morrow, when I leave you all at the first fence. Laura'll have her innings to-night, but to-morrow's mine.'

'To him who hath,' he quoted. 'I've got to-day, and I'm going to have to-morrow, too. Give Laura my love, and tell her I'm looking forward to seeing her like anything.'

He said good-bye to her and started to go out, but returned suddenly and added in a concerned voice, 'You really are all right?'

'Right as rain,' she repeated, with her happiest smile.

This time he did depart.

Caroline and Phyllis helped Laura dress. The former was loud in her appreciation of the flowerlike beauty that blossomed under her hands, and vehement in her criticisms of her assistant.

'Wha's de sense in yo'-all stayin' home like pore black trash?' she demanded. 'Wha's yo' angel dress an' dem shiny business foh yo' ha'r? All dis nonsense wid ho'ses knock yo' clean silly.'

'Well, Laura rides, too, you know,' Phyllis protested meekly.

'Don' interfere wid her sense none,' Caroline retorted. 'Don' interfere wid

her settin' her cap for a husban', does it?'

Laura giggled, which prevented a couple of hooks from being adjusted for a moment. These done, Caroline remained on her knees to worship.

'Yo' suttently am a witness foh de Lo'd dis night, chile,' she said, with something very near reverence in her voice, 'Yo' stay jest like dat till ah call Cook.'

Cook and Philip arrived together, from their respective quarters. They were equally complimentary, and Phyllis added generously:—

'I'm very proud of my family; you're both beautiful.'

Her father turned to her in the hall, where she was helping him with his overcoat, and said suddenly:—

'You're a good girl, Phil. God bless you!' the futile, facile tears of a weak man suffusing his eyes.

Laura said: 'Phil, I can't bear it, leaving you like this'; but she did bear it, and departed with her father.

Five hours later found her sitting on Phyllis's bed, reciting the triumphs of the evening. Everyone had been wonderful, everything had been perfect, except the absence of her twin.

'They're some awfully nice men,' she said. 'The Master's an old duck, and there were three or four women who seemed rather dears. Warren introduced me to everyone, and we had supper together on the stairs. A friend of his joined us, — a man named Winston, — who danced with me a lot. He asked in fun if there were any more at home like me, and when I said there was — one — just exactly, he wanted to know all about you and why you had n't come; so, when Warren said you were ill, I — I told them the real story. You don't mind, do you, Phil?'

'It does n't make much difference whether I mind or not,' Phyllis answered, 'and it does n't matter much,

I suppose — everyone round knows we're poor as Job's turkey. It's only a question of taste how much you like to talk about it.'

She did not mean her voice to sound sharp, but she had been wrested from her first hard-won sleep by Laura's enthusiastic entrance, and it seemed a trifle unnecessary that her sordid little sacrifice should be used as copy for the supper-party from which it had debarred her.

'To-morrow's *mine*,' she thought to herself over and over again, when Laura left her. She had been saving up Minoru for her first day with the Worship Valley Hounds; and knowing the pluck and ability of her little horse, she knew that no country and no pace could dismay her.

IV

Daniel shuffled in when the Colfords were gathered at a late and hurried breakfast, his seamed old face and stupid, devoted eyes exuding trouble.

'Miss Phil! Minoru's done gone an' lamed hisself — cast hisself las' night and can't put his off hin' fut to the groun'.'

'Minoru!' There followed questions, explanations, and a breathless trip to the stable.

Philip, who knew horses as he knew little else, pronounced the final judgment — his hand on the feverish hock, his eyes full of real feeling: a horse and his girl were suffering equally.

'Wrenched a tendon: he'll be all right, Phil, but you'll have to lay him up for a bit.'

Phyllis put her arms around the horse's neck and hid her face against it. She wished that her father would not feel obliged to put a heavy arm about her shoulders, and that Laura's voice would stop reiterating: —

'She can ride Brown Betty; she'll

have my horse; Dan'l, put Miss Phil's saddle on the mare.'

She shook off the arm and turned to them.

'No, I won't ride Brown Betty. Thanks, Laura; I know you want me to, but I'd rather not.'

'There's nothing of mine,' her father said miserably, 'that I could put you on, or you'd be welcome to the lot — you know that.'

She knew: knew that, if it were possible, he would impetuously sacrifice the whole string, which represented his entire working capital, to provide her with a decent mount. But it was not possible, and she did not want to talk; fate — destiny — wanted her to suffer, and she would deliver herself bound and gagged.

'Hurry up, you two, or you'll be late,' she said; 'one day's hunting more or less does n't matter. It's only I'm so damned sorry about Minoru.'

Her voice broke, betraying the spirit that had forced the expletive — an annoying break that brought renewed persuasions from Laura and heavy caresses from her father.

Only Daniel, the dumb, stricken look in his eyes, — eyes like Minoru's, — seemed to understand and hurry the preparations that would ensure a swift departure of the unwanted comforters. It was a relief to Phyllis when they hacked out of the stable-yard, her father's distress and Laura's protests dying in the January air. It was a relief to help Daniel prepare and administer a cold-water bandage to the injured tendon. But when she rose from the straw of the box, and viewed the habit that she had cleaned and pressed with the purpose of looking so smart, all wrinkled and covered with bits of bedding, the thought came to her, and the tears with it: 'My day — *this* is my day!'

She went out in the stable-yard and stood on the granite tiles, leaning

against the door of Minoru's box. It was a big yard, for the formation of the stalls and the coach-house made a court, and in her grandfather's time the stable had held thirty horses. Now the left wing, which had housed the mares and foals, and the big coach-house had fallen almost to decay; for Philip Colford only made a pretense of keeping up the right wing for his own hunters, Brown Betty, Minoru, and the tack-room.

Phyllis stood there, cold, disheveled, miserable, yet knowing that the return to the house could only improve her physical comfort, which her young stoicism refused to tolerate.

Suddenly Daniel appeared beside her.

'Miss Phil,' he said, 'what yo'-all say to ridin' Pollyanna?'

'Pollyanna?'

'Ma horse,' he explained proudly. 'Leastways mine an' the boys. Bought her down to Fryeville in the sellin' plate — hain't been hunted none, but she's a mighty likely little mare.'

He shuffled across to the dilapidated box that had once housed Romany Girl, mother of the great Gypsy King. Phyllis, wondering, followed across the court, and saw him lead forth by a rope halter the little bay mare he called Pollyanna. She knew the negroes were always gambling on horses; that they frequently formed a pool to buy cheap young selling platers, hoping that, if they failed on the track, they might bring in a small profit as hunters. But the quality of the little mare surprised her, though it was obvious why she had fallen into these hands; she was too light of bone to sustain speed on the track, or to support weight in the field — a rangy, ill-kempt little creature; but her breeding was evident — a mistaken progeny from some famous strain.

Daniel went over her points lovingly, adding: —

'Hain't been jumped much, Miss

Phil, but ah reckon yo'-all's so dumb miserable you would n't have no quarrel with a fall.'

Phyllis thought: 'This is my day — I take what the gods provide,' and said aloud: 'Bring my saddle; we've got to hurry like lightning.'

The mare had never known a double bridle, and resented it hotly; she resented, too, the slim attempt that was made to groom her; and, most of all, she objected to finding Phyllis on her back.

'Ma Gawd, what's dis ole nigger gone an' done now?' Daniel found himself saying aloud, as Phyllis and the mare shot out of the stable-yard. 'Why can't ah keep my mouf shut an' not go makin' offertorys o' no-'count nigger's horses?'

He was in for a bad day with not only the safety of his adored Miss Phil to worry him, but also the wrath of the joint owners of Pollyanna, should harm come to her.

Phyllis had need of all her wit to control the mare; strength was of secondary importance, but it promised to be no easy matter to teach Pollyanna, in the six miles which lay between her and the hounds, that she was in lighter, firmer, more exacting hands than those of the half-grown colored boys who had galloped her on the track.

Gee-Gee had offered the Worship Valley Hounds his best covert for their first day's hunting in Leith County. They would meet at Farwell's Corner; but Phyllis knew that her only chance of joining the field lay in picking them up after the hounds had gone into cover, but before they found; or, should the fox break at once in anticipating his line and in keeping well away from it, in waiting until the hounds passed her. With this in mind, it was necessary to ride the last couple of miles, before she could come in view of Farwell's Woods, cross-country.

The little mare, who had proved fairly tractable on the road, became restive directly she felt the grass beneath her feet; and Phyllis, for the first time, became conscious of what a tremendous undertaking lay ahead of her in attempting to manage so green a hunter in a crowded field. For her own safety she was not at all concerned, — even a nasty spill was preferable to a day at home alone, — but she knew that she had no business projecting Pollyanna into the thick of the other riders. There was one chance in a thousand, if the little horse could jump, that she could keep up with the very first flight; otherwise she would have to hold back with the local farmers and colored boys, who flocked to the meet on any equine specimen which could carry them there, and were lost forever with the initial gallop behind hounds.

Pollyanna's performance over the first fence encouraged her; her form left much to be desired, indeed almost left Phyllis the participant of a strangely misnamed 'voluntary'; but she cleared the barway easily. They went better after that, the desire to be over that fence together had established a common purpose between the two, and the adjoining fields were traversed so pleasantly that Phyllis's spirit soared. A couple of walls, which lay between her and the far side of the woods, were sufficient to prove the metal of Daniel's gamble: she was quivering and white with lather once they were behind her, but she had learned to trust the light hands, which gave her her head whenever a barrier lay between her and the Elysian field beyond. Landed, she must perform a bit, show what else she could do, sidle along with her head turned clear around, stand with equal dexterity on fore or hind legs, kick out like a Russian dancer, or do a very creditable imitation of the modern Jazz; but here the firm hands never relaxed their con-

trol, nor did the soft voice falter in its loving, appreciative monologue; and after a few rods it was more comfortable to settle into the narrow, straight path that hands and voice approved.

V

It had taken Phyllis longer to cover the six miles to Farwell's Woods than she had expected. As she approached, she could hear the hounds in covert and recognize the voices of a strange pack working toward her. It was hard to hold Pollyanna in the corner of the field she had chosen for herself — chosen because, should the fox break, she stood no possible chance of crossing his line unless he should decide to double back into the woods, in which case it was highly to be desired. The filly danced incessantly: this new music pleased her, she had steps to suit it; also, it occurred to her that she could do them better without the present incumbent on her back — ridiculous to confine one's self to a corner, with the ballroom of the world free to dance upon.

Something soft and red stole out of Farwell's Woods. Then, disliking the prospect of those smiling fields, loath to exchange them for the dark security of his own earth, the fox, running along the edge for a bit, doubling in his own track to deceive the hounds, who were well behind him, suddenly caught sight of Phyllis and changed his mind. The woods were full of enemies; better to trust the open country and his own active legs. He turned sharply and set out for the horizon.

Pollyanna heard the soft voice break, and an amazing 'Tallyho' was thrown against that other volume of approaching sound.

Other noises intervened — the crackling and breaking of underbrush; some heavy body being forced against resist-

ing bushes and branches, which resented this disturbance of their long winter's nap; a horse's hoofs snapping dead wood that lay in his path and interfering with the disintegrating process of fallen leaves; an expressive 'damn!' as some twig smote the rider.

Warren Arnold, emerging from the woods, immaculate in the attire of a Worship Valley whip, save for a slight abrasion above his left eye, put his horse neatly at the wall and joined Phyllis.

'Who said "Tallyho"?' he demanded, with no preliminaries.

'I did,' she answered, trying to keep Pollyanna within speaking distance; 'the fox came out by that big chestnut tree, tried to double back, could n't, and went away over the hill there.'

'We'll wait here,' he said. 'The hounds picked it up cold and are way behind him.'

His big, clean-bred bay was in admirable control; he sat, as if carved in marble, waiting for the hounds to break covert and pick up the thread of scent that unwound from the fleeing fox. Phyllis felt that his eyes were occasionally upon her, that he had taken in every detail of her weedy little nag and her own appearance, which had not been improved by the difficulties of the morning. Excepting the little cut over his eye, Warren, in his pink coat with the velvet collar of the Worship Valley color, his white breeches and well-boned boots, might just as conceivably have emerged from a bandbox as from Farwell's Woods. He presented as distinct a contrast to Phyllis as his beautifully groomed and glossy Top Form did to Pollyanna.

The hounds, well packed, scrambled over the wall, singing their glorious processional, which turned into a series of dismayed questionings where the fox had crossed his own line.

'Whip 'em on to it, Phil, you've got

a lash,' Warren commanded, trying to ride off the lead hounds himself.

It was all that Phyllis could do, however, to manage Pollyanna, who, at the sight of those enchanting white objects roving at will through the pleasant meadow, was made more resentful of restraint than ever. When, with great yelps of joy, the hounds picked up the true trail, Phyllis was congratulating herself that she had remained mounted, less because she anticipated the run than because it occurred to her how hideously bored Warren would be if, at this enthralling moment, some mischance befalling her should demand his attention. She loved his concentration on the game he was playing, his oblivion as to who or what she might be, once granting her an enthusiasm as keen as his own.

They waited for a moment, careful not to crowd the hounds. Warren said, breathless with excitement, —

'The field must be hung up somewhere. I believe we're going to have this alone'; and they were off at a gallop.

Whatever Pollyanna knew of fox-hunting must have been bred in her. Perhaps her mother had in her day gone well and wisely, and standing, heavy, at the pasture-bars, had heard the hounds, and her quickening blood had imparted some knowledge to the foal within her. Phyllis felt an added thrill as she became conscious of the long, easy motion which carried her well up with Warren. Top Form gave her a lead at the first fence; but apparently his rider had turned to watch her take it, for she heard his commending, 'Well over — I say, Phil, where *did* you get that horse?' But the pace was too swift to render an answer necessary.

The fox was making for a distant warren, and a long stretch of open country lay between him and his goal.

Phyllis knew this run well; knew, too, the barriers which must be overcome by anyone who chose to ride it. The blight that had devastated the chestnut trees some years previously had led the more enterprising farmers to conserve as much of their wood as possible in the form of fencing; and the cornfields and big pastures were bounded by stiff lines of post and rail. Had only Minoru been beneath her, her cup of happiness would have been overflowing; no other run in the country asked so much from a horse, and she doubted if all the nerve the little mare displayed could prove, in the light of her inexperience, equal to the demand upon her. And Phyllis was desperately anxious to go well; never again in a long life of hunting could she hope that the present opportunity would repeat itself. Often and often she might ride that country again; but the real joy of the immediate present lay in sharing the thrill with Warren, of doing the thing she liked best alone with him. It was an adventure to be courted valiantly; like all great adventures, to be wrested from life in the face of difficulties, and made so complete, so utterly satisfying, that no past or future bitterness could render it nugatory.

The checkerboard of fields, green with their crop of winter wheat or the gray-yellow of dead grass and corn-stubble, stretched before them clear to the low-lying hills, where the fox was seeking his earth; and always a couple of fields behind him, the hounds sent up their pæan of praise to the lord of scent.

VI

In the meantime, the other riders, hung up by wire on the far side of Farwell's Woods, were greatly wroth. No explanation is acceptable to a company of sportsmen who have heard hounds go away, and have been pre-

vented from accompanying them by a nearly invisible but none the less fatally deterrent barrier. That the wire fence was new, and unmistakably set up by the owner of the covert in redress for some ancient grudge, placed Gee-Gee, trying to explain the situation to his guests, in a no more enviable position.

He had waited, expecting the fox to double into the woods again, not knowing of the chance encounter with Phyllis; nor had anyone followed Warren when he had ridden back to the Corner, hacked along the turnpike, and reëntered the woods on the other side of the wire. Even Laura, who was tempted, did not dare risk pursuing a whip in covert. For a moment, it appeared that the Master's surmise was correct; the hounds could be heard in disagreement as to the line the fox had taken; then their music had become fainter through distance, proving that he had made the break for the open. There was no choice for the field but to follow ignominiously behind Gee-Gee and Philip Colford, who knew the country, hoping that some happy chance would bring them up with the hounds.

'I reckon the fox has gone clean away to Parson's Folly,' Laura told Winston. 'It's the best ride in the county, but the Hunt had a lawsuit with Farwell over some damages, and we have n't drawn this covert since. However, the Farwell boys have been out a couple of times lately, and Gee-Gee thought everything was quite pleasant again.'

'Where do we go from here?' Winston asked, despondently, in spite of the popularized phrase that was his invariable form of wit.

The field regained the road and hacked smartly along; a man driving a Ford met them and gave information concerning the hounds: he had heard them a couple of miles beyond, headed for Parson's Folly. It was possible, Grahm knew, by following the roadways

and lanes which bounded the farmyards, almost to make up the distance; for the fox would choose the more circuitous route, to ensure avoiding human habitation.

The Master set a pace which was difficult to follow over the rutted surface of the country road, through narrow lanes, where the field, all eager to be abreast with him, crowded and interfered with each other; through farmyards, where strange half-bred dogs attacked them with canine cursings, and frightened fowl scuttled to safety with shrill expostulation. Old work-horses, put out to grass for the slim Southern season, when their services were valueless on the farm, galloped the length of a pasture with them, pretending, until arrested by the fence, that they, too, were of the hunt.

Eventually Gee-Gee left the farm covert behind and made for the long fertile valley. Over the fences there were the usual number of casualties, — refusals, a fall or two, whose participants could hardly expect to rejoin the field, — but for the most part the body of the two Hunts sailed serenely on, and were rewarded presently by a glimpse of Warren's scarlet coat — a vivid blot of color against the monochrome of dead grass. He was more than a mile ahead of them, galloping steadily up the valley; but that they were gaining on him became apparent when, beside him, a small figure in black was discernible.

'Who is it?' Laura sacrificed her breath to ask of Winston. 'None of our people — everyone who could go this country is accounted for.'

'No one I know,' he answered. 'It's a woman, and there are only three of ours — all here.'

Philip shouted to his daughter: 'Laura! What in hell's Phyllis riding?'

His question answered hers; but the new problem it presented could be

solved only by narrowing the strip of country between herself and her twin.

Either the hounds were hovering, or Warren's horse had already tired himself, for the field gained steadily; they could see his coat take shape, surmounted by the black dot of his velvet cap, his white breeches astride his big horse; they could easily distinguish Phyllis now, but what she rode remained a mystery. They could see the hounds, to most of them mere moving blobs of white; but Gee-Gee, his eyes trained to watch them at great distance, announced huskily to his huntsman: —

'Their heads are up — they've viewed the ol' fellar. Gad, to think we've hunted that fox five seasons, an' we're goin' to miss the kill!'

Suddenly those watching saw a flash of light and, a second later, so much swifter does light travel than sound, the report of a shot fell on their ears.

Philip cried in anguish: 'They've hit my girl!' and increased his pace.

The black figure and the little mare had become invisible, but Warren could be seen dismounting and stooping at the spot where they had disappeared. His horse, left free, ran on a bit, then turned and waited reproachfully.

As the riders drew nearer, the prone body of the other horse could be viewed, and, a little away, thrown clear, lay Phyllis. The Hunt servants pulled apart from the field, making for the direction from which the shot had been fired; the strangers, by common instinct, held back, their early disappointment obliterated by the shadow of real tragedy.

Philip and Laura reached her first; but half a field away Warren's voice had come to them.

'She's all right, she is n't hit — the devils got her horse.'

And as they dismounted and crowded about her, Phyllis sat up and smiled wanly at them.

Philip found relief in swearing, Laura in tears; those who joined them, in action or questionings, according to their bent. The little mare was done for: the bullet had entered her lungs and there was only one kind and certain course to pursue.

Phyllis, on her feet again, having explained Pollyanna to her family, kissed the white star between the dimming eyes, her own blinded by sorrow and remorse.

'Dear, brave heart!' she whispered: 'poor little glad girl! I've brought this to you when you had given me so much.'

The huntsman rode up and reported to Graham:—

'It's them Farwell boys, sir: they'd come out to shoot foxes, laughin' to think how they'd held up the field in the woods. Then, when they seen the gentleman an' Miss Phyllis, they was howlin' mad, thinkin' the whole field was behind 'em, sir; and they planned on shootin' the fox before you all; but there was an argyment and an accident sir—an' to think Miss Phyllis is n't killed at all!'

Gee-Gee nodded. 'Thank God, she was n't; it's a nasty business though. Best get along after the hounds, Simonds.'

The man touched his cap and galloped off, most of the field following.

'Everybody better go on,' Philip had said; 'there's nothing to be done. I'll stay with Phyllis, if you'll send back something to pick us up.'

'I think, if you don't mind, Mr. Colford, Phyllis and I'll see this through together,' Warren put in. 'We had the run together, and I'm sure we'd

both prefer to do what little we can.'

Something in his tone communicated to Philip that remonstrances would prove futile.

'As you like,' he said. 'I'll send some men with a team, and — and a pistol,' he added, though the stream of blood coagulating in front of the little mare suggested that this, too, might be unnecessary.

He patted Phyllis as she continued to kneel by the dying horse. 'It's all right,' he whispered. 'I'll whip off these thrusters, and you and Warren can put this through alone.'

He turned to his other daughter, offering to put her up. 'Come, Laura,' he said significantly, 'the best thing we can do is to clear out. Hint as much to Gee-Gee, will you?'

Someone had recaptured his horse, and Warren stood, with his arm through the reins of the bridle, his eyes on the little figure before him, until the last straggler had disappeared.

Then, 'Phyllis,' he said very gently, 'was I right in saying you'd rather see this through alone with me?'

She turned anxious eyes upon him. 'But you'll miss the finish, Warren,' she said. 'I don't want to ruin your day, too.'

'My dear,' he answered, 'don't you know the only things you can ruin for me are the things you won't let me share with you. Be as penitent as you like for last evening, but to-day — you said it was to be your day, Phyllis; will you make it a very happy one for me?'

Top Form, finding himself free again, wondered what on earth they had discovered that rendered them oblivious of him and of the hunt.

'CHANGE CARS AT PAOLI'

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

BUT why? the reader will ask; and where is Paoli? I address myself to those who may be coming to Philadelphia or New York over the Pennsylvania Railroad, which, before the Government laid its icy hands upon it, advertised itself as the 'Standard Railroad of America.' Of course, not everyone comes to Philadelphia; many persons going from Chicago to New York are so ill-advised as to take the New York Central; and some, who want to come the worst way, take the B. & O., as the old music-hall joke has it. Or, if you are living in, — Boston, say, — you may take the same intellectual interest in Philadelphia that we take in, — Norfolk, for example, — and won't come at all. Nevertheless, Philadelphia is a great city, and I am going to ask, if you approach it from the west, that you leave the train at Paoli, and continue your way by motor along what was for more than a century the Lancaster Turnpike, now the Lincoln Highway, spanning, or destined to span, the Continent.

The complaint which is frequently brought against us, as a nation, is that we are not interesting. 'It is a wonderful country, but it is not interesting' — so Matthew Arnold said when he was here; and he continued: 'The very names of your towns and streets are lacking in distinction and suggest nothing: Washington is a beautiful, some day it will be a magnificent, city; but fancy living at 17th & K Streets!'

I heard Matthew Arnold lecture on Emerson when he was in Philadelphia; but the only impression I retain of the lecturer is that he spoke with a pronounced English accent, and that he wore ill-fitting clothes; consequently, I was very much amused the other evening when I came across the following anecdote. On his return to England, Matthew Arnold called on Mrs. Procter, the mother of 'Barry Cornwall.' The lady was old, but not too old to be witty. He expected to be asked his opinion of America; instead, she asked what was America's opinion of him. 'Well,' Arnold replied, 'they said that my clothes did n't fit and that I was very conceited.' To which the lady made response: 'Matthew, I think they were mistaken about the clothes.'

We, who live along the 'main line' of the Pennsylvania Railroad, know that Matthew Arnold's charge will not lie against us. Two hundred and more years ago, when the early English and Welsh settlers came here, they brought their old-world names with them. And in addition to names like Merion, Radnor, and Bryn Mawr, we have some beautiful ones indigenous to the country around us, — Indian names, and names which carry us back to Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary times. The railroad runs along a ridge of hills, almost parallel with the great highway, which is, in effect, a high street, dotted with taverns and road-houses, which administered hospitality to man

and beast — what time it was not illegal to slake a thirst.

It is said that there were as many as sixty of these life-saving stations, or one to a mile, between Philadelphia and Lancaster, — for this was a busy road in the good old days when George III was King, — and they were of all grades, high and low. Authorities differ as to the best, but they all seem to be agreed that the worst was the 'Blue Ball,' near what is now Daylesford station. And among the Balls of various colors, the Bulls and Lions and Spread Eagles and Sorrel Horses, there was an inn with a foreign name much favored by the aristocracy — 'The Paoli.'

'How curious!' you may say. But listen. We are back in 1769. At that time, Pasquale Paoli's name was one to conjure with: freedom was in the air; wherever men congregated, liberty was being discussed; and Paoli, then at the height of his fame, was known as the Liberator of Corsica; the unfortunate and not very important little island in the Mediterranean, midway between France and Italy. So, when we out here at a cross-roads in the country were busying ourselves about securing a license for the sale of intoxicants in the new road-house, as yet without a name, what more natural than that the name of Paoli, synonymous with Liberty, should be given to the tavern? The old house, and the more famous one which replaced it almost a century later, are now gone; but Paoli, the settlement which sprung up around the old landmark, is now a thriving town, the terminus of strictly suburban railroad traffic. Many express trains from the West stop at Paoli, and I think all will, if the conductor be properly approached; but as to this, I must not be quoted; for the officials of the railroad are neighbors of mine, and I want to live at peace with them.

Starting due east, almost before you have had time to get up to speed, you will pass the Tredyffrin Country Club; men, and women too, will be playing golf; I shall not be among them, for, although I once was president of this club, when it was discovered that I did not know the difference between a four-some and a brassie, and that the nineteenth hole was the only one I could put a ball into, I was given the choice between resignation and expulsion.

But, as I was saying, as you pass the club house, turn sharply to the right, cross the first road you come to, and a few yards farther on, turn again to the right, and go down a tree-bordered avenue. In a few minutes, in a few seconds, in a swiftly moving automobile, you will come upon one of the finest old colonial houses you have ever seen. It is the birthplace of Anthony Wayne, 'Mad Anthony,' as he came affectionately to be called after the recapture of Stony Point from the British; subsequently Major General and Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. His career as one of Washington's most trusted officers is clearly written into the history of the Revolutionary War; and, if you had time, it would be a pleasant thing to swerve somewhat out of your course and visit his final resting-place, a few miles away, in the churchyard of 'Old St. David's' at Radnor. But you must hasten on; for you are on your way to Valley Forge, where you will see much that will interest and delight you. So content yourself with strolling around the fine old Wayne mansion, and reading the tablet let into the south wall; then enter your motor and return to the Highway. In a few moments you will be spinning by the concrete piers at the entrance of a drive that leads to the home of the writer of this paper.

If you observe, as you may, that these concrete piers are somewhat out

of plumb, be advised, dear reader, that this fact has been called to the attention of the owner many times; the explanation is that they were erected, in his absence, by several colored brothers, who had been defying successfully the provisions of Mr. Volstead, his Act.¹ Had he been sure of the hour of your passing, he would have been at home to bid you welcome; indeed, he would have met you at the station and would gladly have acted as your guide; it is a great delight to him to show visitors the strip of country which lies between Paoli and Philadelphia. Indeed, it is only when approaching Valley Forge, the spot upon which was recited the winter-long soliloquy of the great Washington, that he feels his heart beat with patriotism; elsewhere he is somewhat too inclined to question the workings of democracy; but never here; for, as someone has said, no spot on earth is so sacred in the history of the struggle for human liberty as Valley Forge. But you still have several miles of good riding before you.

As you approach the Devon Garage, with a picturesque log-cabin alongside it, take a sharp turn to the left, and after climbing a short hill, you will descend into the Great Valley. The road is picturesque and, at the moment, — thanks to the policy of our enlightened Governor Sproul, — is in excellent repair. As you go, you will pass the Great Valley Baptist Church, which has been standing for well on to two centuries in a large, well-cared-for, and well-populated churchyard.

¹ My friend McLanahan, whose whiskey is such a solace in these days of drought, observing that these posts were out of plumb, was much too considerate to call my attention to the fact, but asked me if I remembered the story of the Irish mason building a wall: someone came along and said, 'That wall is out of plumb.' 'You're a liar,' said the mason, and getting a line on it exclaimed joyfully, 'Sure, it's more than plumb!' — A. E. N.

At this point I usually tell a story. Years ago, I had a distant relative, a poor and intensely proud old lady whose home was in Virginia. She was once walking in Richmond with a little girl who called her cousin, when, as they passed a small frame structure, the child remarked, 'Cousin Nannie, what kind of a church is that?' The old lady, looking down at the child, replied, 'That is not a church, that is a chapel.' And they passed on. Presently the child remarked, 'Cousin Nannie, what's the difference between a church and a chapel?' After a moment came the reply: 'A chapel is where Baptists worship.' A few moments later, the child put a final question: 'Cousin Nannie, is it a crime to be a Baptist?' 'No, my dear,' was the answer; 'it is not a crime, but it is a great social misfortune.' The finest Christian gentleman I ever met I have brought up on this story. Need I say that he is a Baptist?

After a run of a few miles over an undulating road, with trim, well-kept farms on either side, there will come into your view a fine equestrian statue of Anthony Wayne; and a moment later, a large, well-proportioned arch, a memorial to Washington and his officers; and if you are properly attuned to the occasion you will begin to murmur to yourself, —

'Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!'

for you will be in Valley Forge Park.

II

And now, if you will, forget the motor car in which you have been luxuriously gliding over smooth asphalt or macadam roads; forget the friendly farms which dot the landscape, and imagine this hilly country, bleak and

cold as it was during the awful winter of 1777-78. The attack upon the British at Germantown, on the outskirts of Philadelphia, had ended in failure; General Sir William Howe had settled down to spend a pleasant winter in Philadelphia; and Washington sought a place, where, by taking advantage of the protection afforded by a river, a stream, and a range of hills, he might remain unmolested until his army, starved and half-naked, men, might, with the coming of spring, once more take the field.

The history of this country — of all countries, perhaps — is the history of individuals overcoming the obstacles put in their path by groups, either willfully, or acting in the belief that they are helpers in a cause. One whose service to America has never been sufficiently appreciated, Tom Paine, the English radical, was here too, endeavoring with his pen to enhearten the fast declining spirits of the colonists. In ringing phrases, 'These are the times which try men's souls,' and the like, he ably seconded the efforts of Washington, dividing his time between the Headquarters of the Army at Valley Forge and York, Pennsylvania, where a body of men calling itself the Congress was sitting. The six months, from December 19, 1777, to June 19, 1778, were undoubtedly the darkest in American history. During that time it is estimated that several thousand men perished on these Valley Forge hills; and while the soldiers were dying of neglect, Congress talked, thus setting an example which has been followed right down to the present time.

Again, if you will, forget the awful misery and suffering suggested by this gloomy picture, and in imagination come with me a short distance, less than twenty miles as the crow flies, to the city of Philadelphia, and witness a

very different scene. Despite the Declaration of Independence signed in the State House only eighteen months before, Philadelphia was largely Tory. Many of the Quakers were for non-resistance. Society was frankly pro-British: that is to say, many a pretty girl, whose brother or lover was, or should have been, fighting for his country, was flirting industriously with the British officers, while the tradespeople generally preferred the golden guineas of the British quartermaster to the constantly depreciating currency which Congress was issuing as fast as printing-presses could turn it out.

In those days, war was the chosen profession of the European gentlemen; but it was not of a quality which we have recently come to understand. It was a game played by men, gloriously uniformed in scarlet and gold, during those months of the year when the weather made life in the open possible, if not pleasant. With the coming-on of winter, the campaign closed; the army went into winter quarters; the men gave themselves up to vice, drinking, and cards, while the officers beguiled the time with cards, drinking, and vice.

It was about the middle of October that Howe moved his forces into Philadelphia, and, after throwing up some few entrenchments to protect his army from possible but unlikely surprise, — for he was kept fully informed of the condition of the army under Washington, — he with his brother officers settled down to enjoy a pleasant winter in what then was the gayest city on the continent. Severity in dealing with the colonists having been tried without result, a policy of reconciliation had been begun, and little or no damage was done. Clubs were formed, concerts and dances planned, money and the essentials of life were plentiful. 'We have all that is necessary and much that is superfluous,' wrote home an

officer, under date of January 18, 1778.

But Howe was tiring of chasing elusive Americans from place to place; he complained that he did not have the confidence of his superiors at home; and, finally, he wrote and begged that he might have His Majesty's permission to resign. When this was accorded him, he turned over his command to Sir Henry Clinton and, after a fête of great magnificence, known to all Philadelphians as the Meschianza, given him by his brother officers, he returned to England. Those of our ancestors who took part in this historic pageant — and mine were among them — were glad to avail themselves of the skill of the ill-fated Major André, who planned events, painted scenery, devised costumes, and worked so indefatigably, that the affair was so successful that it was said no general of modern times had ever been so honored. At the end, a setpiece of fireworks was exploded, and a legend, 'Thy laurels are immortal,' was revealed against a background of night; but it has been observed that, when General Howe arrived in London, these laurels were already faded.

III

A century passes. Washington, having overcome all obstacles, wears laurel that is indeed immortal. He is the Father of his Country. The hundredth anniversary of the evacuation of Valley Forge brings a crowd, including generals, orators, and, alas! poets, to the place. A few years later, and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania acquires certain tracts of ground at Valley Forge, 'to be reserved for a public Park.' From this small beginning grew the present large and beautiful reservation maintained by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in honor of Washington and the Continental Army forever.

At the time of the celebration of the one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary of the departure of Washington and his 'contemptibles' from these historic hills, there appears upon the scene a young clergyman, well known and loved by those who know him, by others considered visionary and likely to get himself into trouble. When a man is called visionary, it usually means that he sees further than his fellows. Such a visionary was the Reverend W. Herbert Burk. At the time I am now considering, he was the rector of a small church in Norristown, a town in no respect different from a thousand other small towns, except that it is just across the Schuylkill River from Valley Forge. In All Saints' Church at Norristown, on Washington's Birthday, 1903, Dr. Burk preached a sermon, in the course of which, speaking of Washington having been discovered at prayer, alone, on the hills across the river, he said: 'Would that we might on those hills rear a wayside chapel, fit memorial of the church's and the nation's most honored son.' From saying 'Would that we might,' to erecting, in enduring stone, the most beautiful ecclesiastical monument on this continent, is a long and bitterly exhausting proceeding; for, having dreamed his dream, Dr. Burk awoke and proceeded to put it into effect.

Of what use is it to recount difficulties when they have been so largely overcome? *Pour encourager les autres.* The difficulties which beset Dr. Burk were many and sundry. The Bishop of the diocese could see no reason for erecting a chapel in a place where there were few people; and, above all things, a chapel which, before it was finished, might cost — millions. He smiled benevolently, as bishops do, and put his ecclesiastical foot down. Both feet. So did everyone else whom Dr. Burk consulted, that is to say, everyone who

could by any chance have assisted him in his undertaking, among them the writer of this paper. Then, people having neither judgment, experience, nor money, came to his assistance — and made his work more difficult. It is altogether possible that, without the example of Washington himself, Dr. Burk might never have overcome the obstacles which confronted him.

Have I suggested that he is a marvelously fluent talker; that he knows what he wants; that he is a psychoanalyst, if that commits him to a study of the weaknesses of others and to the development of his own strength; or that he has the energy of half a dozen men? Little by little, men, and women too, came to believe in him. From having everyone against him, everyone was now for him. He went steadily on. He was careful to make no mistakes. Finally, after several years' preparation, a committee was formed, and architects' plans were invited, which, at the suggestion of Dr. Charles C. Harrison, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, were referred to Professor Warren P. Laird, the present Dean of the School of Fine Arts of that University, whose trained judgment led him to select the plans of Milton B. Medary, Jr.

This architect had, after careful study, decided that Perpendicular Gothic architecture was best adapted for the building; and Professor Laird, in his report said: 'The chapel dominates the group,' (for the chapel that one sees at present is only the first of a series of buildings connected together by cloisters, galleries, and the like,) and, 'while not overpowering it, is sufficient for its purpose and is placed at the right point to complete and balance the mass.' . . . 'The chapel, while pure in historic character and fine in proportion, has an expression of dignity, repose, and strength, which it would be difficult to carry further.'

In due time the cornerstone of this fabric was laid, by the Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by some two hundred clergy and choristers, who then marched away, leaving Dr. Burk with the plans for a fine building and a well-laid cornerstone on his hands. But Dr. Burk had only begun to fight. Prayer and advertising is his slogan. Every patriotic society in the country was appealed to: Colonial Dames, and Daughters, and Sons, and Descendants of Sons, were invited to contribute, and most of them did. The thirteen original states were shown how they could honor themselves by joining in the undertaking, which, by this time, had become national in its scope. By slow degrees the building rose out of the ground. What was done was well done; and after a time the stone walls reached to the bottom of the sills of the great gothic windows. Then temporary walls and a roof were erected, so arranged that the final structure could be carried up to its full height without interfering with the use of the chapel, in which the first service was held on Washington's Birthday, 1905.

Almost ten years, years of struggle against obstacles almost insuperable, were to pass before the full beauty of the Washington Memorial Chapel could be seen and understood by persons not in the confidence of those who were privileged to undertake the work. Now that the chapel is practically complete, its beauty is patent to all. Whose creation is it? Dr. Burk's, whose dream it was, or the talented architect's? — who, I am sure, has been inadequately paid, if indeed he has been paid at all, for his services. I venture to give the palm to Dr. Burk. It was his idea; to it he has dedicated his life, to the exclusion of all else. And if you were to ask him from whom he had received the greatest assistance and encouragement, he would say, 'From Dr. and Mrs.

Charles Custis Harrison, without a doubt.' It is possible that without their efforts the beautiful chapel would still be far from completion. As it is, the tower only remains to be erected. This work, it is hoped, will shortly be undertaken, at the expense of the bankers of the country, in honor of Robert Morris, the nation's first financier. In it will be placed a chime of thirteen bells, which will be rung upon special occasions, and special occasions are of almost daily occurrence at Valley Forge.

As we come suddenly upon this finely proportioned cathedral in miniature, — I am inclined to think that its site could have been better chosen, but bishops are only men with frocks on, and must have their way, — lifting itself up along the roadside among the trees, we rub our eyes in amazement; and when one is told that the completed scheme calls for a museum, a library, a large assembly, and dining-rooms, where learned, patriotic, and other societies can be suitably entertained, one is astounded at the scope of the plan, and increasingly respectful of the man whose life-work it is.

Leaving our motor by the roadside we approach the chapel on foot; immediately our attention is challenged by a fine cloister which, we are told, is the Cloister of the Colonies. It consists of thirteen bays, adjoining the chapel, immediately to the west; all of these are at present completed, with the exception of those named after the states of Georgia and North Carolina. New Jersey has the honor of being the first state to erect its bay.

It has frequently been my privilege to watch the reaction of visitors upon entering the chapel, especially those coming from Europe, most of whom never heard of Valley Forge. One leaves the glare of day and of the present, and enters a shrine of exquisite, if subdued, color. Everything is in perfect

taste: the ceiling is of paneled oak, each panel revealing in carving and in colors the coat-of-arms of one of the states of the Union. The pews are oak, with beautifully carved ends, in which color has been used, with great discretion, to heighten the effect. The stained-glass windows are of almost overpowering beauty. My friend E. V. Lucas, that sympathetic wanderer in Paris and elsewhere, on seeing them, immediately exclaimed: 'They are as lovely as the windows of Sainte Chapelle.' It gave me pleasure to tell him that they were made by an Italian artist of great distinction in Philadelphia. The wrought-iron work might have come from the hammer and chisel of Benvenuto Cellini; it also came from Philadelphia. No detail has been slighted, nothing has been overlooked; everything means something; everything has some historic significance.

In the chancel is an organ, a fine instrument, the keyboard of which is never locked. Some day, someone will come forward and give a sum sufficient to provide an organist who shall for an hour or more every day make that organ peal forth its glorious music to those who may wish, in the delicious beauty of that Chapel, to forget the cares and perplexities which press so constantly upon us. I have often heard the martial strains of the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' or 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' wafted through the open door on a fine Sunday afternoon. What a delight it would be to feel that these hymns, and others like them, are to be played daily on that instrument — forever!

It was a glorious vision that appeared to Dr. Burk twenty-five years ago! How thankful he should be that he was permitted to see his dream-chapel take form and substance. He has worked hard, he has overcome difficulties understood only by those in his confidence;

but he has been permitted — not to complete his work; a century or more may elapse before 'finis' can be written; but — to set a standard for what remains to be done. We quickly discover, as we listen to him, why he has accomplished so much. He is positively irresistible: one must do as he wills. If he wants the President of the United States to make an address, he goes to Washington and gets him. In this way Roosevelt was brought here some years ago; and a few months since, President Harding, having said that he could not and would not leave Washington on account of important business, nevertheless came, and upon his departure had increased his admirers by the eight or ten thousand people who saw him enter the Chapel, and who later heard him address them from the pulpit under the trees. President Harding was the first President to occupy the pew set aside for the nation's ruler.

A visit to the Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge is a patriotic duty; for, as Lord Bryce, that great Englishman who understood us and our institutions so well, said in a letter to Dr. Burk, written only a day or two before his death: 'No memory ever deserved more universal honor than Washington's; we have, as you know, recently erected a statue of him in Trafalgar Square, one of the best positions in London.'

We leave the Chapel and look around us: near-by, just beyond a grove of trees, on the hillside overlooking the Schuylkill, is to be a large cemetery. It is sparsely populated at present — we are hardy folk out here in the country; but some day it will be densely crowded. Farther on are well kept roads sweeping over the hills, giving vistas of beauty; while here and there are little cabins which serve as guard-houses, erected in the same manner

and of the same proportions as, if more substantially than, those built by Washington's soldiers. The lines of intrenchments, earthworks thrown up by the soldiers, as much to occupy their time as to afford protection, are still to be seen skirting the hillside; while down by the river is the little stone house which served as Washington's Headquarters, very much as it was when he occupied it. The monuments and markers here and there might detain us, were not time flying.

In reply to your question as to who attends this Chapel, I would call attention to the little hamlets through which we have passed, and may tell you that there is more quiet comfort, and unostentatious elegance between Paoli and Philadelphia than anywhere else I know. Consider the immense extent of this suburban country — not taken up by a few magnificent estates, but occupied by tens of thousands of prosperous citizens, whose motors bring the Chapel easily within reach. Besides which, there is a constant stream of visitors from all over the world.

May I recount an experience I had at the Chapel several years ago? It was at a time when we had been highly stimulated by propaganda to hate the Germans and love the French, — the natural reaction from which we are now undergoing, — that someone had the happy idea of celebrating Bastille Day, which fell upon a Sunday, at Valley Forge. A company of marines was to be brought from the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, whose patriotism was to be stimulated with sandwiches, cake, ice-cream, and coffee. It fell to my lot to preside at this part of the function. The services of a local band were requisitioned, and later there was to be a presentation of flags. Dr. Burk agreed to preach a patriotic sermon; I suspect that he would rather preach a sermon than listen to one.

'Bastille Day at Valley Forge' was well advertised; people for many miles about came in their motors; never before had there been such a crowd. It was midsummer, July 14; the weather — typical Philadelphia weather for that time of year — as hot as blazes. As the crowd gathered, it was decided that it would be best for Dr. Burk to make his remarks to as many as could hear him under the trees, from the open-air pulpit, an architectural feature of the cloister. The marines arrived: at a word of command they charged upon and overcame the refreshments, while the band played French and other national airs with involuntary variations.

The crowd increased; it grew hotter; the sky became overcast; it looked like rain; and I began to fear for the success of the meeting. The Chapel might hold two hundred people; there was an attendance estimated at twenty times that number, most of whom had come in motors which had been parked on the roadside for a distance of a mile or more: no one had thought of the necessity of regulating the traffic.

At length, at the appointed hour, Dr. Burk began to speak. 'The trees were God's first temples,' he said. There was a flash of forked lightning, followed by a crash of thunder which suggested that God's first temples were being torn up by the roots. Then it rained as it rains only in Mr. Conrad's stories. Instantly, there was a rush for the Chapel, which had already been sought by the wise ones; then there was a counter-rush for the motors, and the ceremony was at an end. *Sauve qui peut* became the order of the afternoon — but few could.

I had been given five words to say: 'La Fayette, we have went,' or some such matter; but there was none to listen. It poured in torrents for twenty minutes, until we were all wet to the

skin; then the rain ceased, — the sun came out, — and it was hotter than ever. There were a hundred cars between me and my motor; my wife, having been despoiled of her refreshments, was trying to save her china in a cabin far away, crowded to suffocation. I saw that it was from the circumference that help must come; I was at the centre and could do nothing. Weary and wet, I opened the door of somebody's limousine, and sat down, determined that nature should take its course — which it did, in the direction of a heavy cold. I may be mistaken, but I have always thought that my wife blamed me for that thunderstorm.

IV

Before finally taking leave of Dr. Burk and his glorious creation, I must refer to an order I received from a lady several years ago, to write a paper calling attention to the beauties of the Chapel — an order which I am only now, tardily, obeying. It was during the war, shortly before her death, that Mrs. Cassatt, the widow of the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad (we are back to the railroad, you see), sent for me and said: 'Are you aware of the greatness of the work that Dr. Burk is doing in your community, and of how shamefully you are neglecting him? Do you know that he is depriving himself of the comforts, of the very necessities of life, in order that his work at Valley Forge may go on? A physical breakdown is imminent. I have sent him away for a month or so; when he returns I wish to hear' (she was an autocratic old lady) 'that some of you men, prominent in your community, have agreed that in the future he shall be properly looked after. Are you one of his vestrymen? You should be: you live not far away.'

'But,' I replied, 'how about your son?

He lives nearer Valley Forge than I do.'

There was just the merest trace of a smile on the face of the old lady as I referred to Colonel Edward Buchanan Cassatt, the most picturesque character in our neighborhood, a distinguished sportsman, possessed of every charm that one would not expect to find in a vestryman. (How he laughed when I told him of my encounter with his mother!)

'The fact is, madam,' I went on to say, 'Dr. Burk selects his Board of Directors with the same care with which your husband used to select his; and neither of us, I fancy, sizes up to his requirements, although I dare say —' But no, I must not write it.

I got one hearty laugh out of the old lady when, in reply to her question as to how some money could be raised, I asked her if she was willing to invest in Dr. Burk's newly planned graveyard and make it a live concern. The enterprise had just been started, and I had bought a lot to help the scheme along; but this was not enough. What Dr. Burk wanted was interments, and so he told me very plainly. 'You're little or no use to me,' he said, 'except under a handsome monument — something I can point to.' I verily believe that he would cheerfully bury his best friend, if by so doing he thought he could add to the beauty or interest of the landscape. Such are the workings of his enthusiasm. It was quite a relief when, the last time I saw him, he told me I might go on and live forever, for all he cared: things had been coming his way very satisfactorily.

And now, unless you are considering investing in cemetery lots, I need detain you no longer at Valley Forge. Let the impression of what you have seen sink in, and you will wish to come again. As you roll along the well-kept roads leading to Philadelphia, you will

pass through the country of which we Philadelphians are so proud: those towers belong to Bryn Mawr College. That is the Merion Cricket Club. Philadelphia is the only place in the country where cricket is played with enthusiasm. In a few moments, you will cross the city line and enter our justly famous Fairmount Park, disfigured here and there with some bad statuary, but otherwise very beautiful. You are approaching a specimen now. I never see a bit of bad statuary without thinking of that supremely wise and witty essay by George Moore, 'Royalty in Art,' in his volume, *Modern Painting*. Take it from your shelves, reader, get it from a library, better still, buy it; if you do not enjoy it, I will take it off your hands. The statue before you is of a soldier of our Civil War; he is of life-size, doubtless, but he is mounted on a tall, granite pedestal, so heavy that the figure which surmounts it looks like a letter seal. Who and what can it be? The man is in the uniform of a private; he has a long drooping moustache of granite, and he leans upon a rifle of the same. Curiosity will cause you to stop and read this: —

DEDICATED

TO THE
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
OF THE
CIVIL WAR

Did they succeed?

Let this monument be their answer.

Do not laugh, dear reader; hurry away, save your risibles for something worthy. As you pass the Memorial Hall, a relic of the Centennial Exposition, you will come upon and pass through a meaningless architectural bit, a sort of glorified gateway leading nowhere. On either side is a very tall granite shaft, something over one hundred feet high, and on the top of each

shaft is a statue; but observe that one of the figures is *walking*. One foot is raised; should he do the obvious thing and put his foot down, he will plunge headlong into the shrubbery a hundred feet below. I wish that he might. I have passed this artistic abomination half a dozen times a week for years. Has no one on the Fairmount Park Art Commission, or whoever it is that has authority in such matters, a sense of humor? Surely everyone must see how absurd it is. A man with courage and a rope could bring that statue to the ground in a jiffy — I have the rope. What is it that Max Beerbohm says? 'Only a sculptor and his mother would maintain that sculpture is not a lost art.'

Yonder is Philadelphia. No longer a clever, green town built by Quakers, but an enormous manufacturing wen which calls itself the Workshop of the World. Perhaps it is. Certainly it is a city of foreigners; the Quaker has disappeared, the American is submerged. There are whole districts where, for blocks, — squares we call them, — only Yiddish, or Polish, or Italian, is spoken: where a newspaper published in the English language cannot be had.

Is this democracy, or, simply, anarchy? I sometimes wonder — I am given to wondering — whether this holy experiment, as Penn called it, of democracy would be thought successful by its founders. When I consider how clumsily we have solved, if indeed we can be said to have solved, our governmental problems, I am inclined to doubt. Washington fought for, and secured for us, a continent. Are we not foolish to be robbed of our noble inheritance by the anarchist and the agitator? In letting down the bars, — perhaps it would be more exact to say, in erecting no bars whatever around our possessions, — we have placed in jeop-

ardy our most precious institutions, and in exchange we have secured — what? Cheap labor, nothing else. We mistake the rapid exploitation of this continent for a logical operation of democracy.

I wish that we might pause and take stock of ourselves. Is it not time for us to go slow, to 'stop, look, and listen,' as the railway signs have it, at dangerous crossings? I wish that we might descend to a higher order of living. I wish that we might not fell all our trees, burn all our coal, exhaust all our mines. Let us leave something for our children. As I look about me, I see much that disturbs me: the influence of the stock of Washington disappearing, and in its place two great political parties, bankrupt of ideals, led by rival demagogues interested only in securing or retaining power. I see one gigantic 'Main Street,' a Corso along which is a reckless race for wealth. I wish that we might close our doors and keep them closed until we have assimilated our enormous foreign population.

I remember Goldsmith's lines: —

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

I wish that an intellectual and property qualification limited the franchise, which politicians refer to as our most precious possession. I suppose that it is for this reason they have given it to men who do not speak our language or understand our institutions; who are permitted to vote practically upon their arrival on our shores. Will 'votes for women' remedy this condition, or aggravate it?

Emerson says somewhere that 'When God thinks of Kings, he smiles.' May He not also sigh as, looking at us over the rim of the world, He says to Himself: 'My children down there are always going to extremes'?

JAZZ: A MUSICAL DISCUSSION

BY CARL ENGEL

I

Jazz is upon us, everywhere. To deny the fact is to assume the classic ostrich pose, head buried in the sand, tail-feathers to the sun. To shout alarm hysterically from the housetops, is to exhibit over-confidence in clamorous indignation as a purifier of morals, if it be not wholly to ignore historic precedent.

The situation we are facing is not new. It offers many problems which are grave, yet seemingly not more perplexing than those which have arisen, under similar conjunctures, in the past. True it is that the dance to which jazz music has been coupled is not precisely setting an example of modesty and grace. True, also, that certain modern dance-perversions have called up music that is as noxious as the breath of Belial. Only by a bold stretch of fancy can this delirious caterwauling be brought under the head of music proper — or improper; as noise, its significance at times becomes eloquent to the point of leaving little or nothing to the imagination.

However, let us remember that the worst of our present dances are not beginning to approach in barefaced wickedness the almost unbelievable performances of our forefathers, for which we need not seek much further back than the time of the French Revolution, when the 1800 dance-halls of Paris were not enough to hold the whirling pairs, but dancing went on gayly in churches and in cemeteries. And let us admit that the *best* of jazz

tunes is something infinitely more original — perhaps even musically better — than the so-called ‘popular’ music that America produced in the ‘good old days,’ that golden age which lives only in the mythology of disappointed sinners.

My ideas on the dance and the possible causes of its recurring degeneration I have set forth in an article, ‘Why do we dance?’ which appeared in the *Musical Quarterly* for October, 1920. I shall merely remind you that almost every race and every age have known social conditions which result in an unloosing of instincts that nature wisely has taught us to hold well in check, but which, every now and then, from cryptic reasons, are allowed to break the bounds of civilized restraint.

Such excesses have not infrequently attained to tragic madness. The silly, lewd gyrations for which jazz is held responsible by some are the release of tension in a witless, neurotic stratum of society. But such dances were common long before the word ‘jazz’ was coined. Our latest dance craze has known the Tango, the ‘shimmy,’ the various zoological trots, to much the same purpose that now cries out for jazz.

Whoever wishes to reform the dance must break the grip that clutches partner against partner, in shuffling, wriggling ambulation. Abolish the comparative intimacy of that twofold company; make room for the benign third party that turns company into crowd; devise a dance in which there is general

participation, as there was in the quadrille, the figure dances, the milder forms of country reels, and you will not only improve the tone of public amusements, but possibly you may open a way for dance-music to resume a swifter, ampler, and more sweeping gait, instead of the repeated, jogging, stubborn motives which lead to stupid, short, reiterated movements.

For the present, I am not concerned with dance reform, nor am I interested in jazz as an accompaniment to Terpsichorean atrocities; it is rather the musical side of jazz—how it originated, what it represents, and what it may lead to—upon which I shall try to throw a little light.

II

To a great many minds, the word 'jazz' implies frivolous or obscene deportment. Let me ask what the word 'sarabande' suggests to you? I have no doubt that to most of you it will mean everything that is diametrically opposed to 'jazzing.' When you hear mention of a 'sarabande,' you think of Bach's, of Handel's slow and stately airs; you think of noble and dignified strains in *partitas*, sonatas, and operas of the eighteenth century. Yet the sarabande, when it was first danced in Spain, about 1588, was probably far more shocking to behold than is the most shocking jazz to-day. The sarabande seems to have been of Moorish origin. Then, as now, the oriental, the exotic touch, gave dancing an added filip. When Lady Mary Montagu, writing from Adrianople in 1717, described the dance that she saw in the seraglio of a rich Mussulman, she made allusions which leave no uncertainty as to the exact nature of these proceedings. Something of that character must have belonged to the earliest sarabandes. They were the proud Hidalgo's hoolah-hoolah.

A French author, Pierre de Lancre, wrote in 1613: 'The courtesans who mingle with the players have given this dance such a vogue on the stage, that there is hardly a young girl in the country who cannot copy them to perfection.' How truly the same might be said of our generation; it is the stage that starts a novel mode of dancing, the public which is alert to ape it and outstep it. Father Mariana, in his book *De Spectaculis*, published in 1609, devoted a whole chapter to an attack on the sarabande, accusing it of having done more harm than the bubonic plague which devastated Europe in the Middle Ages.

Again, we hear it alleged that the moral corruption worked by jazz is vastly more calamitous than was the material havoc wrought by the World War. And yet, as we know, this once objectionable sarabande finally became a matrix wherein the greatest musical composers have cast some of their loftiest and purest inspirations. Dances, popular and no doubt shocking in their day, have furnished the soil for the cyclic growth from which has sprung, by way of the concerto and sonata, the grandest form of absolute music, the orchestral symphony.

What the waltz was when first it set Vienna spinning, when it turned Paris into one big whirlpool, has been variously chronicled by pious and blushing witnesses, none of whom was more perturbed than the impious poet, Lord Byron.

Not soft Herodias, when, with winning tread,
Her nimble feet danced off another's head;
Not Cleopatra on her Galley's deck
Displayed so much of leg or more of neck,
Than thou, ambrosial Waltz.

Yet Weber was to vest such bareness in the spacious mantle of his art, and Chopin crown it with the coronet of quality.

I have taken the license of rapidly

rehearsing these few historical facts, to answer those who might question my sanity in bestowing upon the musical side of jazz so much as a particle of studious thought. Without speculating what the future development of jazz may be, what ultimate contribution to musical styles it may make, there is an excuse for believing that long after the dance known as jazz will happily have vanished, investigators in the field of musical history will have occasion to search for the inception of these peculiar tunes, to seek for traces of contemporary opinion on their merit or their faults. I frankly think that it would set us down a rather jaundiced lot, if those investigators were to discover no sign of unbiased appraisal, nothing but wholesale ranting against a laxity of morals which was inveterate before the frenzied beaters of pots and kitchen kettles became entitled to full membership in the Musical Union.

Let me emphatically state that I in no way sympathize with these perpetrators of infernal din, who are giving a poor imitation of the admirable savage, with his highly perfected and astonishingly diversified art of sounding pulsatile instruments.

The savage stands far above the clownish tricks of rubbing sandpaper, blowing shrieky sirens, or hitting at random a battery of gongs. The savage is immeasurably more cultured than the person who belabors a piano with his whole body and, thrumming two or three ill-assorted chords, frantically fumbled together in endless and stale repetition, tries to tell you that he is playing jazz. As a matter of fact, he is doing nothing of the kind.

Like any other type of music, jazz can be bad or good. I am not defending bad jazz any more than I would defend a bad ballad or the bad playing of Beethoven. I have no intention of standing up for the insolent plagiarists

who misappropriate and disfigure Rimsky-Korsakof, Puccini, and that superlative master, Johann Strauss. One of the most audacious in this little game is said to be a good musician, conductor of a practised band, the son of a respected Supervisor of Music in the Public Schools of Denver. (So says the *New York Times*.) I am certain that the apostle of vulgarization who should try to rewrite Shelley's poems in slang would be broken on the wheel and quartered. And I should be delighted to help set up the punitive machinery, if musical barbarians were to be similarly executed.

So much, then, to clear the stage, and range into a solid background these protests and restrictions, upon which I shall ask you to fix, from time to time, a reassuring glance, while I step to the proscenium and speak my little piece. The burden of it is this: there exists such a thing as *good jazz music*, and *good jazz* is a great deal better, and far more harmless, than is a bad ballad or the bad playing of Beethoven. And, if you are open-eyed in surveying our musical tendencies, you cannot pass blindly over the unspeakable riff-raff of our male and female balladists: the 'Smile' songs; 'Bubble' songs; 'Mother,' 'Mither,' and 'Mammy' songs; the sloppy 'Sweetheart' drivel; above all, the unpardonable maltreatment of the classics by the multitude of amateurs — offenses infinitely worse than good jazz. And to the latter I now come.

III

Jazz, as a state of mind, is symptom, not malady. Jazz, in the guise of music, is both anodyne and stimulant to the afflicted. To the immune, it is an irritant. The term jazz, as applied to music, is rather elastic. It embraces not only the noisy-noisome sort, the jumble-jungle kind, but a type that

refines upon and meliorates the racy stuff of wilder species with matter of a distinctly and engagingly musical nature. Good jazz is a composite, the happy union of seemingly incompatible elements. Good jazz is the latest phase of American popular music. It is the upshot of a transformation which started some twenty years ago, and culminated in something unique, unmatched in any other part of the world. Fifteen years ago we had progressed to the insipid 'Waltz me around again, Willie,' to the Coon-song and Rag-time factories in the back parlors of the West Twentieth streets of New York. With the period of 'Everybody's doing it, doing it, doing it,' about 1912, we reached the short insistent motive which was to usurp the prerogatives of songfulness.

Then, one fine day, in 1915, — or fine night, I should rather say; for, if I remember correctly, it was in the second act of a mildly entertaining operetta, — we were treated to 'The Magic Melody.' A young man, gifted with musical talent and unusual courage, had dared to introduce into his tune a modulation which was nothing extraordinary in itself, but which marked a change, a new régime in American popular music. It was just the thing that the popular composer in the making had been warned against by the wise ones as a thing too 'high-brow' for the public to accept. They were foolish prophets. The public not only liked it: they went mad over it. And well they might; for it was a relief, a liberation.

Gradually, the courageous young man found imitators more daring than himself. Harmonic richness and variety entered victoriously where stereotyped cadences, barren and threadbare progressions, had reigned *ad nauseam*. Mind you, I am not setting milestones with the tunes I have named; I merely wish to suggest to you different stages

of a continuous evolution, by songs which were typical of each.

I have not given the subject sufficient study to say definitely at what point the course of popular American music took a new turn, but, unless I am very much mistaken, 'The Magic Melody,' by Mr. Jerome Kern, was the opening chorus of an epoch. It is not a composition of genius, but it is very ingenious. While it is almost more tuneless than was 'Everybody's doing it,' — if that be possible, — and largely adheres to the short, insistent phrase, it stands on a much higher musical plane. Its principal claim to immortality is that it introduces a modulation which, at the time it was first heard by the masses, seized their ears with the power of magic. And the masses, for once, showed excellent judgment.

Mr. Kern subsequently proved to be one of the most fertile, tasteful, and characteristic composers of light music. When he tries to be purely melodic, he is apt to fall back upon cheap sentimentalism, tinged with spurious folk-song color. But his little harmonic device had a hue all its own; and popular parlance decided that it was 'blue.'

A veil of mystery covers the first dark deed that went by the name of 'Blue.' Forever hidden, perhaps, is the identity of the melancholic culprit who perpetrated it, although stout hearts are ready to cite the man, the place, and the tune. They are not apt, however, to tell you of an ancestral and *bona-fide* 'blue chord,' which Richard Wagner deliberately chose in order to make more graphic the word *blau* when Tristan, in the beginning of *Tristan and Isolde*, refers to the green, but distant, shore as shimmering still in a blue haze. That is the sublime instance.

The ridiculous one is the maudlin *glissando* on ukulele and steel guitar, the tear-duct of popular music. What

stainless ears considered a rather weird turn of the melody, a morbid shifting of harmonies, entered the dictionary of professional jargon as 'blue note,' or 'blue chord.'

I am under the impression that these terms were contemporary with, if they did not precede and foreshadow, the period of our innumerable musical 'Blues.' What the uninitiated tried to define by that homely appellation was, perhaps, an indistinct association of the minor mode and dyspeptic intonation with poor digestion; in reality, it is the advent in popular music of something which the textbooks call ambiguous chords, altered notes, extraneous modulation, and deceptive cadence.

The trick had irresistible charm; everybody tried it. It was in the preludes and interludes of the popular songs that the radicals began to break down the old order — that is, in those measures where the voice did not interfere with their freedom. The hackneyed 'Till ready' was mercifully dispatched to limbo, and superseded by some dexterous harmonic tricks that not only stood, but demanded and deserved, rehearsing. Instead of the traditional sequence of dominant diminished-seventh, and dominant-seventh harmonies — which formed the timeworn transition into the refrain and accompanied the chanted announcement: 'When he to her did say,' — there sprang up a diversity of the freshest, most unexpected modulations, which fell upon the ear like drops of evening rain upon a parched and sun-baked soil. The various shades of blue, in which untutored harmonists indulged, ranged all the way from faint cerulean to deep indigo. The last could often be more fittingly compared to mud.

Between the earlier 'rag' and the 'blues,' there was this distinction: the rag had been mainly a thing of rhythm, of syncopation; the blues were syncopation relished with spicier harmonies.

In addition to these two elements of music, rhythm and harmony, the people — who in the beginning had known but one thing: melody, fastened upon a primitive and weak harmonic structure of 'barbershop' chords — the people, I say, who had stepwise advanced from melody and rhythm to harmony, lastly discovered counterpoint. And the result of this last discovery is jazz. In other words, jazz is rag-time, *plus* 'Blues,' *plus* orchestral polyphony; it is the combination, in the popular music current, of melody, rhythm, harmony, and counterpoint.

IV

Each of these four ingredients bears racial features which are unequivocally American. Yet this Americanism is not exclusively a tribal one; it is not content to borrow from the negro, to filch from the Indian. What marks of oriental inflections it shows hail from the Jordan rather than from the Congo River. While the primitive syncopation was taken over from the colored man; while the Semitic purveyors of Broadway 'hits' made us an invaluable gift of their more luxurious harmonic sense, the contrapuntal complexity of jazz is something native, born out of the complex, strident present-day American life. Where did you hear, before jazz was invented, such multifarious stirring, heaving, wrestling of independent voices as there are in a jazz orchestra? The saxophone bleats a turgid song; the clarinets turn capers of their own; the violins come forward with an *obbligato*; a saucy flute darts up and down the scale, never missing the right note on the right chord; the trombone lumberingly slides off on a tangent; the drum and xylophone put rhythmic high lights into these kaleidoscopic shiftings; the cornet is suddenly heard above the turmoil, with good-natured brazenness.

Chaos in order, — orchestral technic of master craftsmen, — music that is recklessly fantastic, joyously grotesque, — such is good jazz. A superb, incomparable creation, inescapable yet elusive; something it is almost impossible to put in score upon a page of paper.

For jazz finds its last and supreme glory in the skill for improvisation exhibited by the performers. The deliberately scored jazz tunes are generally clumsy, pedestrian. It is not for the plodding, routine orchestrator to foresee the unexpected, to plan the improbable.

Jazz is abandon, is whimsicality in music. A good jazz band should never play, and actually never does play, the same piece twice in the same manner. Each player must be a clever musician, an originator as well as an interpreter, a wheel that turns hither and thither on its own axis without disturbing the clockwork.

Strange to relate, this orchestral improvisation, which may seem to you virtually impossible or artistically undesirable, is not an invention of our age. To improvise counterpoint was a talent that the musicians in the orchestras of Peri and Monteverdi, three hundred years ago, were expected to possess, and did possess, to such a high degree that the skeleton scores of those operas which have come down to us give but an imperfect idea of how this music sounded when performed.

A semblance of this lost, and rediscovered, art is contained in the music of the Russian and Hungarian gypsies. Just as that music is a riotous improvisation, throbbing with a communicative beat, ever restless in mood, so is jazz. Just as the gypsy players are held together by an identical, inexplicable rhythmic spell, following the leader's fiddle in its harmonic meanderings, each instrument walking in a bypath of its own, so is the ideal jazz

band constituted — that is, the jazz band made up of serious jazz artists.

Franz Liszt could give a suggestion of gypsy music on the keyboard. He had a way of playing the piano orchestrally. There are few people who can play jazz on the piano. Jazz, as much as the gypsy dances, depends on the many and contrasting voices of a band, united in a single and spontaneous rhythmic, harmonic, and contrapuntal will.

The playing and writing down of jazz are two different things. When a jazz tune is written on paper, for a piano solo, it loses nine tenths of its flavor. Only the bitter grounds are left. In that form, also, it is not unlike the clavecin music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, of which only the melody was noted over a figured bass, or 'ground.'

Jazz, fortunately, can be preserved on phonographic records for our descendants. They will form their own estimate of our enormities. If we had such records of what Scarlatti, Couperin, and Rameau did with their figured bases, we should need fewer realizations, restitutions, and renditions by arranger and deranger. Of the people whom I have heard play jazz on the piano, I can name but two who have impressed me with their uncanny skill, with their infallible musicianship. One of them is a young man in Boston who will play you the ten piano sonatas of Scriabin by heart (!), one after the other, and, if you have survived that, will give you some transcendental jazz which, I wager, you will declare eminently more worth-while than all the metaphysical ramblings of Scriabin's 'third period.'

My other young friend hails from New York; he is an accomplished player of Chopin and Debussy, yet nowhere quite so much at home as when he seems to grow another pair of hands, is over all the keys at once, and with

the touch of wizardry, conjures up tonal jazz spooks that leave you baffled but grinning with delight.

V

Here is something in music that is a more typical, a more comprehensive expression of the *modern* American spirit, than all our coon songs, our pseudo-Indian wails, the regional songs of a hundred years ago, the tenth-rate imitations of vile English ballads, the imperfect echoes of French impressionism. Good jazz is enjoyed by capital musicians, by men who are neither inordinately immoral nor extravagantly uncultured. It has fascinated European composers like Stravinsky, Casella, Satie, as Debussy was fascinated before them by rag-time. 'Golliwog's Cakewalk' and 'Minstrels' are works of the purest art, notwithstanding the fact that the essence of their peculiar charm was filtered from the emanations of the music-hall.

Maurice Ravel, last summer, told Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill, who was visiting him, that he considered jazz the only original contribution America had so far made to music. Nor do American composers of repute disdain to try their hand at it. Leo Sowerby, the young Chicagoan, who is the first musical stipendiary to be sent to the American Academy in Rome, has been guilty of sounding the jazz note in his chamber music and in a piano concerto. No less respectable a person than Professor Hill himself, associate professor of music in Harvard University, a man who may be credited with harboring no desire for cheap notoriety, has signed his name to a 'Study in Jazz' which Messrs. Pattison and Maier have played in their remarkable recitals for two pianos, and which, arranged for full orchestra, I believe, has been programmed by M. Monteux for the reg-

ular concerts of the Boston Symphony. There is frank and appropriate tribute paid to jazz in Mr. John Alden Carpenter's 'Krazy Kat' ballet.

What more conclusive evidence could you demand to prove that jazz — good jazz — is not void of musical possibilities, not wanting in musical merit? If the fastidious musician succumbs to it, can you blame the people of America and Europe for liking good jazz?

Perhaps some of my hearers have begun to be agitated with wonder whether I am a paid emissary of the 'affiliated dance-hall proprietors,' or a hireling of unscrupulous publishers and phonograph companies.

As a matter of fact, in standing up for good jazz I am not making a plea for the deplorable dances of our day; I am not defending the prurient panders of the musical fraternity; I am not absolving the indiscriminate manufacturers of records. Against all three I want to register a loud, emphatic protest. But I cannot rouse myself to such a pitch of virtuous wrath that blindness is the result. Nor will I admit that music, at its worst, can be guilty of all the misdeeds that have been laid to jazz.

Let the reformer sacrifice his days and nights in the noble endeavor to save mankind from the diabolic pitfalls which constantly surround it. For one thing, the champion of righteousness may rely upon the satiety of the public which, sooner or later, is sure to make an end of every 'rage,' including jazz dances. It is more than likely that he does rely on it, and therefore is all the more enthusiastic in his reform. He has, however, so far overlooked the powerful assistance that he might derive from bringing into wider prominence the musical and artistic potentialities of jazz. Nothing will help more speedily to lower it in the esteem of the public at large, than gen-

tly to hint, artfully to suggest, subtly to insinuate, that it may have some vague, remote relation to Art.

If jazz music has any of the gypsy music's fitness for survival, it will leave a trace, unsoiled by memories of indecorum and police raids. Meanwhile, the curious and heretical inquirer may be pardoned for dwelling reflectively upon so odd a case as that presented by the gradual accession of melody, rhythm, harmony, and counterpoint to the leading rôle in the popular music of America, a process covering barely more than five decades. It has no parallel in musical history, unless we take musical progress as a whole during the last five centuries. Good jazz, once brought into the focus of unclouded criticism, reveals, aside from the grosser features visible to a naked eye in the dark, some finer lineaments, which make it appear justly entitled to the benefit of honest doubt,

based — if on nothing else — on the examples of the sarabande, and the waltz.

Of course, someone may interpose that we cannot drive jazz, waltz, and sarabande in one and the same harness; that the musical vehicles of 1922 are as different from those of 1822, or 1722, as is a snorting eight-cylinder automobile from a feather-weight Tilbury, or a pompous state-coach drawn by six.

Quite true. Yet some argumentative and jazz-loving person might come along and retort that, while the means and speed of locomotion have changed, human nature has remained stationary, or, at least, much as it always was and will be. Said person might add to our embarrassment by averring that perhaps the real trouble is a momentary shortage in Handels, Webers, Chopins. And how shall we prove him wrong?

AMERICAN DOMESTIC MANNERS

THE ACCOUNTS OF TWO TRAVELERS

BY PHILIP KATES

I

WHEN travelers go into strange countries, they bring back wonderful stories of their adventures. But the most interesting tales always are about the habits and manner of life of the uncouth creatures that inhabit these unknown lands.

The domestic manners of the Americans have always made extremely

popular reading. I have before me two magazines — *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for May, 1832; and the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1922. The first takes up the life of the eighteen-twenties in that wild part of the United States east of the Mississippi; the latter depicts the habits of the rough but sturdy

inhabitants of the Great Southwest in the nineteen-twenties.

One Frances Trollope, 'instigated' (as 'Christopher North' says) 'by the devil and Miss Fanny Wright, was induced, with the approbation of her husband, to accompany that lady to the United States. It appears that Miss Wright — to whom, in spite of all her failings, it is impossible to deny the praise of active benevolence — had embarked in some project for emancipating negroes; and with this view had formed an establishment in the state of Tennessee, in which, by judicious preparation, the slaves were not only to become free, but to astonish the world by issuing forth in the character of scholars and gentlemen.'

Mrs. Trollope came from London, and published the results of her two years' observation in two volumes which are reviewed in *Blackwood's*.

Mr. Roderick Peattie, instigated, we suspect, by some unfulfilled hope, ventures from Chicago, across the raging Mississippi, into the land of oil wells, of tanks, of producers and plainsmen, of Indians and 'niggers.' His observations are published in the May *Atlantic*.

'Tanks of the size of city gas tanks are set in rows through the fields. . . . It is difficult to describe the gaunt and haggard landscape where these monster-like tanks arise.' But difficulties do not daunt, nor monsters frighten, this intrepid traveler. He pushes on. 'After driving through Stone Bluff, I went over the Turkey Mountain road to Red Wing. Later I made Broken Arrow, Coweta, and Choska Bottoms. Coming up over Turkey Mountain, one could see Tulsa on the plains, rising with its skyscrapers like some Babylonian temple in the wilderness.'

The last frontier has been conquered, and in the Wilderness of the West are the Wonderful Monsters of the Petro-

leum Age, and the Bizarre Babylonian Beauties of the Queen of Oil.

Perhaps, now, others from Chicago or Indianapolis may venture forth, as Dickens followed Mrs. Trollope; and we may have a real survey of the Southwest, and some *Southwestern Notes*, to bring about the friendly feeling between alien peoples that comes from a sympathetic understanding of their domestic habits.

Mrs. Trollope landed in New Orleans, and journeyed up the Mississippi on one of those floating palaces of the eighteen-twenties. The scenery along the Mississippi was very poor; but on the Ohio it was better.

Our modern explorer finds much that is dreary in the Oklahoma landscape, but it has its redeeming features — the birds and flowers.

'Oklahoma is a state of birds and flowers. Nowhere have I heard more birds, more kinds of birds, singing at once, than in the hayfields here in full sun.' And these, as we say in Oklahoma, are 'some birds.'

'One hears its [the meadow lark's] shrill note from the Pullman above the roar of the train, the first morning in the plains.'

A friend of mine, back in the days when I too lived in Arcady, that is east of the 'Mississipp,' told me that, as soon as one crossed that mighty stream, he became a confirmed liar. I have lived many years in this land of boast-ers, but I have never heard anyone claim that our meadow larks could roar louder than a Frisco train. I think the ingenuous traveler mistook one of the airplanes, which the rich oil-producers travel in, for a lark! That sound was simply a driller going to work.

But, after we have enjoyed the scenery, we get back to the Domestic Manners of the Indigenous Inhabitants. Mrs. Trollope evidently was forced to eat in the common

salle-à-manger of her floating palace.

'The total want of all the usual courtesies of the table; the voracious rapidity with which the viands were seized and devoured; the strange uncouth phrases and pronunciation; the loathsome spitting, from the contamination of which it was absolutely impossible to protect our dresses; the frightful manner of feeding with their knives, till the whole blade seemed to enter into the mouth; and the still more frightful manner of cleaning the teeth afterwards with a pocket-knife—'

My ancestors lived in the Ohio Valley, and perhaps may have been on that same boat. Shall I be pardoned if I draw the veil upon this horrific scene? The reviewer in *Blackwood's*, commenting upon the sufferings of English travelers in the American Wilderness, says, 'they cannot bring themselves to pardon the transatlantic innovation of picking teeth with a pocketknife, instead of table-fork, according to the ancient and recognized precedent in the hosteleries of Leeds and Birmingham.'

Our modern traveler makes no mention of the table manners of the West. Perhaps we no longer 'swallow' our knives. I do not know. Perhaps we have become expert, and so our peculiarities are not noticed. My friend, Judge West, told me of an experience in the James Hotel, in the early days of the Cushing field. He had finished his dinner and was toying with his dessert, when a solicitous waitress delicately inquired, 'Ain't I give you no knife?' 'Oh, yes,' said the diner. 'Excuse me; I seen you eatin' with your fork; I thought I ain't give you no knife.' However, I think the story apocryphal.

But in Tulsa, the 'Babylonian temple in the wilderness,' are strange sights. Here it is that the 'operators' (that is, oil-producers) congregate for their revels. And what pagan revels! 'It is

not unusual for a man to drive in two hundred miles from the field, for a bath and a Sunday evening of civilization.'

Two hundred miles for a bath, and the soothing strains of the victrola! Someone, in the dark ages before the Eighteenth Amendment, wrote a book called *A Thousand Miles from a Lemon* (was it Frank Stockton?), to indicate the entire absence of civilization. But since there is only water, the symbol shall be 'two hundred miles from a bath.'

But let us follow our transatlantic traveler from her disconcerting meal. The boat arrived at Cincinnati, and Mrs. Trollope escaped. But alas! to one of her sensitive nature, her fate must have been worse than that of Sinbad in the City of Magicians.

'We were soon settled in our new dwelling, which looked neat and comfortable enough; but we speedily found that it was devoid of nearly all the accommodation that Europeans conceive necessary to decency and comfort. No pump, no cistern, no drain of any kind, no dustman's carts or any other visible means of getting rid of the rubbish, which vanishes with such celerity in London, that one has no time to think of its existence; but which accumulated so rapidly at Cincinnati that I sent for my landlord to know in what manner refuse of all kinds was to be disposed of.

"Your Help will just have to fix them all into the middle of the street, but you must mind, old woman, that it is the middle. I expect you don't know as we have got a law what forbids throwing such things at the sides of the streets; they must all be cast right into the middle, and the pigs soon takes them off." In truth, the pigs are constantly seen doing Herculean service in this way through every quarter of the city.'

That was all Mrs. Trollope saw in

Cincinnati in 1830. Yet it was then the centre of a cultured society. There were mansions in those days on Third Street, on Fourth Street, on Eastern Row, now Broadway.

And as to drains, I believe the first bathtub, with running water and drains, was used in Cincinnati—before such a thing was even heard of in London or New York.

Mrs. Trollope would be forgotten but for her son Anthony; and her *magnum opus* is read only by the searcher for literary curiosities. Yet, when she lived in Cincinnati, a clergyman named Lyman Beecher moved there, to become President of Lane Seminary. He had a daughter named Harriet. Miss Wright and Mrs. Trollope traveled half-way round the world to free the slaves, but the pigs scared them away. Harriet Beecher, not being used to the delicate life of London, stayed, perforce. And as Harriet Beecher Stowe, she too wrote a book, as Mrs. Trollope did, of 'life among the lowly.' And there were two little girls there, Alice and Phoebe Cary. Perhaps she could have seen them, if it had not been for the pigs.

But we must not forget Mr. Peattie, our *Atlantic* traveler. Let us take him around Tulsa, the Queen of the West of the nineteen-twenties. Instead of the pigs of the eighteen-twenties, he sees the vulgarians of to-day.

'Every town in Oklahoma has its men who have become rich through drilling; but Tulsa leads; it is their Mecca. They are an interesting class. Their reddened faces speak of a life in the open. Now they have retired to expensive homes in Tulsa, representing their various conceptions of opulence (and some of these are strange to behold), where they may sit on the front porch, collarless, in their stocking-feet, while their wives have donned boudoir-caps and rolled to town behind six cyl-

inders, to buy whatever hits their fancy.'

These oil-producers must, indeed, be an interesting study to the trained observers from Chicago and the East, especially as almost all of the 'producers' are from New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania.

'From my room in one town, I was able to hear the church choir practising. They were executing a rather difficult cantata.' (I rather imagine the use of the word 'executing' is intentional. But let it pass.) 'Considering the temperature of the evening, their devotion was great. At the end of the evening, the singing became rather faint-hearted. Someone, however, started up, —

'When the Roll is Called up Yonder,
When the Roll is Called up Yonder,
When the Roll is Called up Yonder,
I'll be There.'

'The half-hearted singing swelled into an uproar. We were back to the primitive again. It was like a Christianized savage breaking into a Voodoo chant.'

I presume the Choral Society of Chicago (if there is one), after deliberately executing Bach's Mass in B flat, relieves itself by singing some simple versicle of Amy Lowell, set to music by Richard Strauss.

II

More oil is produced in the Mid-Continent Field (Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas) than anywhere in the world. In twenty years, oil from the Southwest has revolutionized the transportation of the world.

May we not pause a while to boast? When Disraeli made possible the opening of the Suez Canal, and changed the trade currents of the world, Mrs. Trollope would only have seen an affected little Jew proudly carrying a message to the Queen. But the world looked on, and saw the passing of an

era. It saw the opening-up of India, of China, and the awakening of the East. It saw the old sailing ships passing from the seas; it saw trade quickened; great cities rising. It saw even the old London Town of Mrs. Trollope's 'dust-men' become the centre of the world.

The traveler from Chicago comes to the oil fields of America. He sees red-faced men who wear no collars; he sees women who wear boudoir-caps in automobiles; he sees monster structures that hold oil; he hears birds that shriek louder than locomotives. But always the oil goes silently out through the great pipes to the ends of the earth. The world looks on and sees trade quickened; it sees steel boats, which, with oil for fuel, can cruise the Seven Seas; it sees millions of carriages that run like the wind; and great ships in the air that go faster than the wind. It sees the Allies hastened to victory on 'a sea of oil.' It sees the passing of an era, and America the centre of the world.

Well, we have boasted, and let anyone deny.

If the only English travelers in the United States had been Mrs. Trollope and Dickens, where would be the entente between us and England today? If the only traveler from Chicago were Mr. Peattie of the *May Atlantic*, then the Southwest could no more hope to be brightened by the face of the cultured East.

Our farmers are drifters. 'These are the people who are to be seen along any of the main highways, in rickety prairie schooners, traveling — God knows where. . . . The hardest thing is to see the children, — poor little beings, — under-nourished mentally and physically, their mouths drawn in the hard firm lines that tell a terrible story.'

Mr. Peattie does not here describe some isolated travelers, but they 'are

to be seen along any of the main highways.'

It is, indeed, a wonder that Oklahoma is permitted to remain in the Union. I have lived in Tulsa a great many years. I have driven the roads for hundreds of miles. I have seen a few of these drifters—but only a few. The children call them 'gypsies.' (Do you remember them in your childhood?)

I have seen these travelers on the roads of Ohio, of Illinois, of Pennsylvania. They are going 'God knows where.' They are not typical of any part of the United States. But there is a drifter who is becoming prevalent, and I believe he is just as omnipresent east of the Mississippi as west. He is the tin-can tourist, who cranks up his Ford, and away he goes. And he takes his bedding and his children, too.

III

The value of an observer consists in the accuracy of his observations.

'On leaving the town [Tulsa], we crossed the Arkansas River in flood. It is hundreds of yards wide, and yet one could almost ford it.' If Mr. Peattie will ford the Arkansas in flood-time, he will gain as much notoriety as the gentleman (was it Blondin?) who crossed Niagara on a wire.

As most people use gasoline in one form or another (I believe it is used as a substitute beverage in the East), there is a natural curiosity as to how the oil from which it is produced is taken from the ground. Mr. Peattie gratifies this desire for information. 'Once the decision is made to drill, a rig gang can erect a 72-foot derrick in a few hours. A huge bit is then dropped from the top of the derrick. Like an arrow it sticks in the ground, and the well is "spudded in."'

It must be, indeed, a wonderful sight to see these huge thousand-pound steel

bits drop 'like an arrow' from the top of a 72-foot derrick, and stick in the ground. Mr. Peattie says that oil is found where there is a doming in the rocks. What happens when this bit hits a rock is not stated. Does it stick in the rock, or bounce off? And if it bounces off, what happens when it hits a geologist? A great many oil-producers have craved the pleasure of dropping one of these bits on the dome of a geologist; but the laws are severe.

There have been cases where these bits have dropped — never from the top of the derrick, because they have never been hoisted that high, but while they were being swung in the derrick. And usually the derrick has come down with them, and the drillers have been carried back to town in sections.

The weight of these bits is so great that they are lifted and dropped, lifted and dropped, rhythmically, only a few feet. First, a hole is dug and a section of pipe is driven into the ground, and in that drive-pipe the bit is worked up and down until the hole is started. The explanation of the working of the bit is not difficult to understand; and, if it is once seen, it can never be forgotten.

If one were to go into a steel mill, and then say that a steel plate is made by heating iron to the consistency of dough, and rolling it out with a wooden rolling-pin, it would be just as accurate as the dropping of a bit, 72-feet, 'like an arrow,' to stick in the ground.

IV

But to return to *Blackwood's* for May, 1832.

I think old Christopher North wrote the article in the May *Blackwood's*, reviewing the books of Mrs. Trollope. I don't think anyone else could have done them justice. I shall therefore quote a paragraph and, to save space

and time, shall change a word occasionally, putting the original in parentheses beside it; the one paragraph will thus serve for the travelers of 1832, and 1922.

'Though the discrepancies of the statements in the works of Eastern American (British) travelers, with regard to the West (United States) be confessedly irreconcilable with fair and impartial observation, still there exist few instances in which we feel disposed to attribute the blunders and inconsistencies of these writers to intentional misrepresentation. There is no other country in the world, perhaps, in which, to the eye of an Eastern American (Englishman), a little prejudice may so easily pervert the whole coloring and proportions of the picture which it presents. He finds in the West (America) so much that is admirable, mingled with so much that is offensive . . . and is alternately shocked and gratified by so much arrogance, energy, intelligence, weakness, folly, wisdom, and impertinence, that the character of the impression produced by this apparently incongruous aggregate must depend in great measure on the peculiar temperament of the observer.'

But while these studies of our life by observers from that happy land east of the Mississippi enrage us to the point of murder, we should be thankful that it is not worse. Old Christopher cautions the Americans against excessive anger, by reminding them that the English themselves have been maligned, and have suffered in dignified silence.

'Let her [America] only observe how wonderfully cool John [Bull] is under the misrepresentations of foreign travelers. The Chevalier Pillet has declared to the world that the domestic relations of Englishmen are made the cover of the most disgusting and degrading pollution, and that every English lady keeps her private brandy bottle, on the

contents of which she gets drunk at least once a day. A Monsieur Charles Nodier, of whose book we remember to have written a review many years ago in this very magazine, among other statements equally veracious, scrupled not to assert, *seipso teste*, that Scottish ladies always go barefoot; and that though, on occasions of ceremony, shoes are certainly to be seen, the toes of a northern spinster feel exceedingly awkward under their compression, and she uniformly seizes the earliest opportunity of kicking them off.'

Let us be thankful that the *Atlantic* has spared us as much as it has. It has been charitable with our womenfolks. Knowing the chivalry and shooting-irons of the West, perhaps it is well.

The rum bottle is gone; peace to its ashes. And if our men take off their shoes, our women put on their boudoir-caps. And so the proprieties are equalized.

Let us hope that this is not the last study of the habits of the Americans, to appear. In time, we may get to know how we all live in this great country; and thus the bonds of the Republic shall be safely cemented.

V

We of the West would learn something of the strange people of the East. If Tulsa is a Babylonian Temple in the Wilderness, is Chicago a Babylonian Temple on the Lake, and New York one set in the Sea? Are we all alike or different?

Has Chicago no millionaires who sit in the Front Rooms of their apartments without their collars, and perhaps without their shoes? Who knows? They conceal their crime. Here we sin openly. Which is worse? Yea, your apartment houses are like whited sepulchres — fair to look upon without, but within — full of boudoir-caps and cast-off shoes.

Nay, friends and critics, weigh not so much the mustard and the cummin. Let us look to weightier matters. The story of the Southwest is not the story of a few raw millionaires, but the story of a changing world.

Twenty years ago oil was oil, and that was all. It was used to light the winter evenings. Steel was king. Then the odor of oil was abroad in the land. In Kansas, in Oklahoma, in Texas, men began to drill. Soon bits were heard 'dropping from every derrick,' and oil began to flow. Did the East stand superciliously by, because there were drifters on Oklahoma roads, and the dust rushed by in clouds? It did not. The East came West. To-day in Tulsa three fourths of the population is from the East. Men have come here and have founded, not businesses only, but families.

Tulsa has grown from ten to ninety thousand in less than a quarter of a century. But numbers alone do not make a city. Schools, churches, fine homes, streets, buildings; hard roads, fine farms; music, art, literature: these things are here as fully as in the East.

The skyline of Tulsa may look like a Babylonian Temple. Set on a hill, one building piled on another, until all culminates in the wonderful white tower of the Cosden Building, it is indeed a sight to inspire the traveler from afar. But there is no wilderness.

And the squalor of the tenant farmers: it is here. But are the little children worse off out in the open, than in the crowded tenements of the West Side of Chicago, or the East Side of New York?

It is not poverty, it is not wealth, it is not vulgarity or culture, ostentation or humility, which distinguishes one city from another, whatever its size, or one part of the country from another. We are all tarred with the same stick.

Frankly, we Americans enjoy ourselves. Yes, we enjoy *ourselves*. When we look about us, we do not wonder that we have done so little, but that we have done so much. We are pleased with the work of our hands. We look at our work, and see that it is good. There is much that is bad, but we are kind to ourselves and overlook that.

If little things are to be written about, let them be written about *as little things*. What always has enraged us Americans, and what always will enrage us, is to have the little things played up as the only things in our lives.

The *Main Street* School of Literature describes the little things as the only things in American life outside the centres of the intelligentsia. Littleness is everywhere; but so is bigness. Do we need a traveler from Greenwich Village to tell us of the splendor of our sunsets, or the wonders of the dawn? Do we need a traveler from Chicago to tell us of our poverty and of our vulgar wealth?

The injustice of *Main Street* to the small American town, is the injustice of the *May Atlantic* to the Southwest. It is not what it says, but what it leaves out. It is the utter disproportion in values, which leaves the reader with just as erroneous an impression as if there were a deliberate propaganda of falsification. I must go back to *Blackwood's* of 1832, and quote what is said about the accounts of travelers in America, to illustrate what is meant.

'By merely throwing out of view one class of qualities which distinguish this singular people, and fixing attention on another, it becomes abundantly possible to communicate an impression

of the national character which is utterly unjust, though every statement from which conclusions have been drawn be substantially correct. The charge, therefore, that those travelers who have inordinately praised the Americans are quite as obnoxious as those who have followed an opposite course, consists less in the *suggestio falsi* than in the *suppressio veri*. Yet even this crime, we are charitably inclined to believe, has not often been willfully committed. For so constituted is the mind of man, so much is the judgment of the wisest among us influenced by prejudice unknown to itself, that we are rarely able to take a wide and impartial view of all the circumstances and relations of a question, essential to a sound conclusion.'

And so we always have been enraged, and we always shall be enraged, when we are written up as strange creatures when we are not. The English might bear with patience the strictures of Chevalier Pillet, and Monsieur Nodier; they were strangers. But when one of the family misinterprets us, we are always ready to fight.

Whether it be Sinclair Lewis writing of the Northwest, or W. L. George writing of the Southwest, we can always calm ourselves with the blessed assurance that what is written of the West is written also of the East; what is written of the North is written also of the South. For in this wide land we are one — one in our poverty, and in our wealth; in our culture and in our vulgarity; in our boasting and in our humility.

Whether it be Gopher Prairie, or Tulsa, or Chicago, or New York, we find only what we bring.

'SOUL — SOUL!'

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

It will do no good to lie.
Hold your eyelids wide. Look straight.
Stare — Stare — Nor deny
The hard dim thing you hate.

This is you, alone and old.
Yes, — she has no loveliness.
Yes, — she stumbles and is cold
In that thick black dress.

Say not, 'She is none of mine —
Husk of a life, unloved, unknown.'
Stare — Stare — Learn each line
Of fading for your own.

You, who sit behind the eyes,
Juggling life and judging death,
Too immortal and too wise
To fail with failing breath, —

Soul! — Soul! — Voyager
Of wild unclaimed Eternity! —
Face her! Never pity her!
You alone can set her free!

THE SKHODKA AND THE TCHEKA

BY EMMA PONAFIDINE

I

THE autumn of 1917 began with a cloudy sky and signs of gathering storms in the political world, and of fresh causes of anxiety to us. When the Bolshevik revolution broke out, one of our sons was an officer in the Imperial Army, stationed just then in Petrograd. Our youngest son had gone to Moscow, to take our silver and jewelry there; for, with the disorganization in the army and the threatening advance of the Germans on our railway lines, we felt that at any time we might get into the sphere of action, or at least be raided by the disorderly elements which were showing themselves.

For two weeks we suffered great anxiety for the fate of our sons. There were no newspapers, no telegrams could be sent, and the rumors that were flying about represented the streets of Moscow and Petrograd as flowing with blood, and it was said that all old officers were massacred. Though we knew there must be much exaggeration, there was still much cause for worry.

To our great relief, the eldest arrived one day, but changed, I think for life, by what he had seen and experienced. He escaped with his life, thanks to the men in his own company. Up to the time we left Russia, he had to remain in the Red Army, as did all others of his class, whose lives were spared. The Bolsheviks, all through, have shown a profound knowledge of human nature. How to deal with each class, to arouse enthusiasm, or terror, as their

policy in each case may dictate. For the officers of the old régime whom they wished to keep in their service, they invented a measure diabolical in its cleverness. Each officer was made to sign a paper stating that, in case of his joining the Whites, or disappearing, his parents would be held responsible; and, knowing full well the significance of these words, however fearless they might be personally, none of the officers had the courage to leave those dear to them.

Our youngest son had sent us a telegram from Moscow the day before the revolution, saying that he was leaving for home that night; and for two long weeks we heard nothing of him, until one day he too walked in, decidedly the worse for wear.

My eldest son was at home on leave off and on, but the youngest was in Petrograd most of the winter. The Lyceum, where he was a senior, was closed, the buildings being used as hospitals; but his class was permitted to graduate. The professors guided their studies and held the final examinations in private houses. So my husband and I were very much of the time alone. This same winter an event took place — one of many that made us realize how much we personally had to be thankful for.

At the end of the lake, some three or four miles from us, was the estate of my husband's sister, the Princess Schakhoffskoy, who lived in Petrograd dur-

ing this time, suffering great privation. It was never considered safe for her to return and try to save anything on the estate or in the house; but her husband's brother had a place adjoining her land, and kept an eye on her property. From the beginning of the revolution he had suffered much indignity on account of his title, but his property had not, as yet, been even controlled. On Christmas Day, my husband asked me to go to see the Prince, as he was rather infirm, and also to take him a secret letter from his sister, sent to our care.

I drove the few miles across the lake on the ice, and found the Prince sitting down to a tea-table that was already very different from ours, bearing such luxuries as jam and white biscuits, which we had supposed to be things of the past. As we sat chatting over our tea, a maid announced that three soldiers wished to see the Prince. Excusing himself, he went out, but soon returned, half-angry and half-amused, and told me that a soldier of the adjoining village and two blue-jackets from a village a little farther on, came to ask why I was there. They were not satisfied with his telling them that it was not the first time I had been there, that my husband was his cousin as well as connected by marriage, and that I had come knowing that he had been sick, and to wish him a Merry Christmas. They insisted that I had come at his request, to take off and hide his valuables, and they threatened him and me with dire punishment if it was found that I had carried anything back with me. Neither of us regarded the matter very seriously, and I left without forebodings. The next morning, very early, we were surprised to see our cousin drive up to our door. He asked if we would take him in as he had lost everything. I took him at once to my husband's room and brought

him something to eat, while he told us his story.

It seems that, as I drove through the village on my way back the day before, the soldiers had shouted to me to stop; but I had not heard the voices, as it was a very stormy, windy day, and my horse was a fast trotter. They claimed that 'the more they called, the faster I went, evidently wishing to escape with something.' Taking this as a starting-point, they succeeded in arousing the whole village. Now every person in that village, if taken separately, was friendly to the Prince, who had always been good to the peasants. Indeed, he had been a sort of father and counselor, to whom they went in every trouble. But here were a few hot-headed youths, with revolutionary arguments at the tips of eloquent tongues, who succeeded in getting the whole village, and soon a second one, to join in an attack on the Prince. They gave him only a short time to gather a few belongings and changes of clothing, such as he could carry in his hands, and turned him out. He, like everyone else, had hidden money and valuables in various places in the house; but in the excitement of the moment, he could not remember where, and so saved next to nothing. After much talking, he persuaded them to let him have one of his own horses with which to drive to a neighbor's, where he spent the night, and came on to us the next day.

The peasants had immediately looted his house and that of my sister-in-law. Later they burned the house down, and when we left Russia, of the Schakhoffscoys' house and estate nothing was left but ruins. Rare plants and trees even were torn up; the library was taken and the books dumped in the street for anyone who cared for them to pick up, and they went mostly for smoking, if the pages were of thin paper. Large mirrors, too high to enter

the houses in the villages, were sawed in two. One such was placed in an open shed pending the operation; and the herd coming home in the evening, a ram caught sight of a handsome rival, and immediately stopped to investigate. Running back a few steps, with lowered horns he charged the intruder — and shattered the mirror.

Our cousin did not feel that he was safe with us, so went on to Tver the same day, where he remained some months, returning finally to the country in the summer, but to an adjoining county. Here he was one day falsely accused of setting the peasants against Bolshevik military service, and was arrested on a Thursday, with the assurance that he would be tried Monday morning. Early Sunday morning he and seven others, one of whom was a priest who had publicly prayed for the Tsar, were led out, half-dressed, to be executed without trial. The priest received the confessions of his companions and absolved them. They were all shot down, the Prince to the last moment standing by his principles and loudly denouncing the Bolsheviks.

II

But I have anticipated, in following out this case to the end, and we must go back.

Shortly after this event, the village immediately adjoining our estate had a secret meeting, at which it was decided to 'loot the estate and house, and turn the Ponafidine family out of Bortniki forever.' The document bearing this clause was signed by every householder but four. This resolution was taken to the other villages, for their endorsement and participation.

I think that this movement was largely due to the speeches made in that village by the Commissar of Agriculture, as described in a former article.

Our Volost militiaman, who took the place of the old police, was one who, from his youth, had spent the summers in Kronstadt as a boatman, but the winters at home, in a village near us. All the education he had received was in the village school, when it was held, as it was for many years, in a building furnished by my husband, together with heating and lighting. This man was very loyal to us. He not only saved us in this instance, but, at the expense of much personal persecution, he stood by us in every crisis through the years that followed, and whatever success we had in hiding and saving anything was due to his help. We always knew that, day or night, we had a faithful friend who would come at our call.

Learning of this plot against us, he went to our parish committee and told them that, if this resolution was to be carried out, it would be an everlasting disgrace to our parish; that all the Ponafidine property, when divided among so many villages, would mean so little for each individual, that it would not pay for the stigma that would be cast upon them. The Volost committee immediately sent the militiaman with seven armed men; among the latter was the president of the committee himself. Sitting by the bedside of my husband, I saw, with a thrill of horror, one of my sons passing the window, surrounded by a group of armed men. My heart sank; his life was always hanging by a thread, as he was an ex-officer of the Tsarist régime, and I thought that this time the thread had snapped. A moment later, I saw him laugh, and realized, with a gasp of relief, that these men could not be enemies.

Assuring my blind husband that the steps he would soon hear in the house were those of friends, I went to the door to meet them. They told me the story, and said that they would spend the night with us to protect us, and that

they had already sent to summon a Skhodka of all the five villages nearest us.

I put the omnipresent samovar on to boil, and after tea, they went to the village to attend the Skhodka, and I set to preparing dinner for them all, as best I could with our meagre supplies.

About two o'clock in the morning, they returned, very much excited, and heated from the long and violent meeting, — where lungs count for more than logic, — and between bites of supper, they told us the result of the meeting, often jumping up and walking about in their excitement. They said that the Skhodka was very unsatisfactory, and so violent that the president of the committee had been obliged to dismiss it and to give directions for having a general parish council held at the Volost headquarters in two days, with delegates from each village. Until the result of that meeting could be known, he promised to have a well-armed company of our friends stay with us.

The Volost council was duly held and passed a resolution to the effect that we were not to be molested in any way until the time came when the fate of our estate and property, along with those of all others around, should be officially decided by the central committee. The resolution ended by saying that, if these orders were disobeyed, the offenders were to be 'drowned in the ice-holes of the lake.'

After the delegates returned, a deputation came to us from the village where the whole trouble had originated. I wish I could portray that scene. About a dozen peasants stood in our large living-room, looking as sheepish as boys caught stealing their neighbor's apples. My sons and I faced them, and our guard, including the Commissar, stood in the background. The spokesman began by dwelling on the good relations that had always existed between us,

and regretting that certain young people, carried away by revolutionary propaganda, had got out of hand. But he denied that they, as a village, were against us, and claimed that the matter had been greatly exaggerated by the militiaman, and that we might be assured of their friendship, etc., etc.

The president of the Volost Committee listened to it all, and before we could answer, stepped up to the spokesman and said, —

'So you as a village took no official action in regard to turning the Pona-fidines out, after looting them?'

'No, no we never wished it,' they all answered.

'Then what is this? Listen.' And the president of the committee drew out a copy of the minutes of the first meeting, containing the famous clause, and also read off the signatures, pointing to each one of those present whose name was mentioned. 'Is this true?'

They all stood there twirling their caps, and finally one stammered out, —

'Everything in life is possible; perhaps we did do foolish things.'

It was such a flat childish explanation that we all smiled. After a few friendly words, they filed out, and we had no more trouble with them.

Control visits, but usually good-natured ones, still took place, and they, more than anything else, showed us what children these were, playing at governing the country during those first years. I remember one such visitation, to search our house for 'alcohol, arms, and counter-revolutionary literature.' The men went all through the place and house, and finally settled down by my husband's bedside, to write the protocol. The chairman of the commission spent many perspiring minutes over it, but could produce nothing satisfactory, and one after another of the party attempted it with much sucking of their pencils. Finally,

united efforts resulted in a remarkable document, which I think I can remember word for word. It was to the effect that 'the undersigned, after carefully searching the estate and house of Citizen Ponafidine, for alcohol, arms, and counter-revolutionary literature, found nothing suspicious excepting agricultural implements'!

After signing this formal document, they all examined it carefully, to see if it could be improved upon; and at last someone suggested that they add the words, 'Legally testified to that this copy is a correct one.'

'That's the way all official documents end,' he explained. And the rest, awed by his superior knowledge, laboriously made that amendment to their protocol.

III

All that winter (of 1917-18) we continued directly under the peasants' rule, seldom coming into contact with the city Bolsheviks. We had, however, to go to town occasionally on business; and during one such trip, my youngest son was witness of one of the many terrible sights of those years, which must always remain impressed upon his brain.

As he was passing through the streets of our little country town, his attention was arrested by an unusual scene. The president of the executive committee, on a velocipede, whip in hand, was chasing a Red Army man, who was running down the street as if for a championship. They were soon out of sight, and my son went on, rather amused, wondering what it all meant. On his way back, passing the square that is the busiest part of the city, he again saw those two, surrounded by a crowd of people. Someone was reading a document. Curious to know what was going on, my son went up and heard enough to realize that the paper being read

was a statement declaring that the fleeing Red Army man was accused of stealing a suit of clothes from the Commissar of Agriculture, and that he was condemned to death. My son and everyone else in the square supposed that this was merely a preliminary trial, or, at the worst, that the man would be taken back to prison and then to the place of execution; so they all remained waiting to see what would happen next.

The young man was made to sign his own warrant, and then curtly told to turn round. He did so, and a man in the dress of a blue-jacket stepped up and, placing a revolver at the base of the accused man's head, fired, killing him on the spot. The effect on all present — men, women, and even little children — was terrific. Not a word or a sound broke the stillness. The crowd simply melted away, while a cab drove up, into which the body was tumbled and all was over. My son came back to the inn where I was awaiting him, as white as a sheet with horror at the sight that he had involuntarily witnessed.

Toward the end of the summer of 1918, an abortive counter-revolutionary conspiracy was formed, with its headquarters on a little island opposite our town. It was discovered prematurely, and many arrests and executions followed, and hostages were taken from many county families.

Our two sons happened to go to the city at that time, on necessary business, and they were arrested there by the chief of the militia himself, accompanied by a number of Red Army men. No explanation was given them. They were carefully searched; all valuables were taken from them, and locked up, and a receipt was handed them. They were then ordered to be confined separately, and this fact troubled them more than anything else. The rooms to which they were taken were, in each case, so full as to make it impossible to

find room on the bare floor to lie at length. There were not seats enough, either, so most of the prisoners used either to stand during the day, or sit on the floor.

That night they were pretty blue, being separated, and fearing the effect that the news of their arrest might have on their father. Late at night, a member of the Secret Service of the Tcheka went his rounds; and, to their astonishment, my sons found in him an old acquaintance. In fact, he had practically grown up on our place; his mother had been for many years our laundry-woman, and his father, of whom we were all very fond, in spite of one great failing, had been our waiter, when not drunk. Both his parents were always very devoted to us. This boy, for he was not more than seventeen, though occupying a responsible and very unsavory position, was as much amazed as my sons. He at once gave orders to have them placed in a room together, and promised to do all he could the next day for their liberation. We learned afterward that he kept his promise; for his testimony, more than anything else, probably convinced the Tcheka that our sons had not been implicated in the late conspiracy.

The hostess in the primitive little inn, where we always put up when in town, as did my husband's parents before us, took the arrest of the boys greatly to heart, and ran all over the city to our friends for advice; and she gave them what was still more practical — bread and potatoes. She also wished to telegraph me; but our sons asked her not to do so, hoping that they might be released before the news reached us.

On the second day a man came to me who had happened to be at the same inn and had seen the arrest, and he told me all he knew, which was not much. I was quite in despair. My husband's health was such that I had never left

him for a night since the stroke that had caused his blindness in 1914. The state of his heart also was such that I feared the shock. On the other hand, I knew with what wonderful calmness and heroism he always met a crisis, and I felt that there was nothing to do but to tell him. He took the blow as I expected he would, and told me I must go at once to the town and try to save our sons, and that he could get on quite well alone.

A schoolteacher near us was an old friend of ours, and I at once wrote, begging him to come and spend the night with my husband. I also sent to our friend, the militiaman, asking him if he would come and take me to the city, as the one steamer a day that passed us had already left, and I had no one on the estate whom I could trust to take me. The militiaman had just killed a steer for his winter supply of salt beef; and when my message reached him, he was beginning to skin the carcass. Laying down his knife, he said to his wife, 'Go and find someone to help you. I cannot leave our lady in her trouble.' And only washing his hands, without even waiting to change his clothes, he came to us at a run.

While he harnessed a horse, I got together some food-supplies, not knowing how long the prisoners might be kept, and prepared everything to leave my husband as comfortable as possible. His was by far the harder fate—to lie there in the darkness, imagining the worst; for he knew that some of the hostages taken in connection with the lately discovered plot had already been executed.

It seems that, soon after I left, a cousin came to visit us; and as my husband heard her carriage drive up, he was convinced that it was someone from the city, come to arrest us. When our cousin entered, she found him almost in a collapse, and, had she not possessed

considerable medical knowledge, I doubt if she could have pulled him through the severe heart-attack he had. She stayed with him until I returned, and, had I known it, I should have had one worry the less to keep me awake that night.

In the meantime, we were driving swiftly to a village, from where we hoped to get a row-boat to take us across the lake, at a narrow point, the quickest means of reaching the town. This village, unfortunately, was that day celebrating its annual fête, and no one would go on a fête day for mere money. But when we arrived, not only the relatives on whom we had counted, but a number of other peasants whom I knew, on hearing of my trouble, said they would take me if no one else would.

I shall never forget that night's row. The evening was so beautiful, that it seemed to mock my sorrow, and never did five miles seem so long. The militiaman and the rowers, all simple peasantfolk, showed their sympathy with exquisite tact, trying to keep up my courage without seeming to do so, and talking and telling stories, to attract my attention from the thoughts which they knew were torturing me.

It was quite dark when we reached the town, and we went to a little inn, where we learned that my sons were still awaiting trial, and that food had been sent them each day. That night I could do nothing but go and walk around their prison, wondering behind which of the barred windows my sons were lying.

Early in the morning, the militiaman managed, under the pretense of carrying them food, to get word to the boys that I was there. A little later I went to the prison, and, as I came up to where a number of guards and Red Army men were standing, one of them, a huge, burly fellow, stepped forward, and with profane words almost pushed

me off the sidewalk, laughing loudly, but at the same time, he managed to whisper, 'Meet me in the garden.' I took a second look, and recognized him as a man who used to work for us; and taking the hint, walked rapidly away, followed by the laughter of the company.

Going to the little lakeside garden, the pride of our small town, I walked about until I saw my friend sauntering around at the opposite side. He passed me several times before he managed to slip a note into my hand, and whispered to me to come at nine o'clock to see the chief of the militia. 'Ask him to hasten the trial and forgive me if I am very rough with you again,' he said as he left me.

I found a safe spot where I opened the note, which proved to be from my eldest son, asking me to demand a trial. He said that there were many confined with them who had been there months, and might remain much longer unless someone pushed their cases; that, if I made a sufficient demonstration, I might succeed in hastening the trial.

Our steamer was just leaving the pier, and I wanted to send a note by the captain to my husband. I had nothing much to tell, but I felt sure I should succeed; so I wrote him cheerfully and said that no later than the next day I hoped to be home with both boys. But my heart was heavy. As I went to the boat, a lot of peasants were there buying their tickets, and they surrounded me, expressing their sympathy and denouncing the Bolsheviki in such terms that I was frightened. I begged them to stop, for fear we all should be arrested, and then, who would remain to fight? The attitude they took touched me very much, and their indignation that our sons, 'who had never done anything but attend to their own business and never went to meetings or political gatherings,' should be arrested.

They offered to go home and gather a Skhodka — their panacea for all evils — and draw up petitions. I thanked them, and told them that they had better wait and keep still as yet. Perhaps, later, I should have to ask their help.

At nine o'clock I appeared at the prison door, and brought on myself again a volley of abuse from my friend. 'There she comes again, to bother my life out about her precious sons. To get rid of her, I'll take her in and turn her over to the chief.' Continuing to mutter, he led me into the prison. Before opening the chief's door, he whispered, 'Stick to it that they be tried to-day'; and I went in.

It is awful to stand before a man who holds the destinies of those you love in his hand, and to feel that you personally may be able to win, or to antagonize him. In those days the passage from the faintest suspicion or accusation to the 'wall' (where executions take place) was often very short and simple, and we had little hope of a fair trial when one of our class was accused.

I was greeted very roughly at first; but when I gave my name, the chief of the militia softened and asked me to be seated. I told him that I had come in regard to my sons. I did not know what the charge was, but could say in advance that I was sure that there was some misunderstanding, as they kept strictly to their farming work, and had not been connected with any political movements; and I asked the chief, as a great favor, that he have them called that day to be questioned, as I feared to leave my husband so long. I also asked for leave to see my sons.

He promised me that he would send them immediately to the Tcheka (none of my readers can know the thrill of horror that that name gives us in Russia). He added that I could see my sons now, or after the trial; but, if at once, I must understand that I would

go with them under convoy to the Tcheka, and share what came to them. I thought fast, and just then, seeing our doctor pass the low open window, I asked the chief if I might speak to him before answering.

'Yes, if you speak to him in my presence.'

So, leaning out I called the doctor back, and asked him if, in case of my detention, he could send a trained nurse, or doctor's assistant, at once to stay with my husband.

The doctor took the situation in at a glance, and said I could be assured that he would see to it that my husband would be cared for. So, thanking him, I turned to the chief of the militia, who had been standing close to me, and said, 'I am ready. Take me to my sons.'

He took leave of me very politely, and ordered a guard to escort me to my sons, and then to have us all sent to the Tcheka.

We passed through long corridors, and then to a small courtyard, upon which opened the one window of the room where they were confined, and I saw, among the thick mass of heads crowding at the open window, my sons. It is an ugly thing to see the face of one you love behind iron bars, especially during a revolution. The door was unlocked, and my sons came out, followed by the wistful, envious eyes of the unfortunate ones who remained, with no one to bring up their cases.

We were marched like convicts through the well-known streets, where everyone knew us, but no one dared show signs of recognition, much less of sympathy. Brought to the Tcheka, we had long to wait in the anteroom; but the door leading to the room occupied by the chief of the Tcheka and his secretary was often opened. The president of our local Tcheka was one of the most sinister men in the government

at that time — a former railroad engine-man known for his brutality. He invariably questioned people with a revolver and a Cossack *nagaika* on the table before him; and in moments of excitement flourished one or both around the head of the unfortunate being he was questioning. And it is said that he sometimes did more than flourish the *nagaika*.

Among the guards who had accompanied us was our friend, and he considerably drew off all the guards but one, and told him he need not keep his rifle in evidence — this, to spare our feelings. The anteroom in which we sat served also as an approach to the room occupied by the 'Espolkom,' or Executive Committee; so that many were constantly passing back and forth. One of our friends, seeing us sitting there, managed to say to me, 'Tell the boys not to mind the revolver when they are questioned: he may strike them, but won't shoot.' I passed this word of encouragement on.

At last our names were called and my sons went in separately. Our loyal militiaman had hung round us all day, and was now seated by us in the anteroom. How brave that act was can be understood only by those who know how dangerous it was at that time to be classed as the friend of an aristocrat, or in any way to attract the attention of the dreaded Tcheka. Our young Tchekaist also passed through repeatedly, and always stopped to offer my sons a cigarette.

When my sons went in, the secretary, whom we happened to know, made no sign of recognition, and was very curt; but when his chief left the

room for a moment, he offered the boys cigarettes in silence — which were refused in silence; but my sons knew that they had a friend at court.

After each of us was questioned, we were all told that we must write separately all we knew on a certain subject, and a list of the questions was given us. The secretary, bustling around to place us separately, contrived to leave us alone a few seconds, and this was long enough for us to plan in English what we were to write, so that our information, set down separately, tallied at every point. After many questions and much talk, to our infinite surprise we were told that we were free; and all that was demanded of us was that we sign a paper declaring that we would not leave the county without the permission of the Tcheka. And so, without making the acquaintance of the revolver or the *nagaika*, we were escorted back to the prison, where, on presenting the receipt, my sons received back their money, watches, and pocketbooks — everything, in fact.

We went back to the inn, and I think that, after all, it paid to be arrested, to experience the full sweetness of liberty. I thought then that nothing would ever make me complain again. All the supplies I had brought for my sons we left for their less fortunate comrades; and, with our good militiaman, who was as happy as we were, we returned home, even before the time when I had promised my husband to do so.

We afterward discovered that the arrest had been caused by information being given that our sons had gone to the city to meet members of the counter-revolutionary conspiracy.

'BOSTON CALLING'

BY GERTRUDE MARSHALL GEER

MRS. NEVIN was frankly put out. As she never made any attempt to hide her feelings, she was particularly unsparing of the man who, three years before, had murmured the all-inclusive words, 'for better, for worse.'

Don't misunderstand me. She was not bad-tempered; in no sense was she hard to get along with. She was a charming, whimsical creature, whose brisk changes of mood and alarming directness were a delight to her husband. Living with her would have killed a sentimental man; but H. P. Nevin was not sentimental. He was even-tempered and demanded little. There was a vein of obstinacy running through his nature, however, which would have killed a sensitive woman. But Mrs. Nevin was not sensitive.

'If you feel you have to go to Boston, go along; but I think you are foolish to stop over for your Commencement.'

Mrs. Nevin, in the act of sewing a button on a pair of sadly creased white-flannel trousers, stabbed the button at every word.

'Oh no, Mollie, not when I am right there.'

'Silly, Bert! I call it very silly. You'll just see all your old friends, and drink a lot —'

'What more could you want?' interrupted her husband jovially. 'Sounds bang-up to me.'

Mollie was quick to destroy at one stroke the rosy picture she had unconsciously painted. 'They'll all tell you how fat and bald you are getting.'

'No fatter and balder than they!'

Fifteen minutes of argument followed. Mollie felt that it was only a matter of time before her husband would agree to give up his idiotic idea. Surely he was convinced that it would 'only tire him out and make him cross and cost a lot of money.' Her patient husband answered very little. He was one of those maddening people who seem to those who do not know them always on the point of giving in. But underneath an apparently sliding surface, there is a rock foundation which no one can move. Three years of married life ought to have taught Mollie that arguing with her husband was energy thrown away. But she never had been quite convinced that his mind was made up from the beginning.

This evening, while he was packing, while he was changing his collar, and even while he was locking the windows and shooing out the reluctant cat, she followed him, full of words, eloquent, but utterly unconvincing. Bert interrupted her at last without ceremony.

'Good night, dear. Just time to catch the ten-twenty for town. That connects with the midnight.'

Mollie turned a cheek made warm and red with heated argument.

'I suppose I'll be back on Monday or so. Telegraph me at the Copley Plaza if you need me. Don't forget to buy that mosquito netting for the baby's crib.'

'Oh, hush up, Bert, and run along. I want to go to bed. Good night.'

'Give your love to the boys?' called out Bert from the darkness.

There was almost a laugh at this; but Mrs. Nevin managed to turn it into an impatient cluck, and closed the door.

Mollie knew that she was in for a lonely few days. The very fact that she would miss her clumsy, unimaginative husband, as she knew she would, vexed her independent spirit. The chaos of newspapers and ashes and clothes-hangers that he had left in their room brought a little lump to her throat. This softness, however, she soon converted into the vigor with which she attacked the matter of straightening up.

Bert was a maddening man. She did n't suppose any woman had more to put up with than she. Of course, Bert was a thoroughly good man; and he was not a failure, like Geoff Evans. But he had a great many annoying habits. He talked too loud and waked the baby. He splashed so in the tub, that every morning she had to go down on her knees and mop and wring out and mop again. He never would dance or play bridge. He hated to read aloud. When it came to changing the baby's wails into gurgles, he was quite wonderful. But he spoiled her by picking her up all the time. And he would take the light over to the crib and peer at her soft closed eyelids with their little straight fringe. Of course, the baby always waked up.

Flashlight in hand, Mollie tiptoed into the next room. As she dimmed its light with her fingers, she looked long at the littleness and limpness of her baby girl. Her mouth turned down at the corners, like Bert's, she thought, and she had his fine high forehead. Two slate-blue eyes flew open, blinked twice, and in a jiffy the baby 'tuned up' (that was Bert's expression), and was off in those screams that suggest murder, which a baby can turn on with no preparation and no warning.

'Idiot!' Mollie exclaimed to herself. But it was twenty minutes before the

baby was asleep, and an hour and a half before she was.

At half-past ten the next morning, Mollie had finished all her morning chores. With a feeling of complacency, she had deftly balanced a chair on a rickety table, and was cleaning the highest shelves in the big closet. When the sound of the telephone reached her ears, she gave a little jump. The table tottered and she just avoided being propelled into the middle of the floor, on her face. She was in one of her moods of quick irritation when she took up the receiver.

'Boston calling.'

Boston! Mollie's heart stopped beating. Then it gave a great flop as she heard a well-known voice.

'Hello, Mollie. Is that you?'

'Hello, Bert! Are you sick?' In her anxiety Mollie sounded provoked.

'Sick? Heavens no!'

'Are you all right?'

Bert was provoked. 'Certainly I'm all right. What do you mean? I have n't been to Commencement yet.'

This was an unfortunate reference.

'Well, what did you call up for?'

With a slight effort Bert dropped his voice as he used to when he was courting Mollie. It never failed to thrill her.

'To hear your voice.'

This time his words stunned her so that she did n't even notice the tone.

'What? Well! Bert Nevin! For goodness' sake! You must think we're millionaires, calling up from Boston!'

'Listen, dear. I had a dream last night. I dreamed that you loved me.'

There was a perceptible pause while Mollie struggled with an impatient impulse to put down the receiver. — How much was a Boston call? — Then she answered, in amazed disgust, —

'I'm glad you dreamed true. — Dreamed the truth! — Dreamed the truth! — Bert, can't you hear me? — Are you really trying? — I said,

dreamed true. Had a true dream — Yes, true.'

She was red in the face, and furious with Bert for not understanding her one half-gracious remark. It had been such an effort. She repeated it at least ten times, with increasing vigor and in different forms. Bert seemed incapable of grasping it. When he did n't say, 'What?' he asked frantically if she really meant it.

'Dreamed the truth!' she shouted. 'Yes, I do mean it. Of course I mean it. — The TRUTH! — Yes, indeed, I mean it. — Hello! — Hello! — Hello, Bert! — HELLO! — Oh, darn!'

With this mild oath, Mollie dropped the receiver and flew back to her job. On the way, she glanced at the baby, who lay on the sleeping-porch with the morning sun streaming over her. Her lips brushed the feathery-soft cheek.

'Sweet! Sweet!' she whispered.

Then her flitting mind went back to her crazy telephone conversation. Silly of Bert. Must have cost him more than a dollar. What an odd fellow he was! Not knowing why life seemed such a merry thing to her, she sang 'The Palms' in triumph all morning, as she sorted and dusted and threw away. It was a busy day, and she started early for bed. The baby's crib she wheeled into her room, to keep her company. Then she made the eerie round of the downstairs windows, which was followed by the cat-ritual. She never had the heart to push the cat gently out with her foot, as Bert did. When she picked him up, he stiffened his legs in the frightening way cats have, and one of his claws caught in her wool dressing-gown. At last, everything was locked that should be locked, and she was in bed. One final tuck in at the baby's neck, and Mollie was asleep.

H. P. Nevin did not linger in the model brick station of the model suburb.

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C

ban town of Glendale. The theatre local had hardly pulled out before he had disappeared in the shadows of the maples that were the boast of Glendale's main street. There is a flatness about coming home before one is expected that makes the home-comer hesitate at the doorstep. But there was nothing flat about H. P. Nevin's return, and no hesitation; he was driven home by the flail of an overwhelming fear.

The house loomed up black, like the future he was sure was ahead of him. A feeling of desolation settled over him. An empty house. Empty. No Mollie. No baby. No Mollie.

What a curious girl he had married! Nervous, but full of life. A bit fussy about details; she worried more than most men's wives. There was Mabel Coates for instance — pretty, gay, never gave a darn. But, heavens, what a fool! Mollie was no fool. And what a marvelous pal she was when she did snap her fingers at the daily grind and go on a spree with him. People always noticed Mollie. Men in restaurants and waiters. He had never been able to decide whether he liked it or not — but it was a fact. It was her fair hair, he supposed, and the way she carried her small head. — Oh, well — no more Mollie.

These dreary thoughts, repeated with variations, carried him into the hall, where he turned on the light, and almost unconsciously looked up at the electric-light fixture. Mollie always left notes there — terse, and often cryptic, notes about the furnace, or where the baby was sleeping; a word about hanging his raincoat on the newel-post so that it should be dry in the morning. Something characteristic about them — there was a trace of her vivid personality in everything Mollie touched — always made him smile. But there was no smiling to-night, and no note.

Was n't there always a note? He had

read in a book of a heroine who had left the note for her husband against the decanter — 'where you were sure to find it,' she explained ten years later. H. P. Nevin did n't own a decanter, but wandered into the dining-room nevertheless, and gave a weary glance at the sideboard. — The pincushion was the only other possibility.

He thumped noisily upstairs, unhampered by any fear of the baby's tuning up, or by his usual wholesome respect for Mollie's vigorous tongue. At the door of his room he hesitated a second; it was all he could do to go in to emptiness and silence. He turned on the light, and fixed a strange glassy stare at the bed. Then, hardly believing, he rushed forward with hands outstretched.

Mollie was sitting there, her back bravely straight, her eyes staring wide with fear. They had not lost the look of trying to see in the dark. Of the two, Bert was the more surprised. Certainly Mollie recovered quickest.

'Bert,' she whispered, 'you nearly killed me with fright.' She had to gasp the words between the happy, bear-like hugs which were almost crushing her. 'What brought you home?'

'You darling! You did n't leave your old man!'

Bert's voice was its usual cheerful roar, made louder and stronger with happiness. Mollie, as always, was on the alert.

'Sh-sh-sh! You 'll wake the baby. Do give me a chance to breathe. And do explain all this nonsense you are talking.'

Bert sat on the bed and clutched his wife's hands.

'Darling! Dear Mollie! Good old girl!' he murmured.

Mollie, who thought she was familiar with all his eccentricities, found this a new line.

'Do shut the blinds, if you are going

to act this way. Heavens, Bert, I believe you 've been drinking.'

In his feeling of exaltation, Bert found this accusation not worth bothering with.

'Mollie.' He was shutting the blinds with a subdued clatter. His voice was hushed and excited. 'Why did you say you were leaving me?'

'Bert! Say I was leaving you? When, dear? This is the way you act when you wake up from a nightmare. I begin to think —'

'That's just it. A nightmare. I dreamed you left me, — you must remember my calling you up, — and you said it was true. A true dream.'

There was a moment of blank silence while Mollie struggled to make some sense out of what seemed to her as fantastic as a chapter from *Alice in Wonderland*. She had been waked up, suddenly; she had been hideously frightened; and now, apparently, her husband had lost his reason. Then the light of memory found its way to her befogged mind.

'I said I loved you, dear. You asked me —'

'Now listen —'

'I did n't hear —'

'Now, Mollie —'

'Bert, I tell you I —'

'Now listen here, dearie —'

'Bert, will you let me speak?'

A restless stirring in the crib made Mollie drop her voice from the shrill insistent whisper it had reached to a less penetrating tone. Bert surrendered ungraciously.

'All right. Let's hear your story.'

Mollie began with the deliberateness of one who is sure she has the floor.

'Well. You called me up and asked if I loved you.'

'I asked if —'

'Give me a chance! You said some nonsense about dreaming I loved you. And I said yes, you had dreamed true.

I thought you were awfully stupid at the time. I don't know what to think now.'

Bert's honest eyes had a light of madness in them. He was nearly distracted. After all — he often pulled himself together by this sententious thought — he was a trained lawyer. He must n't expect his wife to have as logical a mind as his.

'Mollie. You may have thought I said loved. As a matter of fact, I said I dreamed you left me, and you said I dreamed true. Now' — he deftly headed off an interruption — 'don't say I said I loved you — I mean you loved me — I said you left me.'

He had risen and was taking off his coat and vest with quick angry motions. Mollie flopped back in the bed in impatience.

'What nonsense, Bert! Why in heaven's name did you ring off? If you made such an idiotic mistake, I should think you would at least ask *why* I was leaving you.'

Bert paused with both hands in full swing at a collar button. In his effort to be impressive, his voice fell an octave.

'Mollie. We were cut off. I spent nearly an hour trying to get you back. Can't you imagine my feelings? I was nearly crazy. I called again and again. Each time the operator said you did n't answer. You see it all fitted in. I supposed you had walked from the telephone straight out the door.'

'With the baby tucked under my arm, or left crying in her crib?'

Mollie resorted to sarcasm.

'I figured you'd take the baby with you. — Good Heavens, how I rushed for that train!'

The memory of the past fear-haunted hours made Bert groan aloud, unconsciously. Mollie looked at him as he bent over his shabby suitcase. He looked tired and far too thin. She was a very

poor wife to him, she thought. As she felt a tightening at the throat, which always preceded an almost hysterical cry, she jumped out of bed and into her soft blue dressing-gown. With both hands she smoothed the hair back from her husband's forehead.

'Dear daddie! Did you get to Commencement?'

'Commencement? I should say not. That's day after to-morrow. I saw Mr. Sears for a most unsatisfactory half-hour, and hopped the next train after my fleeing wife.'

Mollie, deeply touched, turned away from his affectionate kiss.

'Oh, you queer fellow! "Did n't answer!" I don't suppose I was more than fifty feet away from the telephone during the whole morning. I'll never get used to your strange ways.'

Bert was combative once more.

'My strange ways? I call it darn funny of you to make that mistake.'

'I did n't — Mistake? You said LOVE.'

There was no wavering on Mollie's part.

'I said LEAVE — but apparently it sounded like love.'

This diplomacy won the day — or night.

'I think that's the last time I try any sentimental long-distance calls,' he added with conviction.

'I certainly hope so.' Mollie was investigating the suitcase. 'Here are those flannel trousers. They are worse than when you left. You're the worst packer, Bert. You ruin your clothes.'

Her voice was a bit muffled. When Bert's only response was a quiet remark, full of content, that home looked pretty good to him, she suddenly felt for the hem of the flannel trousers, where untidy husbands sometimes drop ashes — and dropped a few unobserved tears.

LIGHTING THE DARK CONTINENT

NEWLY DISCOVERED LETTERS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE. II

February 6, 1853.

MY DEAR CHARLES, —

. . . I remember you with feelings of grateful affection every new volume I read. And as I have still a good stock untouched, my emotions will not want occasions of being stirred up for some time to come. The *Bibliotheca Sacra* and *New Englander* and some other theological works have given me a high idea of Yankee attainments in that science. They seem ahead of the British in several departments, and I am proud to think I have a brother capable of standing among such giants as a companion in arms. And I pray he may prove throughout a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Yet I don't very well understand what they see to praise in the works lately published of Dr. Chalmers. His private notes for instance are to me very poor, and many of what he calls *notabilia* are just what everybody knows. And then, when he comes to a difficult passage, he slips over it, saying a great deal on other parts which might have been left alone. I have seen the three volumes of it and could not manage to wade through them it was so *wersh*. I suspect that some critics just take up the *spoor* (trail), as we call it here, of others. . . .

I feel thankful to God who, in permitting me to labor in his work, bestows tokens of the approbation of my fellow men by throwing discoveries in my way. I never need to go much or at all out of my way to make them. Two of the persons above referred to set off on horseback to see the Falls, but were

prevented. It is pleasant to recognize our Father's hand in all things. His good Providence has helped me hitherto, and I may surely trust Him for all time to come. The only point of interest this last year's batch of travellers settled was that the bite of the tsetse does not act as the inoculation for small-pox does; for a horse which was bitten and recovered last year died from having received a greater number of bites this year.

Mr. Moffat goes on laboriously with his translation of the Bible into Sechuana. In his hands it is somewhat like translating and learning Hebrew at the same time, for he is so anxious to make the Sechuana and Hebrew harmonize, he examines every word in the latter language. He writes a neat hand, yet his translation in manuscript is covered over with references and the various exercises of his mind on different words. I proposed to him to offer his manuscript of the whole Bible in Sechuana to the Library of Amherst College, and he seemed pleased with the proposition. Would the authorities there value the gift? I was induced to think of it by seeing that that library possesses a collection of the Bible in various languages. Will you make inquiry and write either him or me on the subject? We could send a Testament now and the whole Bible as soon as printed. . . . You are not restricted to Amherst. What I should prefer would be where it would be valued most. In my opinion, it is a curiosity of great interest. . . .

I am standing under a Moana, or

Baobab, tree at present, composed of six branches rising from one root and joined together till about five feet from the ground. At three feet from the ground it is 85 feet in circumference. It is at least 60 feet high. Its reddish color makes it look more like a mass of red granite than a tree. The wood is quite soft and spongy, and though such a giant in size, I suspect he is a mere baby compared to some of the historical yews and oaks of England. . . . It is a poor country this, after all. Its frequent droughts, its cattle stealing and children stealing and murders make the heart sick. But its future is in the hands of God and He will cover it with his glory. The dweller in the wilderness shall bow down before Him and all nations shall serve Him. When at Sechele's town, I took down the names of 124 children who had been stolen from that tribe alone. Many of them I could identify as having been in the mission school. The Boers now want peace from Sechele, because the Barslonge commenced stealing their cattle immediately after their attack on Sechele. This is the first instance in which Bechuanas have been known to steel cattle from white men. Sechele replied to their application, 'Can we talk of peace so long as you retain my child in slavery?' They immediately sought out one of his children who had been captured and restored him. I was present when, amidst the tears of a crowd of mothers whose children are still in bonds, Khari was restored to his mother. They have, of course, 123 children still in their possession; and leaving out of view the men and women murdered, the cattle stolen, the provisions, clothing, and property destroyed in burning the town, they think they have done enough for the securing peace by restoring one child. This is portentous impudence. . . .

My thoughts run on a book of trav-

els, but when I reflect on what is necessary for such an undertaking, I give up in despair. I think it will be perhaps my wisest course to keep in the shade and among the hoipolloi who gazed at trees and birds and beasts centuries ago, and now sleep beneath the plains over which I wander. I think I asked your opinion about something of the sort, and now give you an insight into the workings of my own mind on the subject. Perhaps John ought to write one. Is he to be let off with doing nothing, when you and I strive so manfully to raise our family above the swinish multitude? It is not to be thought of.

SEKELETU'S TOWN, LINYANTI,
21 September, 1853.

MY DEAR CHARLES, —

I have just glanced over a letter written for you in February last, but for the transmission of which no opportunity occurred; and as it will accompany this, I shall commence where it leaves off. Fever had brought us to a standstill, and when at last we began to move on, we found the whole country adjacent to the Chobe flooded. I was wagon-driver and pathmaker, too. Had to handle the axe all day, for in endeavoring to steer clear of tsetse, we entered a densely wooded country. The increased leafiness of the trees, and grass ten feet high, showed me we were in a warm and very moist climate. An old acquaintance startled us, and that was no other than vines of great luxuriance bearing fine bunches of dark purple grapes. The seeds were very large and very astringent. But we were brought up by the flood, valleys seemed large rivers, and though we crossed several, one about half a mile aroad, with hippopotami in it, prevented farther progress. Two Bushmen who had assisted in taking care of the oxen decamped. This was owing to my being unable to speak their language, and they feared

that difficulties would make me angry with them. A few sweet words spoken warm from the heart are worth more than dollars or doubloons in these cases; but these, in consequence of not knowing their unearthly language, I could not employ.

Most of my own people had to be lifted out and into the wagon like children. We were in $18^{\circ} 4'$, and knew the Chobe and Makolo must be near; so, taking a small pontoon and one of the strongest of my invalids, I crossed the river, a branch of the Chobe, and went NNW. on foot. The grass, about four feet high and densely planted, stood in water which reached sometimes above the ankle, sometimes to the middle of the body. We had to push a way through the grass with our knees. That and abortive attempts to break through the immense mass of reeds which line the Chobe wore strong mole-skin trousers through at the knees, and the shoes at the toes. I protected the former by tying my handkerchief around them. The latter had to rough it. We spent three nights among the reeds. I had Æsop's burden, the food, and a gun and coat — my companion carried the pontoon on his head. He frequently fell down in the water from weakness. I shot antelopes, and so kept his stomach and spirits in a state of tension; but, poor fellow, it was unpleasant to look at him when I made him laugh. There were as many of Hogarth's lines of beauty on his face as one sees on the countenance of a gridiron. . . .

Through God's mercy I had enjoyed uninterrupted good health, but now fever laid hold on me. I have had eight attacks altogether — never laid by longer than to allow medicines to fulfill their indications. I tried native remedies, in order to discover if they possessed any valuable remedies for the fever; but, after being stewed in vapor,

smoked like a red herring over fires of green sticks in hot potsherds, and physicked in ways which would have upset the gravity of anyone except a son of Æsculapius, I have come to the conclusion that our own medicines are both more effectual and safer. Reëstablishment of the perspiration is the first and almost only thing they attend to; divination, to know what kind of ox is to be slaughtered in order to propitiate the Barimo, or gods, the second; but the doctor receiving a large share of the meat, makes me suspect it bears the same relationship to the cure as the guinea of their more civilized brethren.

Our reception here was as kind and flattering as could have been desired. The chief, just over eighteen years of age, hailed me as another father, and often pressed me to name anything I wished, in order that he might show his affection. He seemed distressed when I refused to name anything in his power. Did not like to begin to learn to read, for fear it would change his heart and make him content with one wife, as in the case of Sechele; and when I proposed to examine the country with reference to the selection of a salubrious spot for a mission station, he must accompany me. . . .

In ascending the river [Zambesi] toward the Barotse country, my attention was constantly called to the beauty of the scenery. It is indeed a magnificent river — often more than a mile broad and studded with islands three or four miles long. These and the banks are generally covered with sylvan vegetation down to the water's edge. At a little distance they seem like large rounded masses of various hues of green reclining on the bosom of the waters. The feathery date-palm and palmyra, shooting high above the rest, look lovely against a cloudless sky. Several rapids, or rather cataracts, exist in the river. They are from four to six feet

high. But the falls of Gonye (Gon-yé — hard g) excel them all. They cannot be approached at all times. We had to wade one hundred yards through very rapid water rushing on to a smaller fall below, before we came to a rock, which forms the peculiarity of Gonye. There is a clear fall of about fifty yards in length over a perpendicular rock forty feet high. The rock on which we stand juts out in front of this, and both narrows the bed of the river below and receives a portion of the falling water, as it were into a chasm. The dash of the water against this rock is so tremendous, a cloud of spray rises, and at the time we were there a beautiful rainbow played on its surface. Some of the heathen who accompanied me exclaimed, 'How grand are the works of God!' Others washed their faces in the spray as a charm; while others, mindful of the wants of the nose, searched in the holes in the rocks for round stones to grind snuff. . . .

I am at present waiting for the commencement of the rains, in order to proceed westward. I think of Loanda in preference to Benguela, as containing most English and being more salubrious. I have just come off a journey of nine weeks in the Barotse country. From the chief downwards all were kind and obliging. Food was abundant. Ten or twenty oxen were sometimes slaughtered in one day, and I could send to the chief's larder whenever I chose. Yet the quarreling, jesting, anecdotes, murdering, grumbling, etc., etc., had given me a more intense disgust of heathenism than I ever possessed before. The low dens and by-lanes of London, into which I have been sent when connected with one of the medical charities, never presented anything so degraded and vile to my imagination. The internal condition of Africa calls for the compassion of Christians as much as the external woe

inflicted on it by the slave trade. A nation scattered and peeled — a people robbed and spoiled, trodden down and not comforted. Will it indeed soon stretch out its hands to God? Let thy kingdom come, Lord God omnipotent.

When we came here, a party of Marubari fled as soon as they heard of our approach. The Makololo told them that I would do no harm. 'Oh, yes he will, he will take all our goods because we deal in slaves.' Orders had been issued against selling children, and in this part there was no trade for them. A Portuguese slave merchant came from Bié, which I believe is the farthest-inland trading station they have opposite to Benguela. He seemed disappointed in his expectations of finding a market, for he remained only a few days and then returned. Another came to Barotse from the same station and by an intrigue with an under-chief succeeded in collecting a large number of slaves from the northern part of the country, and among the Matoka and Bashukulompo. This under-chief, called M'pépe, thought he had a claim to the chieftainship, and in order to secure the slave merchant's assistance, handed over all the real chief's ivory to him and gave him full liberty to use his name in slave-trading in all the north-eastern towns. A stockade was built, the Portuguese flag hoisted, and a small cannon presented to M'pépe. The slave merchant and M'pépe came down to this part. The latter had planned the assassination of the chief, but a very slight circumstance deranged his plan. He had told his confederates that, when Sekeletu rose up from conversing with him, he would hamstring him with a battle-axe he carried. We met on our way towards the Barotse, and I happened to sit down between M'pépe and the chief. After conversing a little, I asked the chief where he would sleep. He re-

plied, 'Come, I will show you.' We rose together and I, being behind, covered him with my body. As soon as it was dark, his confederates revealed the whole to the Chief, and Mpepe was caught by his own friends, led forth, and executed. I knew nothing of the matter till the following day. Mpepe's father and several confederates were also put to death, and when I remonstrated against bloodshed, the reply given was, 'We are still Boers, we are not yet taught.' . . .

We met Arabs from Zanzibar, subjects of the Imam of Muscat, who could write Arabic readily in my notebook — some of them had been quite across the continent. I admired the boldness with which they declared, 'Muhammed was the greatest of all the prophets.' . . .

The black race which is aboriginal is properly called Makalaka. This term includes Bashubea, Banyeti, Barotse, etc., etc.; indeed, all the very black people on the river and countries adjacent. They are superior to the southern tribes in ingenuity and industry. They cultivate grain and other eatables largely, but, contrary to my expectation, those who excel both as agriculturists and manufacturers have always succumbed to every invader. The 'Sons of the soil' who have pluck inherit it through some other channel than the exhalations of Mother Earth. Sauturu extended his dominion over all this region. He refused the Marubari permission to buy his people, so I have no doubt Sekeletu may put a stop to slaving, too. He transplanted trees to his towns, many of which are now standing, and reared the young of wild animals in his town. He had two tame hippopotami in his town, and was much beloved by his people. When he passed his first capital, called Lilonda, the people led me to a grove in which were curious instruments of iron — an

upright stalk with numerous branches proceeding from it, at the end of each of which there was a miniature hoe, or axe, or spear. . . .

Although the inhabitants are unaccustomed to the preservation of articles of barter at present, they soon learn if a trader comes regularly. The great antidote however for all the woes of Africa is the gospel of Jesus Christ. Without this, the mightiest power ever wielded on earth, I should despair of effecting anything for the children of Ham. But give them the Gospel, and then, though my head may be low before its effects are seen, these effects are coming yet for a' that.

And man and man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

RIVER OF THE BASHUKULOMPO,
NEAR ITS CONFLUENCE WITH THE ZAMBESI,
Lat. 15 47' S. Long. 28 50' East,
20 December, 1855.

MY DEAR CHARLES, —

A little leisure, obtained together with a bountiful supply of pork for my party, enables me to commence an epistle for my Yankee brother. We number 115 in all, so you may wonder whether we have a Connecticut, or whatever else that great American 'juggery' is called, in Intertropical Africa. We got a hippopotamus last night, and, some elephants appearing this morning, the men ran off and soon killed a fine cow with their spears; and as both animals belong to the Pachydermata, their flesh is pork, I suppose. That of the river horse is very like it, and much liked in the colony, as such. My men are now all cutting it up into long strings for drying and roasting it, boiling it, and laughing. I am sitting on some grass in the midst of ranges of beautiful tree-covered hills, and after this gastronomic introduction will *more parsonico* proceed as follows. . . .

We came down the river from Ses-

keke, convoyed by Sekeletu and principal men with about 200 followers; and about ten miles below the confluence of the Chobe the rapids began, which compelled us to leave the canoes and march along the bank on foot. Twenty miles brought us to the island of Sekote or Kalai. As it was necessary to turn off to the northeast from this point, in order to avoid tsetse, I took a canoe and went about eight miles farther down, to see the falls of Mosisatunya. [Victoria Falls.] When five or six miles distant, we saw five columns of smoke ascending apparently to the clouds. Taking a little light canoe when about a mile above the spot, and men well acquainted with the rapids, we then went to an island situated about the middle of the tip or ledge over which the Zambesi rolls, and then, crawling to the edge, peered over into the wonderful abyss which constitutes Mosisatunya (smoke sounds).

There is always something new from Africa, said Scipio, or somebody as wise. You may see your big Niagara, but you cannot see a river leaping into a straight jacket. Imagine the Thames filled with low tree-covered hills (300 feet) from the Tunnel down to Gravesend, and its bottom formed of basalt instead of mud. Then fancy, further, a rent made in the bed from bank to bank down through the roof of the tunnel, and the pathway to be about one hundred feet below, instead of what it is — the lips of the fissure being from fifty to one hundred feet apart, and the whole mass of water flowing southerly, leaping down into this and suddenly compressed from a thousand yards into fifteen or twenty, then compelled to flow from east to west, or from the right to the left bank, where turning a corner, it resumes, in the fissure prolonged in that direction, its southerly course. The fissure, in passing through the hills for about thirty miles, becomes

much deeper, probably 300 feet. Then the river opens out again, and as our goodly Zambesi flows placidly away to the northeast. In looking down into the fissure on the right, one sees nothing but a dense white cloud with two rainbows on it. An amount of vapor rushes up which I never saw equaled anywhere else. Rising about 300 feet, it becomes black and descends in a smart shower, which soon wet us to the skin. In the distance it resembles African grass burning. We have no idea of the depth of the fissure on the right side. On the left a large piece has fallen in, and that seems about one hundred feet from the lip over which we are looking. The lip over which the water flows has its edge worn about three feet down to the three portions into which the water divides itself at low water. At this period there is about 600 yards broad of falls. There are two smaller ones, hence the five columns of vapor. This lip may be said to be serrated on the edge, several large pieces having fallen in, and it is from fifty to one hundred feet distant from the opposite one, which has a clean sharp edge. Both are quite perpendicular. The opposite lip is ornamented with a large straight hedge of evergreen trees, whose leaves are constantly wet by the perpetual shower. Little streams run down from the hedge into the gulf, but never reach the bottom. The ascending mass of vapor blows them all aloft again.

In former times the three principal falls were places of worship for three chiefs who lived in the neighborhood. I suppose they thought the feelings of awe which the scene inspires were appropriate in praying to the Barims (gods, or departed spirits). The never-ceasing roar might convey an idea of the flood gushing forth from beneath the footstool of the Eternal; and the bright rainbows immovable on the fearful turmoil below, that of Deity pre-

siding over all unstable things, Himself alone unchangeable. But they never knew Him as we do, in the face of his Anointed — a God of benevolence and love. They were a bloody, imperious crew, and in all their villages one sees numerous heads mounted on poles. I counted between fifty and sixty so exhibited in one village, and on asking the son of the headman who had killed the owners, what had been his father's motive, 'To show strangers his fierceness.' . . .

I returned next day with Sekeletu on a little speculation of my own. The island on which we stood in the middle of the falls is covered with trees, and they are nourished by occasional puffs of the wind carrying a gentle shower from the columns over the island. I have often planted fruit-tree stones, but this climate, though much more humid than the south, is troubled with intermittent droughts which destroy tender plants. I always lost my plants by my friends forgetting to supply moisture. Seeing it clear, therefore, that Mosisatunya would not forget to throw up vapor nor the winds to blow, I made a little nursery for peaches, apricots, and coffee, at a part of the island which I think will get about a proper quantity of the condensed vapor. The only enemy I have to fear is the hippopotamus, of which we saw footprints on the island; but a Makololo promised to make a hedge, and if the brutes don't break through, I have great hopes of Mr. Mosisatunya's abilities as a nurseryman. When the river rises four or five feet, the island is totally unapproachable by man, and then there is a continuous fall of a thousand yards. I am, however, a miserably judge of distances on water. . . .

You are, of course, aware from former correspondence of the nature of my plans. I determined to find a path from a healthy spot in the interior to either

the east or west coast, and was in hopes that thereby European merchants would step in and supply the market with objects of legitimate commerce in exchange for ivory, etc., and by that means supplant the trade in slaves. I could not find a healthy locality, but did not turn tail for that. So pushed away through to Loanda; the merchants and governor behaved most handsomely to my companions: (Among the former there is a Yankee.) And when we returned to Sekeletu, another party was dispatched, with only two days for preparation, and this time with a considerable quantity of ivory, but under the guidance of an Arab from Zanzibar. My men are allowed a period of rest, but though both they and I had to spend all for food on our way home, they are quite enthusiastic about returning again. . . .

In coming through the country of the Balonda we pass a little lake called Diollo, and there is a river connected with it, called Lotembua, which has the singular fortune of running two ways at once, the upper or northern portion of it flows NW into the Casai, the lower or southern half runs into the Leeba, which again flows into the Zambesi. As the Casai is the main branch of the Congo, or Zaire, the Lotembua pours some of its waters into the sea on the west coast and some into the same receptacle on the east coast, or, to write more magniloquently, Lotembua divides its waters between the Atlantic and Indian oceans. This little lake which — Hear it, my dear Republican! — I would have liked to have called Victoria; but I felt like the silly fellow (Scholasticos) in the Glasgow Greek classbook, who, seeing a large party of friends arrive to assist at the funeral of his child, came out and apologized for having only one little baby to bury. Well, it set me a-cogitating, and I soon perceived what I might have done long

before, that the real form of the continent is not, as was imagined, an elevated tableland with high mountains, African cordilleras running from N. to S., but a hollow basin, with an elevated bridge on each side, distant in both cases about three hundred miles from the coast. This is clearly evident from all the sources of the Casai flowing from the western ridge toward the centre of the continent. . . .

Now take care and imbibe the real idea I mean to convey, for I have more than the philosophy of the thing in view. The middle of the continent is beyond doubt a basin, but only with respect to the longitudinal ridges named, and *not as regards the level of the sea*. . . .

Without dosing you *ad nauseam* with geology, for the pursuit of which science I have myself always had more inclination than leisure, I may add that before the fissure of Mosisisatunya was made, there was a vast lake west of it, which included Lake Ngami, Libebe, Linyanti, etc., in its bosom. The Zambesi then flowed in a bed on the left of the fissure, in which a small stream now flows, called Lekone, but it runs away back and joins the river above the falls. The beginning of the ancient bed is on the same level as Linyanti. Leaving it and going northeastward, we came to another, called Unguesi, which also runs backward and joins the river above the rapids. On the centre of the ridge runs the Kalomo (scarcely more than mountain torrents, all of them), but it flows south and joins the Zambesi below the falls. Then the Mozuma, which is the first shewing inclinations eastwards. Now this ridge is perfectly salubrious, and so is that on the west. There are neither springs nor fountains nor marshes on it; the grass is short and well suited for pasturage. It once contained a very large population as the ruins of towns everywhere testify, and is well adapted for raising native

produce. It has again been overrun by fire and sword.

The people are humbled by these calamities, and after the first suspicions were over received us joyfully as harbingers of peace. 'Give us sleep,' said they, 'that we may repose without dreaming of men pursuing us with spear in hand.' They are very degraded, dress in *puris naturalibus*, and make one think that man is the most inelegant animal alive. I asked an old man with as much civility as I could muster, for it is as useful among savages as among *savants*, if he had never thought of a slight departure, a fig-leaf for instance, from his original costume, though he might not approve of 'going into bags' (they call our dress so). He looked at me with that sort of leer the so-called freethinkers adopt when pitying our weakness for freely thinking that the Bible is verily God's message to man. He answered with a smile. He was not troubled with my weak prejudices!

The Makololo once lived on the ridge, and I now remember that on my asking Sebituane if his country were all as unhealthy as Linyanti, he referred me to this, and told me he was forced to leave it by the Matebele. It has all the appearance of salubrity, open undulating downs, with but few trees except on the hills, which are always covered with them. Both eastern and western ridges have the same character; indeed, many of the trees are identical with those on the slopes down from Cassenye, and so are the plants and rocks — mica-slate glancing in the sun like burnished gold. They extend a long way north, and missionaries would do well to push on to them as soon as possible; for these will form the standing points from which will shine forth the beams of the Sun of Righteousness. . . .

Besides banks of shells on both coasts, showing recent elevation, there

are other indications in the failure of nearly all streams and fountains within the ridge whose course was to it, or westward; and if this is the geological process now going on — draining process on a vast scale — it is perhaps not too speculative to think it tends to a healthy millennium for Africa. At any rate, we know there is to be a glorious consummation to all God's dealings with our race. Let our missionary brethren examine whether the peculiar formation pointed out does not afford salubrious situations for Christian operations all along the continent. The promotion of commerce is an excellent means of civilization. I heartily wish success to every effort in that line, but commerce cannot touch the centre of the wants of Africa. It does not come near the point by a very wide figure. Therefore I say, Let the time come, O Lord, when the dwellers in the wilderness shall bow down before Thee. . . .

We hope to reach the coast in a month or two. It is an entirely new path; no European ever crossed the continent before. Arabs, however, have done it frequently, and it was accomplished by two native Portuguese. This fact was deemed of so much importance that it was noticed in the history of Angola. There was never any chain of stations across the continent, as mentioned by some Portuguese. Pereira's journey to Cazembe is known; he was heard of only here. Indeed, the use they apply the ivory to shows they had it. The chief's grave at Kalai had seventy large tusks placed round its edges, the points looking inward, the bodies sunk halfway in the ground. There were thirty on other graves.

In a newspaper report of a meeting in New York of the Geographical Society, I see Mr. Oswel is by mistake called

Captain. He formerly belonged to the civil service of the East India Company, and his office was more that of a judge than anything else. The map is also spoken of as a copy of Captain Oswel's map, and the same mistake has been made in England, certainly not by his authority, for he is scrupulously conscientious in all such matters. It was drawn by natives employed by both of us. We polished it up a little, but agreed to give it as an *approximation only from native information*. By ascribing it either to my friend or myself, you miss the pleasure of observing how wonderfully near the natives come to the truth as obtained by actual observation. Please do not allow this to be published. I do not grudge my generous friend one particle of the honor. If I did, I might grumble aloud. I may, however, say to you privately that the plan of employing natives speaking the language (and the execution of it alone) originated and was carried out by your own flesh and blood. . . .

Arrived at the farthest inland station at present occupied by the Portuguese, very much tired out by marching over a rough stony bushy country, without paths. But in good health. Had no fever all the way from Linyanti — thankful to God for preserving me thus far. But I am not so elated with the speedy accomplishment of the feat of crossing the continent as might be expected, *for the end of the geographical feat is but the beginning of the missionary enterprise. . . .* The geological features of the country from the ridges down this way show that Africa once had very much the same form with the opposite coast (eastern) of America. Plenty of silicified wood, coal in abundance, iron for the lifting and gold for the washing, and souls to be saved by the preaching of the Cross of Christ.

THE BLAST-FURNACE

A CHAPTER IN STEEL. IV

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

I

AT the end of every shift, when I walked toward the green mill-gate, just past the edge of the power house, I could look over toward the blast-furnaces. There were five of them, standing up like very fat cigars some hundred feet in height. A maze of pipes, large as tunnels, twisted about them, and passed into great boilers, three or four of which rose between each two furnaces.

These I learned were 'stoves' for heating the blast.

I had had in mind for several days asking for a transfer to this interesting apparatus. There was less lifting of dead weight on the blast-furnace jobs than on the open-hearth. Besides, I wanted to see the beginning of the making of steel — the first transformation the ore catches, on its way toward becoming a steel rail, or a surgical instrument.

I went to see the blast-furnace superintendent, Mr. Beck, at his house on Superintendent's Hill.

'I am working on the open-hearth,' I said, 'and want very much to get transferred to the blast-furnace. I intend to learn the steel business, and want to see the beginnings of things.'

'How much education?' he asked.

'I graduated from college,' I said — 'Yale College.'

Would that complicate the thing, I

wondered, or get in the way? I wanted badly to sit down for a talk, tell him the whole story; army, Washington, hopes and fears — I liked him a good deal. But he was in a hurry — perhaps that might come on a later day.

We talked a little. He said I ought to come into the office for a while and 'learn to figure burdens.' I replied that I wanted the experience of the outside, and a start at the bottom.

'All right,' he said, 'I'll put you outside. Come Monday morning.'

On Monday morning I followed the cindered road inside the gate for three hundred yards, turned off across a railroad track, and passed a machine-shop. The concrete bases of the blast-furnaces rose before me. Somebody had just turned a wheel on the side of one of the boiler-like 'stoves,' and a deafening blare, like tons of steam getting away, broke on my eardrums. I asked where the office was.

'Through there.'

Up some steps, over a concrete platform, past the blaring 'stove,' I went, to the other side of the furnaces, and found there a flat, dirty building — the office. Inside was Mr. Beck, who turned me over at once to Adolph, the 'stove-gang boss.'

I was a little anxious over this introduction to things, and thought it might embarrass or prevent comradeships.

But it did n't. No one knew, or, if he did, ever gave it a thought. It may perhaps have accounted for Adolph's letting me keep my clothes in his shanty that night, and for considerable conversation he vouchsafed on the first day. But my individuality passed quickly, very quickly; I became no more than a part of that rather dingy unit, the stove-gang.

While I was putting on my clothes in Adolph's sheet-iron shanty, he grinned and said, 'Last time, pretty dirty job, too, eh?'

'Yes,' I said, 'open-hearth.'

He led me out of the shanty, past three stoves, up an iron staircase, past a blast-furnace, and through a 'cast-house.' That is not as interesting as I hoped. It is merely a place of many ditches, or run-ways, that lead the molten iron from the furnace to the ladle. Very little iron is ever 'cast,' since the blast-furnaces here make iron only for the sake of swiftly transporting it, while still hot, to the Bessemer and open-hearth, for further metamorphosis into steel.

We came at last to more stoves, a set of three for No. 4 blast-furnace. Near the middle one was a little group of seven men, three of them with a bar, which they thrust and withdrew constantly in an open door of the stove. Inside were shelving masses and gobs of glowing cinder.

'You work with these fellers,' Adolph said, and passed out of sight along the stoves.

I watched carefully for a long time, which was a cardinal rule of practice with me on joining up with a new gang. It was best, I thought, to shut up, and study for a spell the characters of the men, the movements and knacks of the job. I think this reserve helped, for the men were first to make advances, and before the day was out, I had a life-history from most of them.

'Where you work, las' job?' asked a little Italian with a thin, blond moustache, after he had finished his turn on the crow-bar.

'Open-hearth,' I said, 'third-helper.'

'I work three week open-hearth,' he said; 'too hot, no good.'

'Hot all right,' I said; 'how's this job?'

'Oh, pretty good, this no'ing,' he said; 'sometimes we go in stove, clean 'em up, hot in there like hell. Some day all right, some day no good.'

I had been watching the stove, and caught the simple order of movements. Two or three men, with long lunging thrusts, loosened the glowing cinder inside a firebox; another pulled it out with a hoe into a steel wheelbarrow; another dumped the load on a growing pile of cinder over the edge of the platform. When one of the men disappeared for a chew, I grabbed the wheelbarrow at hauling-out time, and worked into the job.

In fifteen minutes that fire-box was cleared out, and we moved to the next stove. We skipped that; the door was locked and wedged. I learned later that if we had opened it, the blast (being 'on' in the stove) would in all likelihood have killed all of us. It blew out with sufficient pressure to carry a man forty yards. But the next stove we tackled. I tried the thrusting of the bar this time. The trick is to aim well at a likely crack, thrust in hard and together, and with all the weight on the bar, spring it up and down till the cinder gives. It was good exercise without strain, and so cool in comparison with open-hearth work that I took a real joy in the hot cinder. The heat was comparable to a wood fire, and only occasionally was it necessary to hug close.

We did five stoves, taking the wheelbarrow with us, and carrying it up the steps, when we passed from one level to

another. After the five came a lull. Two of the men rolled cigarettes, the rest reinforced a chew that already looked as big as an apple in the cheek. For both these comforting acts, 'Honest Scrap' was used, a tobacco that is stringy and dark, and is carried in great bulk, in a paper package.

The men sat on steps or leaned against girders. A short Italian near me, with quick movements, and full of unending talk, looked up and asked the familiar question: 'What job you work at, last time?'

'Open-hearth,' I said.

'How much pay?'

'Forty-five cents an hour.'

'No like job?'

'No, like this job better,' I returned.

He paused. Then, 'What job you work at before open-hearth?'

'Oh,' I said, 'I was in the army.'

His face became alert at once, and interested. The others stopped talking, also, and looked over at me.

'Me have broder in de American army; no in army, mysel'; me one time Italian army. How long time you?'

'Nearly two years,' I said.

'Oversea?'

'Yes, but did n't get to front, before war over. No fight,' I answered, adopting the abbreviated style, as I sometimes did. It seemed unnecessary, and a little discourteous, to use a rounded phrase with all the adorning English particles.

He jumped down from the steps and took up a broom, executing a 'shoulder arms' or two, and the flat-hand Italian salute, performed with a tremendous air.

'Here,' I said, 'bayonet.'

I took the broomstick and did the bayonet exercises. The gang stood up and watched with delight, making comments in several languages. Especially the eyes of the Italian danced. The incident left a genial social atmosphere.

Adolph came in from behind one of the stoves, as I was concluding a 'long point.'

'Come on,' he said, looking at me with a grin, and when I had followed him, 'I show you furnace, li'l bit.'

He took me to a stair-ladder near the skip that ascended to the top of No. 5. For every furnace, a skip carries up the ore and other ingredients for melting inside. It is a funicular-like thing — a continuous belt, with boxes attached, running from the 'hopper' at the top of the furnace to the 'stockroom' underground.

We started to climb the steps at the left of the belt. There was a little rail between us and the moving boxes of ore.

'See dat,' said Adolph, pointing through at the boxes.

'Keep head inside,' he said, 'keep hand inside; cut 'em off quick.' He illustrated the amputation, with great vivacity, on his throat and wrists.

It was a climb of five minutes to the furnace-top. We paused to look at the mounting boxes.

'Ore?' I asked.

He nodded.

Pretty soon the iron ceased coming, and a white stone took its place in the boxes.

'What's that?'

'Limestone,' he said. 'Next come coke. Look.'

We were near enough to the top to see the boxes tilt and the hopper open and swallow the dumping of stone. In a minute or two, we stepped out on the platform on top of the furnace.

Adolph looked at me and grinned. 'You smell dat gas?' he asked.

I nodded. He referred to the carbon monoxide that I knew issued from the top of all blast-furnaces.

'You stay li'l bit, pretty soon you drunk,' he said.

'Let's not,' I returned.

'You stay li'l bit more,' he continued, his grin broadening; 'pretty soon you dead.'

I learned, in later days, that this was perfectly accurate.

We stood on a little round platform fifteen or twenty feet across, with the hopper in the centre gobbling iron ore and limestone. A layer of ore dust, an inch thick, covered the flooring, and a faint odor of gas was in the air. Each of the other five furnaces had a similar lookout, and a narrow passageway connected them with the tops of the stoves. The top of these gigantic shafts likewise had a diameter of some fifteen feet; there were little railings about them, and in the centre a trapdoor.

'What's that for?' I asked.

'Go inside to clean 'em out,' he returned.

I wondered, with a few flights of imagination, what that job would be like, and remembered that the Italian with the blond moustache had spoken of the duty in uncomplimentary terms.

We could look forth from this eminence and see the whole mill yard, which was nearly a mile in extent. Over the 'gas house,' a large building that I had n't noticed before, — the source of gas for the open-hearth, — and far to the left, were the Bessemers, spouting red gold against a very blue sky. On their right rose the familiar stacks of the open-hearth. I looked intently at them and wondered what No. 7 did at that moment — front-wall, back-wall, or tapping its periodic deluge of hot steel? In the foreground, a variety of gables, and then the irregular roof far beyond that I knew was the blooming-mill, because of the interesting yard, with the muscular cranes tossing about bars and shapes and sheets of steel. An immense system of railways everywhere, running down as far as the river bank, where were piles of cinder, and a trainload of ladles moving there

to dump. A half-mile away, another iron-clad cluster of buildings; the tubemill, the nail-mill, and so forth, with convenient rails running up to them.

I turned around. Near by, slightly beyond the foot of the skips, was that impressive hill of red dust, the ore-pile. Iron ore was being taken away from the skips, with one of those spider-like mechanisms that combine crane, derrick, and steam shovel. It was built hugely — two uprights forty or fifty feet high, at a distance, I estimate, of a hundred yards, with their bases secured to railway cars. A crossbeam joined them, which was itself a monorail along which a man-carrying car ran. From that car dropped chains, attaching themselves at the bottom to the familiar automatic shovel or scoop.

First the whole arrangement moved — the uprights, the crosspiece, and the monorail car — very slowly over the whole hill of ore, to a good spot for digging. Then the monorail car sped to the chosen position, and the shovel fell rapidly into the ore. With a mouthful secure, the chains lifted a little, enough to clear the remaining ore, and the car ran its mouthful to the hill's edge, to dump into special gondolas on railroad tracks. The whole gigantic ore-hill was within easy reach of a single instrument.

'Ought to last a while,' I said.

'Will be gone in a month,' he returned.

II

Everybody wore good clothes to work, and changed in the shanty to his furnace outfit. I usually came in a brown suit, which had been out in the rain a good many times and was fairly shapeless. One day I entered the mill in a gray suit, which fitted and was moderately pressed.

At the dinner-bucket hour in the shanty, I was asked by John the Ital-

ian, 'How much you pay for suit, Charlie?'

I was embarrassed, fearing vaguely explanations that might have to follow a declaration of price. I suddenly recalled the fact that the suit had been given me by my brother, so that I did n't know the price, and said so.

'My brother give me suit, I don't know how much he pay,' I said. That dumped me into another quandary.

'What job your brother have?' I was immediately asked.

I thought a moment and answered truthfully again.

'My brother, priest,' I said.

That arrested immediate attention, and I was looked at with respect and curiosity.

Tony finally said, 'Why you no be priest, Charlie?'

'Oh,' I answered, laughing, 'I run away, I like raise hell too much be priest.' This was pretty accurate, too.

'O Charlie!' they bellowed.

After that the gang were friends to the death.

I went into the employment office one day, to fix up the papers of my transfer to the blast-furnace, and got into a talk with Burke, the employment manager, about personnel work.

'What do you think of the game?' I asked.

'It's great,' he returned; 'it's working with human material — that's what it is; there's nothing like it. But,' he added, 'if you have any ideas about unions, keep them in the back of your head — if you want a job in steel. They won't stand for that sort of thing.'

He looked down on his desk, where there was a news-clipping of the demands of the American Federation of Labor's strike committee — the twelve demands. He pointed to it.

'We give them practically all of these here in Bouton,' he said; 'all but two or three.'

'The eight-hour day?' I queried.

'Yes, we give them the eight-hour day: overtime for everything over eight hours.'

'Could I stop work to-day after eight hours' work on the furnace?' I asked. 'Could anyone before six o'clock, and hold his job?'

'Oh, no,' he returned.

'I should call that a twelve-hour day,' I said.

The men on the furnaces were talk-about the strike that day. One young American said, 'Well, strike starts Monday. Damned if I won't go if the rest do.'

There were no leaders about, and it was unlikely, perhaps, that any would appear. There seemed to be a current opinion that any organizers got 'taken off the train before they get to Bouton.'

The Old Home Week Carnival had been called off through the influence of the mill authorities. They were afraid of a strike committee coming from the next town and having a parade to lead the men out.

A special train went through Bouton that day, about five o'clock. Everyone watched it from the furnaces and speculated what it meant. It was a double-header, and passed through at top speed. The Assistant Superintendent, Lonergan, suggested: 'Troops going to quell strike riots. A lot of those fellers are overseas men of the National Guard. They're havin' trouble with 'em. I don't blame the boys a damn bit for not wantin' "to preserve order in the steel towns," as the papers call it,' he concluded, with a grin.

Haverly, an American blower, came up. 'Fight for democracy overseas and against it over here,' he said.

It is difficult to say what the men here would have done if they had had leadership. They had none, since no organizers whatever appeared, and no speech-making occurred in town.

There was pretty good feeling toward the company itself, which is, I believe, one of the best. A deep-seated hatred, however, existed against the whole system of steel. There was anger and resentment that ran straight through, from the cinder-snapper to the high-paid blowers, melters, and, in some cases, superintendents.

I was quite amazed — because of what the newspapers were continually saying — at the absence of any sociological ideas whatever. But though without doctrines, except in rare instances, there was a massive stream of complaint against certain things, such as the company-owned town, the twelve-hour day, the twenty-four-hour shift, the seven-day week, and certain remediable dangers. It pervaded all ranks.

III

We were getting ready one day to 'blow in' No. 9 blast-furnace. It was a new one, and we had been busy for a couple of days piling wood inside, preparatory to lighting it up. I had been working beside an intelligent-looking Serb, and neither of us ventured conversation till that day.

'Did you ever write movie scenarios?' he asked.

If he had said, 'I have just finished reading George Borrow,' I should have not have been more profoundly nonplussed. I controlled a bursting impulse to roar, and answered, 'Yes, did you?'

'Yes,' he returned; 'it's quite a trick, is n't it?'

I admitted that there was a technique in writing movies.

'I have a book,' he went on, 'that tells you the dope. I no write myself, I dictate. I no write English.'

We put down the log, and went to get a separate stick each, meeting again at the slag hole.

'I have a scheme,' he said. 'Get moving-picture camera, get man run him, and take camera and man to Serbia. Go where war come.'

'Devastated places, ruins,' I suggested.

'Yes, go all through Slavic country, take picture soldiers, guns, ruin farm, house, city; come back, show steel towns, I go with picture McKeesport, Pittsburgh, Youngstown. Show everywhere; people like. What you think?'

'A very good idea,' I said warmly.

'Make big money,' he concluded, grinning. 'No work no more.'

This was the end of that extraordinary incident, but not of my conversations with this scenario furnace-helper. We exchanged a commonplace or two about the job and the new furnace, asked each other how long we had worked in Bouton, the sort of feller the boss was, and so forth, and then my companion dove quickly into family history, which was decidedly sensational and was evidently on his mind.

'My wife run away, little while ago,' he began. 'One day I go home, and find my two boys hungry; no eat since eight o'clock in the morning. She go away with de other feller, tak' lot of money, but leave me \$300. Funny thing, eh?'

'Did you suspect she was going with the other fellow?' I asked.

'Oh, yes,' he replied. 'He work over in gas-house, I know him. But I no think she go off. She go just as far as she can with him, California. I hear from friend, tell about her. He go three weeks ahead, so I no suspect. But I know.'

'How about the children?' I asked.

'She leave me two, take one child with her,' he said. 'But I catch him sometime,' he cried excitedly. 'You know what I do when I catch him. I tak' away his jaw. That's all. Every time people ask him how he hurt his

face, he have to think of what he done. I no kill him.'

'But won't you put him in prison?' I asked.

'Yes, if detective catch him, I take him court; but if I catch him, I tak' his jaw. I hear detective no cost very much money. You see they get free ride on the railroad.'

'I see,' I said.

I watched him often after that, as we heaped up cord upon cord for the greedy furnaces. He was tall, broad-shouldered, with a narrow waist, and a healthy loose strength when he swung a log. I looked at his calm, rather pale Slavic face, and kept repeating his words to myself: 'I no kill him, I tak' his jaw, that's all.'

The man and the story had directness and simplicity in them. His was a vigorous, if an elemental, character.

He talked a good deal during the whole preliminary work on No. 9. He followed European politics through his own and through American newspapers, and knew accurately the military situation so far as it affected his countrymen.

'New country now,' I said. 'Yugoslavia.'

He was delighted that I knew, and that I was glad to hear him talk about it. He gave me the Serbian point of view as to the origin of the World War.

'Have you ever worked on other jobs?' I asked.

'Oh, I try 'em all,' he responded: 'open-hearth, Bessemer, rolling-mill, but only little time, I try 'em. Like blast-furnace best. I know all about blast-furnace. I work first-helper, second-helper, third-helper, work-keeper. You know de peephole into furnace?' he said, his eyes brightening.

I nodded.

'I look in: I tell you what furnace want; more coke, more limestone; too hot, too cold. I look at hot iron come

from tap; I tell you good, no good. Too much sulphur. H-m-m; I like work blast-furnace; I like job.'

This was a speech I remembered a long while. At last, someone with a bit of craftsmanship in his make-up, who had found what he liked.

'How long have you worked on blast-furnaces?' I asked.

'Twelve year,' he said; and added, 'You get on my shift, I learn you furnace-work. All right?'

'All right,' I answered; 'I'll try to work it.'

There were certain days in my summer in the mills that burned among the others like a hot ingot of steel on the night-shift. One of them was the cleaning out of No. 15 stove early in my gang apprenticeship. Ordinarily the duties of the stove-gang were to move leisurely from stove to stove while they were alight, and remove cinder from the combustion chambers. It was pried up with a crowbar, and hoed out on to a wheelbarrow. But, when a stove was cooled for thorough cleaning, we did our real work.

The gas was turned off in the combustion chamber on the night-shift, and the stove allowed to cool for several hours. We prepared to go inside her the next morning, to cut away the hardened cinder. John, the Slav, went in first, with pick and shovel, and worked an hour. Then Tony turned to me.

'You go in with me, I show you,' he said.

We put on wooden sandals, — foot-shaped blocks an inch thick, with lacing straps, — donned jackets that buttoned very tight in the neck, and pulled down the ear-flaps of our kersey caps. Over our eyes we wore close-fitting goggles. We looked like Dutch peasants dressed for motoring. The combustion chamber is a space eight or ten feet long by three or four wide. It was partly filled with cooling cinder, some of it

yielding to the pick, some only to the bar and sledge. Someone shoved an electric light through the hot-blast valve, and the appearance of the place was like a mine-gallery. The chamber was hot and gaseous, but it was quite possible to work inside over an hour. After Tony had loosened several shovelfuls, I could see that the pick failed against a great shelf of the stuff that glowed red along its base.

'Bar,' he called.

The bar came in the little round door in three or four minutes.

He held it for me, and I sledged. It needed a little work like this to make you yearn for real air. The heat weakened you quickly. We worked about forty minutes, and then lay on our bellies and wriggled out. The means of entrance and egress is a small door, about fourteen inches in diameter, which means absorbing a good deal of cinder when you caterpillar through.

We finished the whole job in three hours, and then went to the other side of the stove and cleared out half a carload of flue-dust from the brick arches that composed the groundwork of that side of the stove. The dust lay a foot or two thick, and one man worked with a shovel in each archway. Here it was hardly hot at all but merely thick with the red iron-dust. As you bent over inside the archways, knee deep in the stuff, it would rise and settle on your arms and shoulders; you kept up a blowing with your nose to keep it out. Some of it was hard and soggy and pleasanter shoveling. Five or six of us could work inside the stove at once, in the different archways, each with a teapot lamp near by, and a large light shovel. Men at the entrances hoed the stuff out as we threw back.

But it was the next day's cleaning that I remember most strongly. The word went about that we were to 'poke her out' to-morrow. That night the

gang, and especially John, the Italian, instructed me very seriously to bring a selected list of clothing the next morning: a jacket, a cap with flaps for the ears, two pairs of gloves, and two bandanna handkerchiefs.

We went on top of No. 15, and started to dress for the job of poking her out. Over our faces we tied the handkerchiefs, leaving only our eyes exposed. Our necks and ears were covered by the winter caps, our hands with two pairs of gloves.

The stove, as I said, looked like a very tall boiler: half was a long brick-lined flue, where the gas burned; half a mass of brick checkerwork for retaining the heat. Masses of flue-dust had clogged the holes in the checkerwork and reduced its power for holding heat. It was our job to poke out that dust.

John and Mike and I unscrewed the trap at the top, very deliberately, and dropped a ladder down. There was a space left at the top of the checkerwork for cleaning purposes. We worked on top of that.

Jimmy, I think, went in first, taking a teapot lamp with him and a rod. In three minutes he was out again, and Mike down. I began to wonder what the devil they faced for three minutes in the chamber. Tony looked at me and said, 'I teach you now.'

I tied the handkerchiefs around my face, sticking the end of one in my collar, and followed Tony.

My first sensation, as I stepped off the ladder to the checkerwork inside the stove, was relief. It was hot, but quite bearable. I picked my way slowly to Tony, and tried to study in the dull light his motions with the rod. The dust was too thick and the lamp guttered too violently to follow his hand. I bent over to watch the end of his rod and recoiled. I felt as I had when the ladle got under me on the manganese platform — flame seemed to go in with

breath. It was the hot blast that continued to rise from the checkerwork, and made it impossible to work beyond three minutes in the stove.

When I mounted the ladder, and moved out into the air, I thought, 'I have n't learned much from Tony, except that he somehow cleaned the checkerwork, and it's best to keep the head high; no more bending.'

Five minutes passed, and I was scheduled to take my turn alone. Every man poked three holes and came up. I was full of resolutions for glory and poked four, coming up rather elated. John looked at me sadly when I stepped off the ladder.

'What's the matter, Charlie; you only poke 'em half out.'

He simulated my motions with the rod. I had n't qualified.

John, the Slav, was tying his handkerchief back of his ears.

'I show him; you come with me, Charlie; I show you all right.'

I was n't gleeful. The last time I had done a job with John, we had carried pipes, many more at a time than anyone else. John, I anticipated, would stay in the stove, poking away, till ordinary mortals lost their lungs.

He picked up a poking-rod, after very carefully putting on his gloves, and went over to the ladder, descending slowly. I followed him with my teeth in my lips, feeling for the rungs of the ladder with my feet, and holding my poking-rod in my right hand. When I stepped off at the bottom, I felt my fingers closing over the bent handle of the rod in a death-grip. I determined on no halfway poking. John set to work at once, and I after him, rattling my rod in the checkerwork with all my strength, and pushing her in up to the hilt. I did three holes, and John four. My lungs were like paper on fire, when John turned to go up. We climbed out of the hole, and took down the hand-

kerchiefs. The gang looked at me, and then at John.

'He do all right,' he cried rather loudly; 'every time all right.'

I felt extraordinarily elated, and much as if John had given me a diploma, with a 'cum laude' inscribed in gold letters.

There was also a trip inside with Jimmy. He shouted a great many things at me in Anglo-Italian, which caused me a good deal of anxiety but no understanding. I learned, on coming up, that he was trying to tell me not to approach the combustion chamber adjoining the checkerwork. That is a clear shaft to the bottom. I was given in some detail the story of the man who fell down a year ago, and was found with no life in him at the bottom.

'Kill him quick,' said John, the Italian; 'take him out through hot-blast valve.'

Two burns on my wrists were an embarrassing legacy of this affair, for they required an explanation whenever I took off my coat. My arms were too long, and shot from my sleeves when poking out, and got exposed to the gas and flame, which was still rising in the checkerwork.

IV

I stood on the platform, waiting for the 10.05 train, and turned for a look at the landscape of brick and iron. I remembered a hunky, who had worked in the tube-mill for eighteen years, and at length decided to go back to the old country. On the day he left, he went out the usual gate, at the tempered after-work pace, walked the gravel-path to the railroad embankment, and stopped for a moment to look back at the mill.

He stood like a stone pile on the embankment for a quarter hour, looking at the cluster of steel buildings and stacks. He had spent a life in

them, making pipe, and I have n't a doubt this was the first time it came to him in perspective. From my own brief memories, I could guess at those fifteen minutes: pain, struggle, monotony, rough-house, laughter, endurance, but principally toil without imagination.

I thought quickly over my summer in the mills, and it looked rather pleasurable in retrospect. Things do. There's a verse on that sentiment in Horace, I think. I thought of sizzling nights, of bosses, friendly and unfriendly, of hot back-walls and a good first-helper, of fighting twenty-four-hour turns; or of interesting days as hot-blast man, of dreaded five-o'clock risings, and quiet satisfying suppers; of what men thought, and did n't think. And again, of how much the life was incident to a flinty-hearted universe, and how much to the stupidity of men. I knew there were scores of matters

arranging themselves in well-ordered data and conclusions in my head. I had a cool sense that, when they came out of the thinking, they would not be counsels of perfection, or denunciations, but would have substance; be able to weather theorists, both the hard-boiled and the sentimental, being compounded of good ingredients — tools, and iron ore, and the experience of workmen.

Is there any one thing, though, that stands out? I heard the train whistle a warning of its arrival. Perhaps, if a very complicated matter like the steel-life can be compounded in a phrase, it had been done by the third-helper on Six. On the day when we had thrown manganese into a boiling ladle, in a temperature of 130, he had turned to me slowly and summed it up in a word: 'To hell with the money,' he said; 'no can live!'

REALITY

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

We lead the life of desk and book, the higher life that strives —
But oh! the little leaves of birch that ripple round our lives!

We pore upon the shadowed past, where all is said and done —
But oh! the little leaves of green, translucent in the sun!

We share the anguish of the world, the half-defeat, the fear —
But oh! the little leaves of birch that bring the glory near!

We wait in vain a leader's cry, we fall, exhausted, weak —
But oh! the little leaves of green that do not need to speak!

‘NIGHTFALL’

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE

In January, 1909, the *Atlantic Monthly* published a little paper wherein I set forth my belief, and experience, that the evening of life could be as sweet as its noon and morning, and in certain ways more so. I was then in the early sixties and thoroughly enjoying myself.

That was twelve years ago. What about the seventies — the approaching eighties?

The question seems to come into the category of delicate subjects, unpleasant facts, things that have to be but are not talked about. It has no interest for the sociologist, no place — at any rate, not the slightest importance — in literature. A little article that did treat of it, written by W. D. Howells shortly before his death, affected me like a voice reverberating through a cave, — the secret lair of sick creatures that had crawled out of sight to die, — so rare was such a breaking of the silence in our old folks’ world. I imagined the responsive thrill that had stirred mine running from heart to heart of others of his lifelong readers, wherever their spectacled eyes lighted upon that curiosity of magazine matter. Spiritually, I had walked beside him since the long-ago days when his first publications came to Australia — those slim little booklets (why are not more literary treasures packed up in that convenient shape?) that I used to pounce on as they arrived, slip into my coat-pocket, and browse on in quiet places, with such peculiar delight; but nothing that he ever wrote appealed to me so poignantly as that last, or nearly last, fragment

from his pen. He wrote for his contemporaries (as I am doing now). Who else could understand? Who else would care? How much did *we* care about the feelings of the graybeards and grannies, when we were young?

Threescore years and ten; and, from that to fourscore, labor and sorrow — there is no getting away from the laws of nature. Other laws may be evaded with impunity, but not hers, however hopefully we may ignore them. She plainly indicates the age for marriage; it is deemed proper to take no notice, and adolescent youth must suffer. She as plainly tells us when it is time to retire from the scene; and we have to turn to her the deafest of deaf ears, however tired and pain-racked we may be. We are not allowed to quietly slip away, as, out of politeness and consideration for others, as well as in our own interests, we should often gladly do. We are compelled, by main force if necessary, to loiter about to the bitter end, cluttering up the place. We cannot help it. Nobody can help it. That being so, there is nothing for it but to make the best of the situation — as dear W. D. H. evidently did.

But W. D. H. was a man, presumably a man of means. He could not speak for my sex, so differently circumstanced, comparatively so unprotected, comparatively so poor.

I suppose that the main reason why, in the multitude and variety of benevolent bequests, so little is done to succor poverty-stricken old women, who are also ladies of culture and refinement, —

the class that, suffering silently, suffers most, — rests on this fact: that old men and old women are not in the same boat. Whether rich or poor, men feel that they have a natural right to the domestic services of women (tacitly conceded by them), and so can accept them as comfortably at one time of life as another; and the converse is not the case. While, of course, one allows that men and women alike, who have money to leave, and can therefore be ill and die in their own homes and make it worth the while of their caretakers to want to keep them rather than wish them gone, — that is, the possible benefactors, — being themselves exempt from the worst trials of the broken-down, have no especially compelling sympathy for them.

As I used to have chronic heartaches over forlorn and afflicted old dogs and horses, I am now continually harrowed by the contemplation of human derelicts, who suffer the same adversities, with the same uncomplaining dignity. I look out and around from my own harbor of refuge, and see them everywhere — old maids, old widows, old mothers left alone, retired governesses, and the like — drifting helplessly on the rocks. As long as strength holds out they keep at sea; smile, talk, dress, busy themselves to mask their secret humiliations, to propitiate the inexorable fates; but I know the dread that must haunt them all day and keep them awake at night — the terror of what is going to happen when they can no longer 'do' for themselves.

I should like to put into the heads of potential pious founders, looking for 'objects,' a scheme of almshouses appropriate to these unfortunates whom nobody wants and nobody cares for. Their claim is paramount, who have maintained themselves during the years of active life, but have been unable to lay by for the rainy day, when there is

only the old-age pension to fall back on, which does not provide a home. But the framework of any institution to aid the destitute is practically standardized, so that there is no need to elaborate the plan, but only to suggest the idea. It is a more original sort of almshouse, for a rather different class of inmate, that I would like to submit to the consideration of the affluent will-maker, or the large-hearted investor of wealth who is still able to employ it himself.

An almshouse *without alms*, for decayed gentlewomen possessing some means but not enough to keep house on, at market-rates; a community of little homes on Garden City lines, with self-supplying provision of food and service (including nursing and doctoring); enough for their now simple needs, as much as they wanted to be bothered with, and within what they could afford under a strictly nonprofiteering management. That is what I would like to bring into being, if I were in a position to found things.

I wrote in 1909 that, given normal conditions, women are not old at sixty. As I reckon now, they are never old (to matter) so long as their physical powers suffice to serve their physical needs. It is when they have to 'trouble people' to wait on them (although they are assured it is no trouble but a pleasure); when, to put it bluntly, they have to 'take charity' in some form or other, because they cannot pay for maids and maintenance of their own at the only prices they can get them for, yet still yearn with all their souls, and strive with all their ineffectual strength, after such independence as they can hold on to, as the proverbial drowning man to his straw — then comes the real old age, the tragedy of old age to the proud and sensitive.

My imaginary colony would be a godsend to these. The disabilities of their time of life would press as heavily

on them there as anywhere else, but they would not be 'beholden' to anybody. They could rest in the hands of efficient attendants, adequately paid, and there would be no sense of being under obligations in the give and take of kindnesses between themselves — all in the same boat! They would be there because they belonged together. Before the time came for final retirement to the infirmary that would have to be a part of the institution, life might be very pleasant there to such as had no domestic ties elsewhere.

I think it would be all the pleasanter if decayed gentlemen of the right sort were co-inmates with the decayed gentlewomen, who should also be of the right sort (it would be the responsibility of the Board of Management to see that they were). I can imagine the comfortable and comforting intercourse between them: the little symposiums by the fire-side, the little card-parties, the pairings of the congenial for little toddles in the sun, arm aiding arm, and the exchanging of reminiscent confidences, and the little gallantries and attentions, which would never seem out of place to them because they would never be out of date to each other. All gentlefolk together, they should blend beautifully; and, being gentlefolk, they would know when their company was welcome and when it was not.

Old people need old people, and young people are best without them. They have their own companions, families, interests, and occupations; they live in their own generation, as we in ours. Even the old widowed mother of the best of children, who demand the care of her when she is failing and would not for anything have her feel she could be in the way — even she knows that, in the nature of things, she *must* be superfluous in the young household. The child who brings her home is inevitably married; and although both partners of

the firm are equally dear and good to her, she can never forget that she has no claim whatever upon one of them. 'I am not *her* mother' — '*he* is not my son': a stabbing thought at such times.

And how much lonelier and more difficult the position of the impecunious old maid! Think of the millions of girls whom the battlefields have robbed of the birthright they share with every living female thing! What about those who can never have husbands, because they are not there to have; and so will never have children to look after them in their time of greatest need? Do men and legislators (and millionaires) give any serious consideration to the case of this new army of virgin martyrs, victims of circumstances over which they have had no control?

But I must not talk of martyrs — martyrs are the persecuted; nor of girls, for they are outside the argument. Girls who are young are still mistresses of their fate, so far as human beings can be so. They have the franchise. The worthy of them will do what they did in the great war-years. Their men being absent, they will take up their men's work and do it as valiantly and efficiently as they did it then. There is no reason why, in their celibate old age, they should not be at least independent of the benefactions of millionaires. It will be their fault if they are not, by then, in a position benevolently to despise those poor male things to whom money-grubbing has been the first and foremost business of life, and massed wealth its highest achievement. Anyway, girls and the future are beside the point. It is the old woman in the present who is the figure in view.

So far, I am afraid, I have been looking at her with a too shortsighted, prejudiced, pessimistic eye. There are many sides to every subject, and, given reasonable freedom from acute physical pain, even the seventies and eighties

have their 'wayside happinesses,' and plenty for those who have deserved them. I can say this, at any rate: if I seem to have been making an appeal to the compassionate, it does not apply to me. My imaginary colony might be functioning at this moment, and its most charming cottage be prepared for my reception — I should almost certainly lack the resolution to go there. If I had to part from my family before I must, although I might do it, I should break my heart. I should not think of doing it, nor attempt to do it, but for that urgent spirit of independence which is born, or not born, in one. I may add, that I should not be allowed to do it in any case.

And it is continually being impressed upon me that the spirit of independence can be carried too far, until it becomes a nuisance, and even a just grievance, to other people. My children point out to me again and again that I have a right to their hospitality, inasmuch as they owe me more in the way of service than I owe them. They ask why they should be prevented from doing their duty and exercising their privileges any more than I. And even if I did owe them anything, is it not more generous (among friends and relatives) to take than to give? And a duty to be happy, when everything that can be done is being done to make one happy?

I know all that. And I am, indeed, as happy as the best of children can make me — which is to be one of the most fortunate of aged womenkind. But there are some things that even the best of children cannot understand, and never will until they come to the day's end themselves. Only the old know what it means to be old — especially those of them whose bodies have degenerated while their minds remain unimpaired; especially the thin-skinned

and finely tempered, who see and feel things most acutely; especially the poor and childless and friendless — Oh, all of them! — all my fellow left-overs, who have outlasted their term of usefulness.

There is no doubt that we have all come face to face with the supreme trial of our lives, although we are variously aware of and affected by the fact; and that, to meet it worthily, a quality of courage is needed such as no emergency has demanded of us before. Not physical courage (if free from physical agonies, warm, well-fed, and comfortable), even in the presence of imminent death, which is no more formidable than imminent childbirth — a business that no self-respecting woman funks or makes a fuss about; but morale, the 'stiff upper lip,' the high-minded and high-hearted philosophy that comes of looking above our own heads over the far and wide around us; the religious spirit, in short, that is the inspiration and sustainment, from first to last, of the lifelong truth-seekers. I have been trying not to use the worst-abused and most ambiguous word in the English language, but I cannot evade it. Dying Emily Brontë would have known what I mean by religion, because she had it herself.

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts —
To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity.

In those last words that she wrote before her death, the source of her noble fortitude is revealed. She could see 'thine infinity' in the stars at nightfall, through the clouds of the lower atmosphere, of which the 'thousand creeds' are the most confusing.

So may we. In which case, we shall be able to 'hold fast' the comforting assurance, that we are worth our places in the world up to the last moment, even if nobody knows it but ourselves.

CHRISTINE AND THE PRINCESS

BY MARY VALENTINE STANLEY

LITTLE by little one learns of the full extent of the caste system in old Vienna. Christine, who for a year and a half has served as my cook, has acquainted me with at least one of its phases.

After fifteen years of apprenticeship, and nine years as the head cook in the German Embassy, Christine ranks, at the age of forty, as one of the best cooks in Vienna. When Christine was sixteen, her mistress exchanged her for a maid in the kitchen of the Schwarzenberg Palace; and after that, at intervals, for maids from the most renowned kitchens of the Viennese aristocracy. In a few years, she had assembled a knowledge of the culinary systems and tricks of a dozen establishments.

Her one drawback is her pride of position. Only a war and a revolution could have brought her to my modest kitchen. Even yet she cannot go to the open market and bargain for *Karfiöl* with a score of common maids. She must still frequent the best shops, as of old, and give the shopkeeper ten *deca* out of every kilo of butter. Often I have remonstrated with her, but to no purpose. 'The *gnädige Frau* does n't understand. The storekeepers know me. If I did n't come to them, or if I did n't give them their *Trinkgeld*, every cook in town would know it. My old friends would n't associate with me. I am willing to leave the *gnädige Frau*, if my work does n't please her; but if I stay, I must go on as I have been going on.'

Her blue eyes look straight into mine, and I know that she means what she

says. I am constantly torn, these days, between the worry over the increasingly high cost of living and the love of my quiet, efficient, perfectly trained servant. 'If I could go to America with the *gnädige Frau*,' she tells me repeatedly, 'everything would be different. There you have a real republic. Here we have none. There I could begin over; but here everybody knows me, and if I did not do as I always have done, I would be disgraced.'

Although Christine insists upon upholding and enforcing the traditions of her own caste, she rejoices in the downfall and humiliations of the aristocracy. She is interested in this *halb echt* Austrian Republic, and lauds the work of the Municipal Renting Office, in its conversion of private palaces into apartments for the people.

'Palaces of one hundred and fifty rooms are no longer used by half a dozen nobles,' she says, 'while hundreds of people walk the streets, or sleep in old cars, or under wagons. A prince himself can have only two rooms, and,' she adds triumphantly, 'a cousin of mine lives in a suite of rooms once occupied by an idle Grand Duke. There are three beds for the children, and a kitchen stove, in the gold and white salon. I was there myself the other night, and I found die Kinder eating Würste und Kraut. The stiff room was *gemütlich* jetzt, Gott sei Dank!'

I fully appreciate Christine's point of view. In Vienna, the thing that constantly wears upon one's sympathies is the justice in the position of contending

classes. Later on, when the new era has more nearly perfected itself, it will be for the betterment of all. Now, my greatest sympathy is for the middle class and for the suffering old aristocrat.

I number among my friends in Vienna a most interesting old Princess. A few days ago she telephoned that she would be glad to take tea with us that afternoon, adding, 'Please call for me, as I have sold my horses, and cabs are far too expensive for a Viennese.'

At half-past three, my niece Anne and I called at her castle, a rambling old pile, which dates from the year 1500. From its upper windows can be seen the tower of the Capuchin Church where the Hapsburgs lie at rest.

The Princess has shared the common lot of the aristocrats. One by one, the stately salons, the music-room, the ballroom, the banquet-hall, the chambers with their canopied beds, — rooms about which a thousand memories twine, — have been given to strangers. To-day we found her in her only remaining salon, with a lifelong accumulation of treasures piled high on couches, tables, and chairs.

'Forgive the confusion,' she said, 'but this wretched Government has taken my other salons. Some American moved in this morning; and as these things are too precious to be stored, sold, or given away, I must find a place for them. God grant that I shall not have to sell them!'

There were presents from every king in Europe; and what the Princess prizes much more, mementos from authors, artists, and musicians. From the adjoining salon we heard a jolly waltz and much laughter.

'I can't bear it,' cried the Princess. 'Come, let us go.'

She rang, and her butler entered. He assisted the Princess with her wraps and fastened the fur collar closely about her throat. She was a most interesting

figure, in her long seal mantle and old-fashioned, close-fitting cap. Though small, she carries her head high, and walks with much dignity.

Leaning on the arm of Fritz, she went down the long stairway, with its worn stone steps, across the courtyard, and through the big doors that have been guarded these hundreds of years by great stone lions.

'Good-bye, Fritz,' said the Princess gently, as they reached the automobile.

He bent low and kissed her hand.

'Ah, Fritz and I have suffered and grown old together,' she said as we rode away. 'That abominable creature, the present-day servant, he detests.'

When we reached home, we had a tea such as the Viennese dote upon: cold ham, chicken sandwiches, and delicious Viennese cakes. It was half-past six o'clock when we rose from the table.

'I am having a delightful time,' said the Princess, as she settled herself in an easy chair before the big Nuremberg stove, 'a delightful time. If you will permit me, I will remain to your evening meal. May I have the chauffeur call for me at eleven?'

Now it happened that day that the regular routine of our household had been broken into. At half-past two we had been invited to a bountiful dinner given by an American friend, so I had told Christine that we would consider the half-past five tea our supper. However, I assured the Princess that we should be delighted to have her remain. I went out to interview the cook.

'Christine has gone out,' said Bettina, the maid. 'You said, gnädige Frau, that there was n't to be any dinner, and Christine has locked up all the food except my supper and has taken the keys.'

'I will take the Princess to the hotel, Bettina.' I said.

When I went back to the living-room I found my guest talking of old days to Anne.

'Princess,' I ventured, as she paused to light her cigarette, 'have you ever dined at the grill in the New Bristol?'

'No, indeed. The Bristol was very fine in the old days. Now it is full of war profiteers, the nouveaux riches, the 'schiebers,' with their loud voices. The poor Viennese, who can't afford to tip lavishly, get shabby service. I never will humiliate myself by going to such a place.'

A moment after this tirade, she was again absorbed in reminiscence.

Anne listened with delight, while I sat pondering, trying to find a way out of my dilemma. I was just about to confess to the Princess, when Bettina succeeded in getting Christine on the telephone, and called her home.

'Christine,' I said, 'at nine serve us a light supper; omelette with mushrooms, toast and marmalade, a compote perhaps — something simple.'

Christine gasped: then her eyes fairly popped with surprise and indignation. Usually, when walking, she comes down hard on her heels; now she walked on the balls of her feet several times around the dining-room table before answering.

'Gnädige Frau, your guest is a Princess. Many a time I have cooked dinners when she was a guest in palaces, but never before have I been told to serve the Princess with omelette and compote.'

'Christine, the Princess tells me she dines at two o'clock. We shall have a simple supper, as we always do when we have dinner at that hour.'

Christine bowed and went out, but as the door closed, I heard her say indignantly: 'Omelette mit Pilzen und Compote für eine Prinzessin, das geht doch nicht.'

Our flat is rented from a Madame Müller, an old Viennese. Madame is very fond of her household treasures, and I promised to guard them well. There is an unwritten law that the

Maria Theresa dinner-service is not to be used.

When Bettina announced the dinner, I found to my surprise that the rare old dishes with their quaint rosebuds graced the table, also Madame's best linen, china, silver, and glass. I had invited John and Mary Skinner, from Cleveland, Ohio, to take dinner with us on the morrow. As our meal progressed, I decided that John and Mary would eat omelette and compote. The simple supper I had planned turned out to be what should have been my Sunday dinner, and even more.

The Princess lingered long over her food, praising the delicately browned chicken and hot biscuits. She exclaimed over the American salad, and was pleased when her favorite wine appeared.

'Who is your cook?' she demanded; 'these biscuit taste like those I used to have in the home of the Baronin von L——, when she was in the German Embassy. She had a famous cook—Christine.'

When I assured her that the biscuit were Christine's own, she clapped her hands like a pleased child.

'To see Christine will be a glimpse of the dear past. Please call her in.'

Christine appeared, as always immaculately dressed, an imposing and important figure in the world of Viennese cooks. As she crossed the room to greet the Princess, I remembered her defiant words concerning all aristocrats, her delight in their humiliation, and I wondered how she would conduct herself.

There was no hesitation about Christine: she fell on her knees and kissed the delicate aristocratic old hand again and again, murmuring between the kisses of her unfailing love of and longing for the personages whom she had served in the past under the old régime. They mingled their tears, the Princess and the cook.

THE GENOA CONFERENCE

BY HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM

I

MANY during the last month have wondered why Genoa, of all places, was chosen for a great European Conference. Even Spa, where the various missions were perched each on its own hill as in an inaccessible fortress, was not so inconvenient. Here the trouble is the lateral extension of the delegates. Genoa city has the Alps almost on its back, and seems in momentary danger of being pushed over into the sea. The streets are sometimes as steep as those of Lisbon, and, tired of climbing, stop dead at a precipice. The result is that the town has had to extend laterally along the seashore. There is no seaport that looks so beautiful as Genoa, seen from the harbor, whether in the daytime, colored from the hectic paint-box of the Riviera, or, better still, at night, when you can imagine yourself on a darkened stage, with footlights running along the galleries and circles and balconies of a vast theatre.

But for all this beauty, there is very little comfort in the town, and its hotels are not its strong point. The Miramare, where the British delegation is staying, and one or two others which house delegations, have pretensions; but the average hotel, though it has many sauces, has only one bathroom.

To escape the queue at the bathroom door, we have, most of us, scattered ourselves all over the surrounding country. Mr. Lloyd George was offered a magnificent palace, islanded on a promontory by the slums round the Ansaldo

works, but he wisely preferred a much smaller and cozier villa on the hills at Quarto, four miles on the Italian side of Genoa. M. Barthou has a fine place a little nearer town. But the Russians at Santa Margherita are an hour and a quarter's run in a fast car from Genoa; and from their place to Pegli, on the French side of the town, where some of the Scandinavians are staying, must be nearly thirty miles. At Nervi, a charming little town seven miles out, are most of the Germans, Poles, Hungarians, and Spaniards. The Eden Hotel manages to find room for one British flag on its roof, I suppose out of compliment to three solitary English people staying there — Colonel Repington, my daughter, and myself. I had almost forgotten to mention the Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Birkenhead, who, when he was here, lodged on an 80-ton yacht moored off Rapallo.

It is a great disappointment that there is no American delegation; but America has excellent representation in some fine journalists, passing rich, in a place where the pound sterling is worth 80 lire, on their expenses of I forget how many score dollars a day. The rest of us are hard put to pay our bills for motor cars, so far flung is the front of the Conference. But the Italians are admirable hosts, and have done their best to make us comfortable. They have fitted up one old palace in the Via Corsica as a journalists' hotel, and put in baths, too; only they forgot for a

week to lay on the water. Another palace, known as the Casa della Stampa, has been set apart for the use of journalists during the day. It has a great staircase, a tiny bar about ten feet square, and a magnificent room for writing. This is crowded with a polyglot mob of journalists, who write incessantly from early morn to dewy eve; though what they find to write so much about, I cannot conceive, even when I read the papers next day. The room is known as the Monkey House, because its windows are never opened. And yet, when all is said, I think that a picture of the room with everyone writing, talking, or telephoning would make a fine frontispiece for a book on the working of democratic institutions. And what a helpful kindly crowd it is. Journalism is a wonderful freemasonry.

It is a liberal education to sit for half an hour in that room. Every now and then typewritten documents in one language or another are handed round from the various delegations; and it has interested me very much to observe that the messengers who hand them never can tell to what nation a man belongs, so as to give him the document in his own language. I am always being handed documents in Italian or French or Polish, never in English. My daughter, again, has been mistaken by Poles for the young wife of a Spanish ambassador, by Spaniards for a Pole, by Hungarians for a Swede, and by Russians for a Frenchwoman.

These are trivialities, but beneath them there is a profound truth: namely, that the racial distinctions in Europe are artificial and unreal. There is, in fact, a European type as distinct as the American; and if that be so, may we not look forward some day to a European equivalent of a United States of America? Get rid of competitive armaments, suspend for a few years the miserable games of the old diplomacy,

and I cannot see that the formation of a Europe federalized for the important purposes of international life is materially a more difficult problem than that with which American statesmen deal every day. Perhaps, on a broad view, the real business of the Conference is to prepare the way for that ideal.

II

What the material reasons may have been for choosing Genoa for the Conference, I do not know; but one cannot be long in the place without feeling how appropriate, on general grounds, the choice has been. It may sound ridiculous, but modern Genoa (and the same holds good of Milan, and, to a less extent, of other commercial towns of Northern Italy) has a strong spiritual affinity with Manchester. Manchester, with its doctrine of *laissez faire*, its free trade, and its conception of the world as an economic unity transcending nationalist divisions, arose out of the ashes of the Napoleonic wars; and many people have observed what a great impulse a rather tight-belted peace has given to these ideas in England. Back to Manchester (people are thinking but half-consciously), or England cannot support her population.

So with Italy. If her industrial system is to flourish, she must depend on free interchange of commodities abroad. She is not a self-contained country, with a monopoly of certain luxuries, like France; and whereas post-war unemployment has hardly affected France, in Northern Italy, especially in the engineering and shipbuilding trades, it is most acute. The great engineering shops, which sprang up like mushrooms in the war and are now mouldering to decay, are, to adopt Lord Derby's celebrated phrase about unemployment in the North of England, Italy's devastated regions. Nor has she a great

colonial empire, with protected markets. For these and other reasons, you find all over industrial Italy a keenness of perception of economic truths — and of that greatest of economic truths, that nations prosper by each other's prosperity — such as you find nowhere else in the world, except in Lancashire when times are bad. Moreover, there are few traces in Italy of bitter anti-German sentiment. She hardly thinks of herself as having been at war with Germany, but only with Austria; and Austria's humiliation is so complete that magnanimity costs her no great effort. The Italians, too, are a softer and gentler people, at any rate than the Northern French. Their passions are quick, but soon burn themselves out, and they are restored to sane judgment by their good nature and keen sense of humor. Make an Italian laugh, and he is your friend.

If these things be true of all Northern Italy, they are branded in the historical consciousness of Genoa. Shut out by the hills from the hinterland, her past has been on the water. The city abounds in beautiful old palaces; but, except Paganini, she has given birth to no great artist. Her fame has been in affairs of politics and war. The formal opening of the Conference, on April 10, took place in the St. George's Palace which saw the beginnings of international banking and the mechanism of exchange; and Mr. Lloyd George and others have not been slow to remind us of the fact. Politics may divide, but the seas, and the commerce that crosses them, unite the nations of the world. Genoa must decline the honor which the Lord Chancellor in one speech put upon her, of being the port from which Columbus sailed on his first voyage to America; but she is justly proud of being his birthplace; and that fact, too, gave the Prime Minister a good mot in his opening speech. Genoa, he said,

had discovered America; would that the Conference at Genoa might help America to rediscover Europe — a friendly and not unhopeful reference to America's absence from the Conference.

It was at Genoa, too, — in a little street that you can see from one of the windows of the Monkey House, — that Mazzini, great idealist and apostle of Italian unity, was born; and from Quarto, halfway between Genoa and Nervi, Garibaldi and his Thousand Redshirts set sail on their fateful expedition. On the hall table of Mr. Lloyd George's villa, there are two oblong copper tablets, mounted on wood, and inscribed, the one to Mazzini and the other to Garibaldi, with words expressing the Prime Minister's admiration of those two great men.

Yes, Genoa, after all, is a singularly appropriate meeting-place, despite her inconveniences. Dante, for reasons of his own, said horrible things about the Genoese; but, however hard the classic age of Genoa may have been, with its grand heroic figure of Andrea Doria, who routed the Turks at Lepanto, the modern Genoese are more amiable than Dante ever could have been.

It may well be that history will account that first meeting in the St. George's Palace, on April 10, as more fateful than the Vienna, Berlin, or Paris Conferences ever were. Imagine a room nearly square, and about the size of a British Methodist chapel. The lime-washed walls are adorned with statues, set in niches, of ancient commercial worthies of the city (commerce and politics were one in those old days, and merchants financed their own trade-wars), and with a spirited picture of St. George fighting the Dragon. (Nobody has been able to tell me why there are so many St. Georges and Dragons in Genoa.) At one end of the room is a gallery, which would comfortably seat

perhaps two hundred people; but on April 10 it was crowded with some four hundred journalists, many hanging to railings or perched precariously on the pediments of statues. The floor of the room is empty, except for what look like big curtained bookcases and rows of tables and chairs. These are arranged like the sides of a square, the fourth side, nearest the gallery, being left with an opening, to give a passage through to the tables for the official reporters and interpreters.

We writing people scrambled to our places an hour before the session began. The whole of the city was beflagged, the streets and balconies were crowded with sightseers; and all along the line of approach was a fringe of gray-tunicked soldiers and more picturesque carabineers, with their dark cloaks, silver buttons, navy blue uniforms, pipe-clay belts, and Napoleon hats. The Italian Government had omitted neither precaution nor stately and picturesque pageantry from its preparations; and the happy crowd in the sunny streets contributed the friendliness.

We sat in the gallery, waiting for the delegates to enter. But there was no entry, only a sort of infiltration, which gradually filled up the benches below until they became full of interest. The first plans of the seats had put the five Allies at a sort of high table, separated from the rest by a narrow gangway; but, as the seats filled up, we saw that this gangway had disappeared, and that the tables and seats were continuous. It was, one hoped, a symbol.

At the top table, in the middle, are the Italians, with Signor Facta in the chair, and Signor Schanzer, the Foreign Minister, on his left. Facta is an old Giolittian, with a brisk and decisive moustache, who showed later in the sitting that he is a firm and tactful chairman. Schanzer is drowsily eloquent.

On the right of the Italians are the

French, with Monsieur Barthou and Monsieur Barrère; and to their left again, the Japanese. Barthou, the head of the French delegation, is a tallish man, with literary tastes, a big moustache, and a sense of humor. He comes with a reputation as a destroyer of ministries comparable to that of Clemenceau himself. He it was who pulled Briand down after Cannes; and he showed before the Conference had been sitting for many hours that he felt like a stepfather toward it. And yet, later on, he developed a certain regard for the brat whom Briand had left on the doorstep of the French Foreign Office. Barrère, they say, is a bad man; a wasp with a thin drone of voice, a reactionary of the Quai d'Orsay, which, be it remembered, always maintains a certain independence, both of the French people and of its own Government, and lives on a special diet of diplomatic formulas and hard French logic.

What ails France, the former friend of liberal ideas in Europe, that at this hour of crisis she should suffer her rulers to make her out a courtesan, proportioning her favors to the amount of the rewards, and carrying over no sentiment or affection from one transaction to another? Had France moved at the rate of England from the psychology of war, by this time there would have been a new Europe.

On the left of the Italians are the British: Sir Robert Horne, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir L. Worthington Evans, Secretary for War; Sir Philip Lloyd Graeme of the Board of Trade, and others. Horne entered politics at the last election by way of most useful work on the administrative side of the war. A Scots lawyer and a bachelor turning fifty, he has won his way to his high position by genuine capacity, — which, however, is differently measured by friends and critics, — high spirits, and a magnificent fund of good

stories, which he tells inimitably. He is baldish, with a sandy complexion, dances well, can do without sleep, and finds relief from tiredness in a hard game of tennis. The Secretary for War has the long lean figure that often goes with a bass voice like his, an exceedingly clear head, especially for figures, and combines an artificially heavy Philistinism with a good sense of John Bull humor. Lloyd Graeme is the typical English public-school boy grown up; and among the secretaries, Sir Edward Grigg (the 'Lord Grigg' of the Italian papers), with his ruddy round face and his jolly laugh, has given rise to the expression, 'as merry as a grigg.' There are plenty of able men in the British company, among them Sir Basil Blackett of the Treasury, — a typical civil servant, learned without ponderousness, — and Sir Sydney Chapman, an economist of parts, and of mild and balanced judgment. The only criticism I have heard of the English team is that there are too many experts and not enough poker-players among them. Again, I have nearly omitted to mention Lord Birkenhead, who has been and gone, but is expected here again soon. He is still at his old game of falsifying the dismal prophecies of old fogies as to his future. A few years ago, all good family solicitors were wringing their hands over his appointment as Lord Chancellor, and already he has established his claim to rank among the great Lord Chancellors. He does everything well that he is expected to do ill.

The Germans are already in their places on the side-benches, with the Belgians between them and the British. Rathenau is the most learned and famous among them, with his slightly Mongoloid cast of features; Wirth, the Chancellor, is the typical big *gemüthlich* German. The Austrians are on the side-benches on the Chairman's right;

and on the cross-benches forming the base of the square are the Poles and the Russians. On the natural charm of most Poles, Dr. Skirmunt, their Foreign Minister, has imposed a taciturnity of manner rather than of speech (for when he does speak he is almost voluble), and an unusual appearance of strength. The jaws are Americanly square, the skin has a parchment clearness and pallor, and the mouth is loose and humorous.

Of the Russians, Chicherin, aristocrat by birth, looks as if he might be a watchmaker or a cultivated ironmonger. He is undoubtedly clever, but both his voice and his pen are scratchy, and the first favorable impression, made by his tall figure and oval, rather unhealthy, face, is lost. He is reputed to do all his work o' nights, and sometimes to be sixteen hours late for an engagement. Krassin, despite a Van Dyck beard and a certain air of urbanity, is less the man of affairs than his history would incline one to think. Perhaps Litvinoff, whom one remembers as the first minister of the Bolsheviki in London, living in a mean house but full of the new gospel, is the most sensible and practical man of them all. He is a short, heavy-shouldered Jew, with a slow manner and a quick mind.

All, or nearly all, the delegates are now in their places, and the lights, low until now, are turned up. It is an animated scene, but the conversation in the crowded room sounds curiously distant, like the buzz of an insect on a hot day. For one's mind wanders away from the room to the days before the war, which seem to have belonged to another world. Would Europe ever again be what it was then? No, not the same, for the wise men knew that we were living on the sides of a volcano; but prosperous anew, without the former arrogance, and peaceful without pride, because we have learned, through

years surfeited with horror, that we are all members of the one body, and that, when one of us is morbid, the whole of Europe sickens with him. We say that a man's head aches, when what we really mean is that the man aches in his head. And, similarly, we may say that Germany or Russia is sick, but what we really mean is that all Europe is sick through Germany and Russia. Should we, at this Conference, made wiser by the war, be able to found a new united Europe, working together for peace? The dullest man could not but fall to chastening introspection. Could we — would we — rise to the height of the opportunity, and have done with playing at soldiers and with the wicked chessboard of the old diplomacy?

It is nearly four in the afternoon, and there is but one chair vacant. It is that of Mr. Lloyd George, who has earned the right to come in last by being the only begetter of the Conference, and the one who has risked most for the welfare of his child. He is undoubtedly the Man of Destiny at Genoa, whether for good or ill cannot yet be said; but the opening session had not been in progress half an hour before he established his mastery, and he has never wholly lost it since. If he could be in every part of the field at once, and also at the other end of the telegraph in Paris, where M. Poincaré is intrenched, the success of the Conference would by now be assured. As it is, considerable as his personal triumphs have been, the battle is on a wide front, and in its confused complicated infighting has been compared, not inaptly, to the trench-warfare that set in after the Marne.

III

Readers would not wish me, with the Conference still unfinished, even to attempt an account of the deliberations, especially as by the time these words

appear in print they will know the event that is now hidden. A better way of presenting its story would be through the eyes of one of its leading personalities. Which one shall this be? I have just now spoken severely of the present rulers of France, but Barthou has contracted infection with the humane ideals of the Conference, and his position, now drawn toward them, now drawn back by irksome and somewhat humiliating instructions from Paris, would make an excellent subject for analysis, if only enough were known of the details of these attractions and repulsions.

No less interesting is the position of the Germans, who, it is known, were divided among themselves at the time about the wisdom of their agreement with Russia. They all realize now what a mistake it was, and regret having given occasion to the reproach that they have changed their circumstances but not their nature. Alas, that Germans should combine so much knowledge with so little understanding.

Bénès of Czechoslovakia is one of the ablest men here, and a full account of his activities would be as interesting as a Disraeli novel. And there are the Russians—if only one could transfer one's sympathy with Russia to their somewhat unattractive personalities. But the completest idea of the Conference is to be got by seeing it through the eyes of Mr. Lloyd George. As a representative of one of the smaller Powers said to me, 'The rest are *office-men*; civil servants more or less competent. He is the Man and the Idea of this Conference.'

The Man is, before everything else, a Realist. There are two sorts of politicians: those who measure all facts by the foot-rule of what they call their principles, and those who try to shape facts and events in accordance with a creative idea. Lloyd George is of the

latter type; and it is surely the higher one. For what are the principles of smaller men, but the ideas of great men broken up as it were into crystals? Fixed principles in politics he has none, but that does not mean that he is unprincipled; always in his mind there is the dominating idea, at once the product and the transformer of his surroundings. And the dominating idea of Lloyd George at this Conference is the unity of Europe. He realizes more acutely than any other politician that, unless Europe can combine for certain common interests and heal its internecine conflicts, its place in the world is lost. It is only by a great effort of the imagination that we can ever conceive the break-up of the civilization in which we have grown up; but Europe is, in fact, on the brink of a miserable relapse into the Middle Ages.

And England is, economically, part of Europe. The unemployment that has followed the war is not an accident, but a solemn warning. Unless Europe can be reconstituted, England cannot support forty-five millions, or anything like that number, despite her colonial commonwealths.

The detached observer has two difficulties in understanding the policy of Mr. Lloyd George at this Conference. The first is, how the same man who pleads so eloquently for the unity of Europe could have set his hand to the Treaty of Versailles. How can the same man make himself responsible one year for expeditions against Russia, costing 100,000,000 pounds, and presently urge the recognition of those same rulers of Russia against whom he fought? Did he not promise that the Kaiser should be tried and executed, and that the Germans should be made to pay to the last farthing?

All this is true, but in justice to him it must be remembered that, when he was negotiating the Versailles Treaty,

he dared not press any conviction to the point of a rupture with France; that to quarrel in the face of an enemy still armed was to jeopardize the victory; that with all his gifts he knows no economics; that the end of the war came unexpectedly soon, and found us still in a tremor of moral indignation; and that the transfer from this state to one of cool calm reflection is one of extreme difficulty. Remember, too, that the foolish tactics of the official Liberals had forced him to work with the Conservatives. But remember, finally, that everything he says now he said with greater or less distinctness in the Versailles Conference. No, his ideals now are no sudden conversion, dictated by party convenience: they are the old grain, showing again as the grime of war is cleansed away.

He has made new friends in the Conference, and one frequently comes across old enemies who boast that they now support him for the first time. Particularly gratifying has been the measure of support, slight though it is, that latterly has been given him by his old Liberal friends. He has shown no lack of his old skill in negotiation, and his optimism has been an inspiration. Sometimes, one thinks, his very cleverness has been a snare, tempting him to brilliant but sterile tours-de-force, and putting everyone on his guard against wiles so fascinating. In some ways the finest thing he has done at the Conference, because it was so simple and so obviously sincere, was his speech at the dinner given him by the English and American journalists here. In a vibrant but quiet voice, he asked for our help in the remaking of Europe. I know one important Liberal journalist who was converted from a suspicious critic into a zealous and hopeful friend.

He certainly needed all the help he could get, for never did conference meet in circumstances of such complicated

difficulty. When the revolt against him in the Conservative party began, early in the year, he missed a great opportunity. He had only to go out into the open as a Liberal, without adjective, and he could in a few months have become the leader of a united progressive party. He failed to take the opportunity, not because he did not see it, but because (as I happen to know) he felt it his duty to stand by the Conservative leaders who had helped him to carry his Irish policy. But he lost in prestige by his failure to quell the revolt. In addition, he was pursued by the Northcliffe vendetta. In a speech attacking Lord Northcliffe in the House, about a couple of years ago, he accused him of *tête montée* and (I am told) touched his head as he said it. That gesture has never been forgiven and has sensibly affected European history. In England the political influence of the Northcliffe papers is much less than it was, and than is commonly supposed. The chief mischief has arisen from the fact that France has mistaken the voice of the grasshoppers (another of the Georgian gibes) for the voice of the field. The result has been that official France has been in working alliance with the unofficial Opposition in England. One can recall nothing in history quite so foolish from the French side, or so discreditable on the English side, as this alliance. At this moment it is doing more to wreck the Entente than the woodenness of Poincaré or the militarist follies of the French General Staff.

IV

This Conference arose out of the Cannes Resolutions, which everyone talks about but no one ever quotes. They began by postulating that the resumption of international trade and the development of European resources

are necessary, and laid down six conditions alone on which this beneficent work could be accomplished. These are as follows (I summarize for brevity's sake):—

1. Nations have no right to dictate to each other on their internal economy and government; but
2. If foreign capital is to help, it must be assured of guaranties that its rights shall be respected.
3. Among these guaranties necessary to give foreign capital the sense of security are the recognition of public debts and the obligation to restore, or compensate, foreign interests for loss or damage caused by the measures of the Soviet Government.
4. Adequate exchange.
5. An undertaking on the part of all nations to refrain from propaganda subversive of order in other countries.
6. A pact against aggression.

These conditions have formed the basis of all the work of the Conference. Observe that the two really contentious subjects — the reconstruction of Russia and the Pact — are political, the one going back to the Prinkipo proposals, the other, part of a great project of world-peace and world-disarmament, of which the disarmament of Germany was one installment, the Agreement of Washington another. The purely economic part of the Conference's work has given no difficulty. The trouble is, Russia and the Pact.

A week ago the British were still confident that France would not continue her policy of obstruction. They are less confident now, since M. Barthou returned from Paris, but they still hope that the Russian reply to the last Note of the Powers will give sufficient ground of agreement to make it worth while to continue the negotiations. If it does not, the Conference will very definitely have failed, and the future of Europe is dark indeed. If, on the other hand, it does, the Conference will produce solid and beneficial results.

'I want a definite answer from Russia to our Note — Yes or No,' said M. Barthou, on his return from Paris. But the British position is very different. 'We want evidence of Russian bonafides; if that is forthcoming, we shall continue the negotiations with or without France.'

I do not think that France, when it comes to the pinch, will stay outside the negotiations; for the danger of isolation in Europe is a real one. But, even if she stays outside, the door will remain open for her to come in whenever she likes. If France broke loose from the rest of Europe and occupied the Ruhr, we might decline to be further responsible for carrying out the provisions of the Versailles Treaty, withdraw our troops from the Rhine and our members from the various commissions; and, in that case, the Entente would be at an end. But no mere disagreement about Russia would be sufficient to bring about that disaster. There must be some overt, specific act on the part of France before that can happen.

No conference has been so difficult and, in many of its phases, so obscure, as this. The first task of Mr. Lloyd George, and one in which at first he looked like succeeding, was to produce an atmosphere of confidence. Apart from the obstruction of France, which was directed from Paris, and the malignant campaign of the *Times*, two events clouded the hopes of the opening days. One was the Russo-German Treaty, which set all nerves on edge. The other was the rumor that the Shell Company had taken advantage of the Conference to obtain a monopoly of Russian oil. 'Ah! these hypocritical Britons,' people said, 'getting their rivals into church, and rigging up a combine while they are at their devotions.' In fact, though there were negotiations between the Shell and

the Russians before the Conference, there were none, so far as one can gather, at the Conference; and if there were, the British Government was certainly in complete ignorance of them. But the whole incident was unfortunate. Who, one wonders, set the rumor going? Certainly he could have been no friend to the Conference. When the Russian negotiations were at their most critical stage, the hostile French papers persisted in calling the old Russian capital, 'Petrolgrad.'

V

Official America is not sympathetic with the Georgian projects of recognizing the Russian Government and bringing the country back into the commercial and political comity of nations; and at this stage it would not be interesting to tell the whole complicated story of the negotiations. But it is just that the point of view of the British Prime Minister should be understood in America, the more so as, owing to opposition both among his own Conservative supporters and by the French Government, he cannot carry the opposing position by direct frontal attack, but must lay siege to it, advancing his lines at one point, withdrawing them at another, so that their configuration is never the same for two days together.

Imagine the United States split up, as Europe is, into a number of jealous states. Suppose the whole of the West (which is Russia) ruined by revolution, so that it can contribute nothing but political disease to the rest of the country; the Middle West, which is Germany and Austria, paralyzed with debt; the South, say at New Orleans, working in collusion with half a dozen states for the further humiliation of Ohio and Illinois; and the New England States sick of war and bowed down by the double burdens of crushing taxation

and the loss of its customers. Is there an American of these states who would not make it his first object to restore unity, to stop the competitive armaments and the insane political rivalry, which, we will suppose, is being watched by a United States of Europe with mingled disgust and alarm? Such is the problem of Europe now. Any attempt to translate it into terms of the American Continent has necessarily a ludicrous appearance, because America has enjoyed unity, — whereas Europe never has, — and fought her great war to maintain it. But what, transferred to the American Continent, reads like printer's pi, is dreadful reality here. Only one man on this side is working to make sense of it all. Whatever his faults may have been, there is no hope for Europe at present but in him. Who is Poincaré, that he should loll in his easy-chair in Paris, with a telephone receiver at his ear, and damn the Conference people for standing up? The present state of Europe will not get better of itself, — indeed, one may well despair of the future of Europe, — if the half-baked economics and the puerile politics of revenge for which the present rulers of France stand are to prevail.

A distinguished American observed to me during the Conference that there is only one real division in Europe — between the powers like France, who are self-contained, and the powers like England, who live on their foreign trade. The cruelty of the policy of obstruction pursued by France at Genoa has lain in the fact that England could not hit back. Over and over again has Mr. Lloyd George been urged to break with France and cease the attempt to reconcile two incompatibles. He has refused, because he recognizes that Europe can never be a single family without France. France convinced herself

that Mr. Lloyd George would not break with her, and pressed that advantage very ungenerously. The Georgian ideal of a united Europe has borne the strain of French unfriendliness. But the sentiment of the British people is becoming more and more anti-French, and sooner or later, if France continues her present policy, the Entente must break. The alternative is a new grouping of European powers. It is not true to say that Lloyd George has threatened the French with this new grouping. What he has said, all the time at Genoa, to France is, 'Help me; don't drive my people too far, or that will be the inevitable consequence.'

The Americans may be right in their attitude toward the recognition of Russia, if they regard her problems from the standpoint of pure economics. They are, at bottom, political. There is no hope for peace in Europe with Russia left outside, no chance of a reduction of armaments, or of a permanent pact of peace. You in America may be able to regard that prospect with comparative equanimity. But for us it is the death knell of the free Europe for which we fought the war.

Genoa will not accomplish all that it set out to do, and the ideal of a united Europe is still distant. None the less, this Conference has set forces in motion which must triumph, if Europe is not to relapse into the Middle Ages. Europe will some day find its Lincoln — perhaps not in our day. But when it does, the Genoa Conference, even though it fails, will be hailed as the beginning of a new epoch; and Lloyd George's failure — should it come to that — will be hailed as the biggest and best thing he has ever done. One thing is certain: he has fixed British policy for the next generation, and given it a liberal bias which the next few years will accentuate, but cannot alter.

BRITISH PERSONALITIES

BY E. T. RAYMOND

I

THERE was once, says the Japanese *Æsop*, a poor husbandman who wrung with great toil a pitiful subsistence from a few tan of rice-land. On this land was an old tree-stump. One day, while the husbandman was complaining to Heaven of his hard lot, a hare ran across the field, and, striking its head against the tree-stump, fell senseless. The husbandman, being an indifferent Buddhist, with no objection to flesh-meat, took the hare home for his dinner. Afterward he reflected. 'How much easier,' said he, 'is it to pick up hares which stun themselves against tree-stumps than to labor all day in the heavy mud of the paddy field! I will erect more tree-stumps. I shall get more hares and live all my years in ease and fatness.' So he planted tree-stumps everywhere, neglected his husbandry, and, in due time, perished miserably, victim of the wrath of Heaven and of his own impious folly.

There is something in the attitude of the British Opposition parties which reminds one of this Japanese husbandman. Ever since 1918 they have been depending, not on their own energy, or vision, or originality, but on the mistakes of Mr. Lloyd George's Government. It must be admitted that they have enjoyed vastly better luck than the fool of the fable. Not once alone has the chance meal come to them. Government hares, for whom all the year is March, are constantly coming into disastrous collision with fact; and their

incaution so far has saved even the trouble of preparing traps. There is, to drop metaphor, scarcely an error of commission or omission which the Prime Minister and his colleagues have failed to perpetrate during the last three years. Their record is nothing so simple as doing the things which they ought not to have done and leaving undone the things they ought to have done. There are few things that they have done that they have not also come to undo, and they have done most things to which, at some time or another, they have declared no pressure should compel them.

But the Government itself is not undone. Thanks to the feebleness of the Opposition, it takes no hurt from a superiority to consistency carried to lengths of which the late Mr. Chamberlain — who declared that it was not important to be consistent, but only 'to be always right' — never dreamed. A minister will compliment himself highly on the inception and passage of a certain act of Parliament. Six months later, the same minister is equally eloquent and assured in proposing its repeal. On both occasions he has the warm approbation of the greater part of the press, while the public looks on with languid and not unsympathetic amusement.

Resignation on a question of principle is now almost unknown; and rare examples are treated with a disrespect not likely to encourage such quixotry.

When Dr. Addison, taking amiss the reversal of his policy, left the Government, there were but two feelings among his colleagues. One was that he was presumptuous to indulge a delicacy not practised by his betters. The other was scandalized astonishment at his unthriftiness. Every speech on the subject seemed to have as its inspiration a vision of the unhappy ex-Minister selling toys on Ludgate Hill some years hence.

Yet it would no doubt be unjust to connect what Gladstone would certainly have considered a shameless disregard, not only of the etiquette of statesmanship, but of the basic principles of Cabinet Government, with a mere desire to retain the emoluments of office. There is no reason to suppose that men of affairs are more grasping than they were; and many of them, we may note, could do better in business. The explanation is rather to be found in the peculiar psychology of the modern British minister. The great trouble of England just now is not the sordid greed, but the lofty and disinterested ambition, of her new race of supermen. Whether they represent a hitherto unknown variety of politician, or whether they have only caught Mr. Lloyd George's complaint, they are all afflicted with the fatal desire to do good, and with the equally fatal illusion that good can be done by no others than themselves.

Perhaps the fault, in the first place, was that of the public. There was a time when the average British citizen deeply resented any attempt to overgovern him. He said in effect: 'Take your salaries, concoct your jobs, talk your nonsense, break every commandment of God and Lindley Murray, but spare us one thing: do not govern us.' That was *laissez faire*. A wholesome instinct, it was carried just a little too far, and after a time the British people,

thinking undergovernment had been overdone, ventured to remark: 'After all, for what are all these salaries paid, these privileges and honors given, if not for doing something?' It was a natural question, but, as the event proved, an imprudent one. 'So,' reflected the brighter and more adaptable politicians, 'England wants government. Well, England shall have it.'

England has been having it ever since, and too much of it. The modern minister does not look on himself as an administrator, but as a creative artist. He goes about like an inversion of the old enemy, seeking, not what he may devour, but what he may contrive. In one of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's comedies, there is a woman who, seeking a pretext for her husband's baronetcy, asks feverishly: 'Oh, what does the town want? A museum, a winter garden, swings on the common, a parrot-house? Oh, do tell me, someone!'

That has long been the frame of mind of Mr. Lloyd George and his lieutenants. They are all consumed with a raging desire to do things, or (if they can think of nothing to do) to undo something that has already been done — the more solid, the better. It is easy to picture them in the watches of the night, wakeful in well-doing, torturing themselves as to what the country really does want, and never, by any chance, considering the preposterous possibility that it might want to be left alone. Suddenly a bright idea arrives; the minister dashes out of bed, imprisons it on paper, to mention it at the Cabinet next day; in a month, it becomes a bill; in three months, an act; and in twelve, a repeal bill.

To all this disinterested fury of legislative philanthropy the British public has so far been able to oppose only its character. It has listened helplessly, in wide-eyed bovine astonish-

ment, to the explanation of plans for its benefit. Only when acts of Parliament were due to come into operation, did it summon up its passive strength, and that has generally sufficed in the long run to secure either formal repeal or informal noneffectiveness. The nation has been dazed by the nimbleness of mind on the Treasury Bench; and, however convinced that this quickness is not quite English, and therefore not quite safe, it has not felt the requisite confidence to declare decisively that there must be an end to all this passion for edification and lust of well-doing. It has lost all its illusions. They could hardly survive the quick changes of last year, culminating in that great Irish volte-face, which is now seen to have been as misjudged in time and method as it was, no doubt, right in principle. Still less could illusions endure after the verdict of the Geddes Committee on the finance of the 'Land-Fit-for-Heroes' schemes. Even less yet, could they continue, in face of £1,100,000 budgets and income tax, at six shillings in the pound.

Yet, curiously enough, there is no conscious and intelligent revulsion against the Government, on the scale which would seem to be justified by the deep disappointment of the nation. The Coalition is unpopular. The capricious genius at its head is deeply distrusted, even where he is still liked. He is not only losing his hold on the popular imagination, but (what is a serious thing in a man of his temperament) he knows it. The last year has been a great change in him. He can rise, with an effort, to a particular emergency, but he has no longer the zest, the gay courage, and the boundless self-confidence, which once distinguished him. He is a worried man, with lessened self-control, and an air that suggests a pained premonition of coming failure.

Mr. Balfour was in much such a situation and mood during those months before the great defeat of 1906. Yet, despite the surface similarity of the circumstances, they are really very different. There should be, on the face of things, ample opportunity for the Opposition, and a daily clearer prospect of an alternative Government. Yet at no time since the war has there appeared less evidence of constructive processes in British politics. The Coalition is slowly dissolving; it has certainly lost the greater part of whatever spiritual vitality it once possessed, and its cohesion is almost purely mechanical. It might be compared, not inaptly, to the sick man in Poe's grim tale, who was really dead, but was maintained in a ghastly appearance of life by the spell of the mesmerist. When the spell was broken, it will be remembered, the seeming solid body liquefied, almost on the instant, into putrescence. Such a fate might well be that of Mr. Lloyd George's Administration, if the natural forces at work were permitted their full disintegrative efficacy. But, while there is no incantation powerful enough to restore vitality, dissolution is held in check, not, as in the Poe tale, by a powerful exterior will, but merely by its absence. Decay proceeds, and can hardly be arrested; but there is no authoritative voice to say, 'You are dead; the only decent thing you can do is to get buried.'

II

Mr. Asquith possesses no such voice. For him also there is appropriateness in a parable of life-in-death. When the Japanese Napoleon, the great Hideyoshi, died at the crisis of his Korean campaign, his followers were afraid to permit intelligence of their loss to reach the enemy. So the body, embalmed with great skill, and 'plated in habili-

ments of war,' was mounted on the customary charger, surrounded by the usual pomp, and shown at the head of the army. All, however, to no avail; prestige could not compensate the loss of living vigor; the Koreans found that, whether or not Hideyoshi lived, his genius was dead; and when the trick was finally exposed, they were even more contemptuously confident than if it had never been attempted. In the same way, it would have paid the Independent Liberals better to have put any living sergeant-major at their head rather than have paraded the defunct dignity and prestige of Mr. Asquith. For Mr. Asquith has too obviously survived his qualities. The strain of the war, the weight of years, the oppression of cruel bereavement, the desolating sense of being an anachronism in this new and harsh world — all these factors, and perhaps others still more personal, have deprived him of the energy, still more of the hope and eagerness, necessary to the leader of a party whose first task is to remake itself.

On one ground, indeed, Mr. Asquith, if he were other than himself, might win the sympathy of a people overwrought with bureaucratic meddling. He is the representative of what Mr. Lloyd George condemned as 'humdrum Liberalism'; he has *laissez faire* in the very marrow of his bones; and the average British citizen is beginning to rediscover virtue in that philosophy. But Mr. Asquith has not the knack of putting an old truth in a new way; he is, carelessly rather than deliberately, sympathetic with youth (unless it be enveloped in *crêpe-de-Chine* or *georgette*), and his appeal to the rank-and-file is feeble. I happened to be at a dinner of the Cobden Club which Mr. Asquith addressed, a little while ago, and the whole business seemed highly symbolical of his situation as a leader.

There were few under seventy present; the chairman tottered under the weight of over eighty years; and every argument, allusion, and form of speech belonged to the golden age of Queen Victoria. Where he happens to be up-to-date, Mr. Asquith contrives always to be unpopular. His arguments for the revision of the Versailles Treaty are, of course, inspired only by economic convictions, and his attitude is scarcely distinguishable from that of the Prime Minister himself; but somehow he can never speak on the subject without suggesting that kind of charity to the late enemy that infuriates a people which, while it does not want to perpetuate hate, is equally indisposed to 'slobber.'

Most important of all, Mr. Asquith has not shown fight. Nine times out of ten he agrees with the Government, and the tenth time he attacks it with the caution of one who fears a damaging retort. He is easily cowed by the Prime Minister; he shows not only dislike but timidity in the House of 'Hard Faces'; as Lord Morley said of Harcourt, he 'misses old stable companions, and dislikes new ones'; and he has little encouragement, and even some disdain, for members of his own slender cohort. Mr. Balfour was in somewhat the same position after the disaster of 1906. But in that case the first failure was the last. Mr. Balfour — one accepts thankfully the privilege of the past tense, to speak of the great Commoner under his own honored name — set to work to study the new assembly as he would have studied a new language; and he was rewarded by perhaps the most remarkable recovery of which English political history affords example. Mr. Asquith lacks both the patience and the heart to copy Mr. Balfour, and the result has been a constant, progressive, and apparently irremediable diminution of his own prestige.

Nor can it be said that there is much hope in the other leaders of the Independent Liberals. Sir Donald Maclean, honest and not unintelligent, is still pedestrian and uninspiring; and the only other possible chief, Sir John Simon, is a younger, smaller, more acrid, and less majestic Asquith. There is often a rough justice in nicknames, and those who know Sir John Simon best call him 'Foxy.' It is certain that he does not lack subtlety; and people who delight in the mere display of adroitness, without reference to the occasion of its exercise, never lose zest in retelling the story of how Lord Northcliffe's brother, Lord Rothermere, was hurled out of office, as if by some patent ejector, through the patient ingenuity of Sir John Simon. This eminent lawyer showed, by his refusal of the Lord Chancellorship when it was to be had for the asking, that he nourishes political ambitions of the highest; and of late he has been playing Prince Hal to Mr. Asquith's moribund Bolingbroke.

But in this case the crown has to be won; and though there may be no reason to doubt Sir John's qualification to wear the purple, his capacity to snatch it from its present wearer is another question. Like Mr. Asquith, he has clearness of head, lucidity of expression, and that gift of rather depressing infallibility which belongs to all who are in the succession of John Stuart Mill. But, still more than Mr. Asquith, he is deficient in the power of raising men's pulses; no great word ever falls from his lips, and the lesser words never attain enough momentum to give, as with Mr. Lloyd George, the suggestion of greatness to what, when analyzed, may be really of little account. That he is not incapable of sacrifice for principle was shown by his resignation from the Government on the question of con-

scription. It is not always, however (as Macaulay remarked about the Nonjurors), that martyrdom permanently elevates; and the grave interruption to his career which resulted from his self-pronounced decree of exile seems to have had a somewhat unfavorable effect on the externals of Sir John Simon's political character. Never constructive, he has become rather harshly and narrowly critical; and the genuine, if rather mechanical, geniality he displayed in the days when he was the infant phenomenon of politics, has given place to something sharp and cynical. He seemed formerly to regard everybody, friend or foe, with a good nature slightly tintured with contempt; the contempt remains, but it has a more acid flavoring.

Moreover, if he does not share Mr. Asquith's stately indifference to popularity, he is at least as deficient in the arts which ensure it. Freely spending a great professional income, he makes no impression as an entertainer; showing himself much in public, he fails altogether to capture the heart or inflame the imagination of the people. Like his nominal leader, he might prove a perfectly competent general for a political army already in being; he is hardly the man to make a small company formidable, or a dispirited company enthusiastic.

Beyond these, there is little or nothing. Hopelessly scattered is that brilliant knot of men who surrounded Mr. Asquith between 1909 and 1914. Some, like Lord Haldane, are superannuated; some, like Mr. Churchill, have so far dropped to the Right as to make return to Liberalism almost impossible; some, like Mr. Reginald McKenna, — who seemed rather like a banker when he was in politics, and seems much more like a statesman now he is a banker, — have left politics altogether.

III

Without doubt, the true strength of Liberalism is with the Independents, and not with that depressed and somewhat depressing fragment which tries to persuade itself that Mr. Lloyd George is still, at bottom, the man of the Budget and the Land Campaign. But though an election would probably give Mr. Asquith a considerably increased following in the House of Commons, it is not easy to see how Liberalism can yet reestablish itself as a serious candidate for power. In rustic England a crude form of pleasantries used to be popular. A father or big brother, with a cake to divide among the youngsters, would begin by announcing, 'Them as asks shan't have; them as don't ask don't want.' Of course everybody asked. It was the only policy, however unpromising. But that is precisely what the Liberals are not doing. In their whole attitude, in everything they say and do, resides the implication that they do not expect to win an election when it comes. Consequently, they must lose that very powerful body of opinion which, on grounds not necessarily frivolous, likes to be on the winning side. The Liberals might have a chance if they assumed success. They are ensuring defeat by acknowledging in advance that it is certain.

A little time ago it might have seemed possible to modify somewhat this view. For a moment it appeared that the return to politics of Viscount Grey of Fallodon had influenced the situation to the marked advantage of the Independent Liberals. Lord Grey, once the most highly praised, has latterly been the most unjustly depreciated, of British statesmen. His judgment and his knowledge have been equally questioned. He has, however, never lost the confidence — of popu-

larity in its true sense he never had anything to lose — of those who place a due value on moral qualities in their man of affairs, and there are many who would willingly sacrifice much more clever and brilliant men if they could in exchange be assured of the singleness of mind, the sobriety of judgment, the perfect honesty and absence of self-seeking, which they know would characterize the administration of Lord Grey.

That he has always been a little aloof from his own party, and that he has been an object of sleepless suspicion to its extreme Left wing, would have been no disadvantage. For he is free from the suspicions which, however unjustly, dog the footsteps of the Independent Liberal leaders. While none could imagine Lord Grey favoring the perpetuation of hatreds in Europe, or pursuing a policy of militant imperialism elsewhere, it was equally out of the question to suspect him of any leaning toward the Teutonic camp in Europe, or toward the Little England conventicle at home.

Again, while political convictions, as well as the natural instincts of his class, would impress on him the vital importance of economy in national house-keeping, he would with equal certainty avoid the opposite error of maiming essential public services. On questions like defense, on questions like education, he might be depended on to trim between the opposite extremes of dangerous meanness and prodigal extravagance. Men like Lord Grey are the best fitted to check the exaggerations of experts. They know that, as the late Lord Salisbury said, 'To the soldier nothing is safe, to the doctor nothing is wholesome, to the theologian nothing is innocent'; and they are gifted — it is perhaps an hereditary power, the result of ages of family experience in practical affairs — with an almost automatic perception of the

frontier line between a saving prudence and a ruinous overinsurance.

Moreover, after a surfeit of Celtic brilliance, there was something inviting in Lord Grey's English unimaginativeness; after so much twopence-colored epic, it was a relief to contemplate the reign of a penny-plain prosaist. It is quite true that Lord Grey is not qualified for the part of a popular leader. He has never had to fight for anything. All the places he has occupied have been thrust on him, almost against his inclination. Over the public he exercises no charm or witchery of speech, and even the connoisseur can find little to commend beyond lucidity and the dignity of perfect temperance of phrase. He belongs, in short, to that order of men whom everyone respects but nobody idolizes. His own party has always contained a large minority positively hostile to him; and, though he has often been supported against this faction by the Conservatives, it cannot be said that in any quarter he commands more than a partial and lukewarm approval.

His position as a peer is a disadvantage the more. But against all this is that power of being 'pontifical' which Lord Birkenhead, himself conscious of some deficiency in that regard, so strongly resents. The English people have still at heart a weakness for the pontifical. They may laugh at it, but they are impressed by it, and rather scandalized by its converse. They are somewhat tired of having grave international matters discussed in the spirit of a 'rag'; they feel instinctively the danger of treating allies as if they were Opposition leaders; they remember how Gladstone would have dealt with a Lord Northcliffe, and ask themselves whether the new style does not betoken a certain weakness.

Perhaps the truth of the matter cannot be put more tersely than by Lord

Robert Cecil, in a speech the other day. Wherein, he asks, resides the special fitness of Lord Grey to head a Government? 'Perhaps I may be allowed to put it like this. I do not know of any other man who differs so completely, both in his qualities and his defects, from the Prime Minister, and I am quite sure that the people of this country require in their statesmen that characteristic above all others at the present time.'

IV

This acid judgment probably commands, at any rate, the limited assent of a majority. People admire Mr. Lloyd George; they revel in his cleverness; they like to back him, as they would Dempsey or Carpentier, against less agile and dexterous professors of the noble art of political self-defense. But they never quite trust him — not because they feel that he is dishonest, but because they recognize that he has so little respect for facts, whether as concerns things or persons, and so exceptional a capacity for convincing himself of the impossibility of his ever being wrong. On those, indeed, who come within the orbit of his personal influence, Mr. George continues to exercise a power which is almost magical, and would, in the Middle Ages, have put him in serious danger of a trial for sorcery. Solemn people, with a deep sense of duty, like Mr. Chamberlain; flippant people, with a keen sense of humor, like Lord Birkenhead, are equally under the dominion of his spell while he is near them.

The only remedy for such atrophy of the powers of independent judgment is lack of propinquity; and the efficacy of a few months' rest-cure is strikingly illustrated by the case of Mr. Bonar Law. While he was in the Cabinet, no man had more completely subordinated himself to the Prime Minister; he

was, like the Jesuit, a corpse in the hands of his superior. But since his return to the House of Commons as a private member, he has revealed an individuality of view which even permits the discontented Conservatives to hope that the time may come when he will again lead a united and distinct Tory Party.

* The general public, which cannot always be under the spell of Mr. George's oratory, and in the nature of things cannot feel the more subtle charm of his personality, has shared the advantages of the detachment which Mr. Bonar Law has found so efficacious; and the tinge of distrust which mingled even with the post-Armistice worship has been steadily stimulated by the contortions and tergiversations of the last twelve months. In this distrust every colleague of the Prime Minister is included, with one possible exception; and there are not wanting those who incline to look on the Earl of Balfour's garter as a bowstring, and his peerage as a mausoleum, thoughtfully provided lest, haply, Mr. Balfour's great services at Washington should linger inconveniently in the public mind. No particle of such distrust, however, attaches to Lord Grey; and Lord Robert Cecil is probably not far wrong when he holds that there would be a general sigh of relief if the late Foreign Secretary were entrusted with the formation of a Government.

But Lord Grey cannot form a Government until he has a due following in the House of Commons and in the country. That he might, in given circumstances, successfully lead a reunited Liberal Party is doubtless true. It is also possible that he might, in other given circumstances, become,

almost despite himself, the head of a counter-Coalition, composed of various elements theoretically discordant, but practically harmonious. But, for the moment, it is as futile to discuss such possibilities as to consider a problem in physics without reference to friction and gravitation. Lord Grey keeps studiously aloof from his old party; and even if he were identified with it, his bid for the leadership, in the absence of Mr. Asquith's resignation, would merely imply a new schism. On the other hand, he has no party of his own, unless we exclude Lord Robert Cecil, whose efforts to 'swarm alone' have so far only earned the fate of Gilbert's unconventional bee; that is to say, he has been decisively sent to Coventry by his old hive.

It has been suggested, once or twice, by the organ of the 'Die-Hard' Conservatives, that Lord Grey might form a combination of which they were the chief constituent. But it is difficult to see Lord Grey, with his genuine democratic sympathies and his enthusiasm for the League of Nations, in that galley, and not much easier to imagine a Die-Hard crew obedient to such a captain.

On the face of things, therefore, the prospect of an alternative Government is not materially advanced by Lord Grey's resumption of political activities. That he is a formidable addition to the critics of the Government is a fact of relatively small importance. Critics, in fact, are the smallest want of the time, since the Government so largely saves them their labors by making their task superfluous. The one great need is a sound alternative administration, and that Lord Grey is apparently even more powerless than Mr. Asquith to offer.

(Next month Mr. Raymond will deal with the outstanding figures in the Labor Party, and will set down certain general conclusions.)

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AFTER TWO YEARS

BY RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

To its enemies in the United States, the League of Nations must seem an unconscionable time a-dying. For more than two years it has tenaciously clung to life despite repeated prophecies of approaching demise. Occasionally, indeed, its actual death has been announced — once by the President of the United States — and preparations have been begun in high places to celebrate the obsequies.

But somehow the League still lives. More than that, it shows a surprising vitality. In spite of hard treatment and some neglect it seems to gain in strength and purpose.

Certainly the League, as it is to-day, with all the manifold activities which it is initiating and guiding, is a far different creature from the feeble offspring which the Treaty of Versailles so laboriously brought into the world.

For one thing, it has more friends. Only a handful of the larger Powers stood sponsor for it at its birth. It was eyed with suspicion by the smaller nations. To-day these smaller nations are its warmest supporters, and fifty-one countries are now enrolled under its standard, representing, in all, more than four fifths of the world's population, and nearly three fourths of its area.

The list of absentees among the supporters of the League is more easily called than the roll of its membership: Abyssinia, Afghanistan, Ecuador, Germany, Hungary, Iceland, Mexico, Russia, Turkey, and the United States.

I

But it is not size alone which gives the League significance or which has brought it increasing vitality. With no precedents to follow, with no traditions to bind it, the League has struck out boldly in a new direction. On the theory that, if the nations of the world can get together for discussion around a common table, many of the conflicts of interest and misunderstandings of purpose can be reconciled and smoothed away, and many of the outstanding problems which confront all nations alike can be overcome, the League has built up machinery for international conference such as no previous generation has possessed. And the machinery is working. However the enemies of the League may scoff at its impracticable purposes, the fact remains that, through the machinery which the League has brought into being, the nations are to-day sitting in conference on their common problems to a degree undreamed-of a decade ago. Whatever mistakes may have been made in the formation of the League, — and they were not a few, — within two years of its birth it has proved itself successful as an instrument for drawing the world together in common counsel.

The bare list of some of the conferences which the League has promoted is evidence of this success. The Assembly, which is the keystone of the whole organization because it represents all the nations sitting around a table, is holding its third annual meeting in

Geneva this coming September. The League's Council, representing eight states, has held eighteen sessions. The International Labor Conference, with its representatives from fifty-four nations, held its third annual conference last October. The Paris passport-conference, attended by twenty-two nations, was called by the League in 1920 to promote the expedition of international travel. Forty-three nations met in Barcelona in 1921 to discuss problems relating to communication and transit, and to clear the channels of international business. Thirty-five nations came together in Brussels in 1920 to consider the international financial situation. In Geneva last year, thirty nations conferred on methods for suppressing the international traffic in women and girls. In Warsaw this spring, twenty-seven nations considered ways and means of dealing with the international menace of the typhus epidemic. In addition to these more formal gatherings the League has promoted a steady succession of international conferences and committee meetings to deal with a great variety of problems, such as the standardization of international statistics, the suppression of the international traffic in opium, the unification of standards of antitoxic serums, the feeding of Russian refugees, the return of prisoners of war, the reduction of armaments, the private manufacture of arms, the deportation of women and children in Asia Minor, and a score of other topics, which represent the legitimate concern not of one nation, but of the family of nations.

In brief, for two years the world has been slowly developing the tradition of conference; it has been learning, in some measure at least, the value of common counsel. No one could claim that the lesson is perfectly learned; only the beginning has been made. But at least it is a beginning. It marks a new

train of thought, a new method of approach, a new habit. With practice and patience to sustain it, who knows but that this habit of conference may become so intimately a part of the world's mental processes that it will gradually supplant the old order of misunderstanding and conflict.

II

The League's emphasis upon conference has a further significance. Much of the machinery which it has built to promote this activity is permanent. The Assembly, the Council, and the Secretariat represent a method of continuous international conference on any problem that may arise, as opposed to ad hoc conferences called to consider specific matters. In other words, while the League has initiated a variety of special international conferences on topics relating to its work, it has also, through its permanent machinery, the capacity to focus immediate attention on any difficulty that can threaten the peace of the world.

This is a point of no small importance. Special conferences, like those recently held in Washington and Genoa, have their legitimate and proper place in the regulation of the world's affairs. Their attention, however, is necessarily limited to the specific purposes for which they were called; when their business is concluded they adjourn, and nothing remains of the machinery which they erected. They create no organic, continuing relationships. This type of conference helps the world along, but it fails the world in time of unexpected crisis.

For ad hoc conferences are not easily or quickly called together. The date, the place, the membership, and the agenda must be agreed upon in advance. The first Hague Conference was not ready until nine months after the

Tsar's call. Over two years elapsed between President Roosevelt's proposal for the second Hague Conference and its opening session. Although only nine Powers met at the Washington Conference, it took four months of preparation before the first meeting could be held. On the other hand, when the Yugoslavic-Albanian boundary dispute developed last year, the Council of the League met in nine days. No special arrangements were necessary, no protracted negotiations to determine which nations should or should not be included, or what the diplomatic procedure should be. The machinery was already set up, and it met the emergency swiftly and decisively, stamping out the fire before it could spread.

There is apparently some opinion in America that a succession of special conferences like the one held at Washington could adequately take the place of the League. To such belief it would seem as if memory of the plight of Sir Edward Grey, in July, 1914, would be a crushing answer. For over two weeks he fought for a conference as the one hope of avoiding the impending catastrophe. In that limited period, with the flames mounting higher every day, he tried to create the necessary machinery that would bring the nations concerned around a common table. But it was too late. Time was lacking. In those few frantic days, in that pitch of flame and heat, the machinery could not be devised and assembled. The catastrophe began without a single conference. A handful of hasty, misunderstood telegrams plunged the world into the greatest tragedy ever visited upon the human race.

That is why some kind of permanent machinery is necessary, some international organization ready for emergency. That is why the Assembly, the Council, and the Court of International Justice constitute the out-

standing features of the League's programme. They represent preparedness. They represent a flexible mechanism that can be quickly adapted to unexpected situations. True, the Assembly meets but once a year and, because of its size, is something of an unwieldy body. But the Council, which is in reality an executive committee, meets at Geneva every three months, and oftener if necessary. Inasmuch as one half of the members of the Council are elected by the Assembly, it is fair to say that the Council is an emanation of the latter body, and is entrusted with the direction of affairs in the Assembly's absence. Certainly, in the two years of its existence, the Council has not hesitated to act decisively on behalf of the League in the settlement of international discord and the promotion of common understandings.

In this connection the relations that are developing between the Council and the Assembly are worthy of a moment's consideration. The exact line of demarcation between the two bodies has never been determined; but the Council has adopted the plan of presenting to each session of the Assembly a report on all that it has done during the year. This report is treated in the Assembly as an opportunity for reviewing in open debate the whole policy of the League and the general conduct of its affairs by the Council. The last meeting of the Assembly developed some sharp criticism of the actions of the Council from a progressive minority under the leadership of Lord Robert Cecil; and the fact that the Council has this year studiously endeavored to shape its actions to meet this criticism is not without importance. Equally significant is the unchallenged assumption of responsibility by the Assembly for making up the budget and authorizing the expenditures of the League. Because of its personnel, the Council

may at present possess more real power than the average executive committee, but the Assembly holds the purse strings.

As time goes on we shall undoubtedly see the respective spheres of action of the two bodies becoming more clearly defined. Indeed, it seems probable that something in the nature of cabinet responsibility will ultimately develop between the Council and the Assembly. Certainly in the evolution of the League we may expect many changes in its methods and structure. The Covenant of the League is proving to be as elastic and pliable under pressure of practical experience as was the Constitution of the United States in the decade after 1789.

A word is due in regard to the Secretariat. Too little is heard of this branch of the League's organization, but it is scarcely a secret that it is the moving influence behind the scenes. Permanently located in Geneva, it is made up of more than three hundred persons, from over a score of nations, who are working together, not as national representatives but as impartial experts. Despite differences in tongue, race, and tradition, this medley of nationalities does its work quietly and effectively, provides the necessary expert service, prepares for all meetings, carries on the day-to-day work of the League, and executes the decisions of the Assembly and the Council.

The Secretariat's organization, consisting of ten sections, is illustrative of the broad sweep of the League's work and the cosmopolitan character of its personnel. There is an economic and financial section, directed by an Englishman; the disarmament section is directed by an Italian; and the health section is under a Pole. The section for administrative commissions (Saar Basin and Danzig) is under a Norwegian; the information section under a

Frenchman; and the legal section under a Dutchman. A Swiss manages the mandate section, and an Englishwoman the section on social questions. The transit and political sections are directed respectively by an Italian and a Frenchman.

It may be interesting to note that citizens of the United States are also attached to the Secretariat. The librarian is an American woman; the business manager (establishment officer) comes from North Dakota; the associate head of the information section is from Massachusetts; while the assistant to the head of the administrative commissions section is a New Yorker. Other Americans are attached to the Secretariat in minor capacities.

III

Of all the machinery which the League has established to promote the cause of peace, nothing has evoked a larger measure of interest than the Court of International Justice. Made up of eleven judges of the highest professional standing, — one of whom is an American, — chosen regardless of their nationality by joint action of the Council and the Assembly of the League, it crowns with success a whole generation of determined effort. Civilization now has at its service a permanent world court, representing all the great systems of international law, established by the suffrage of fifty-one countries, and open for the settlement of disputes between nations on the basis of justice. Perhaps the matter cannot be better stated than in the careful words of Professor Hudson of Harvard: 'If there is such a thing in political science as a useful invention, — and the establishment of the United States Supreme Court and the rôle played by Lord Durham's report in the development of the British Empire en-

courage the belief that political science is not unlike physical science in this respect, — then the builders of this new Court would seem to have made a valuable contribution to the integration of international society.'

The remark is occasionally made that the League's Court of Justice represents nothing more than a reshaping and revivifying of the old Hague Court of Arbitration, and, as that tribunal failed the world in 1914, so the new tribunal holds out no greater hope. This point of view involves a complete misconception of the differences between the two courts. The Hague Court of Arbitration was really not a court at all in the strict sense of the word. It was merely a panel of one hundred and thirty-five international lawyers, from which judges could be selected by such disputant states as might desire to submit their differences to arbitration. It never met as a body and, because its members served only in the particular cases in which they were nominated as arbitrators, it never had the opportunity of building up a continuous and harmonious system of international law.

The League's Court of Justice, on the other hand, has its fixed personnel elected for the term of nine years, with salaries ranging from \$6000 to \$24,000 a year, depending on the days of actual service. The system thus affords an opportunity for growth in judicial experience and capacity, impossible under the Hague plan. The Court meets at least once a year — in June — and oftener if necessary; and the President of the Court must be in continuous residence at the Hague. In other words, this new Court completely fulfills the almost prophetic instructions which Mr. Root, then Secretary of State, gave the American delegates to the Second Hague Conference in 1907; they were to endeavor to create 'a permanent tri-

bunal composed of judges who are judicial officers and nothing else, who are paid adequate salaries, who have no other occupations, and who will devote their entire time to the trial and decision of international causes by judicial methods and under a sense of judicial responsibility.' Failure in 1907 came when the nations could not agree on a method of selecting the judges — a difficulty overcome seventeen years later, oddly enough, through the genius and persistence of the same Mr. Root.

Another distinction between the Hague Court of Arbitration and the League's Court of Justice is even more significant, though it can be touched upon here only in a word. It is the distinction between arbitration and adjudication; between a settlement by compromise and a settlement by means of the application of fixed and certain principles. It involves not only a new emphasis on international law and custom, already sanctioned by the conscience of mankind, but a steady and systematic development of that law and custom, based on the progressive judgments of the Court.

A final distinctive feature of the League's Court is the extent to which its jurisdiction is compulsory. While this feature is not prescribed in the provisions creating it, thus far eighteen nations have voluntarily agreed to give the Court compulsory jurisdiction over all disputes that may arise between them. Similar jurisdiction has likewise been conferred in a number of recent treaties, notably those with Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, relating to ports, waterways, and the protection of minorities. Altogether the trend is in the direction of giving the Court of Justice the same competence in international disputes which dignifies the Supreme Court of the United States in the settlement of our own internal difficulties.

IV

With all this machinery at the disposal of the League, it is a fair question to ask what has been done with it. The primary purpose of the machinery is to settle disputes and stop war. Has it been used for this purpose, and, if so, with what results?

Reference has already been made to the Yugoslavic-Albanian boundary difficulty which suddenly loomed like a menacing cloud on the European horizon in the summer of 1921. It was the old story of aggression such as has been repeated time and again in the unhappy history of the Balkans. Dissatisfied with the frontier line between herself and Albania, which had been under dispute for some months, Yugoslavia resorted to the time-honored principle of executing a *fait accompli*: she sent her troops across the line and took what she wanted.

Here was a situation which, under the old dispensation, would have upset the chancelleries of half the world and strained the diplomatic relations of Europe, perhaps to the breaking-point. It was a match struck in a powder mill. The calamity of 1914 started in very much the same way. But there was a difference between 1914 and 1921. In the former year there had been no organization of nations, no plan, no procedure. In 1921 machinery existed for just such an emergency. The machinery was new, it was imperfectly adjusted, it creaked in some of its joints and needed lubrication. But at least there was machinery, and it could run. In this case it ran without a fault. Mr. Lloyd George sent a telegram to the League asking for an immediate meeting of the Council and suggesting the application of an economic boycott against Yugoslavia. The effect of the telegram was electric. Yugoslavic exchange tumbled in London and Paris.

An international loan which Yugoslavia was negotiating was immediately withdrawn. The Council met in nine days, holding its meetings in open session. And Yugoslavia backed down. Within a week she had withdrawn her troops behind her own frontier, and to-day a League Commission is on the spot in Albania, working out the arrangements for peaceful coöperation along the boundary.

Why did Yugoslavia so suddenly change front? Not a soldier was moved against her; not a single battleship fired a shot or made a demonstration; there was not even a gesture of force. Yugoslavia suddenly awoke to the fact that there was a new power stirring in the world — the power of international public opinion, backed by fifty nations and working through centralized machinery. She realized that a bull of excommunication, issued from such a source, carried with it an authority that could not be defied. Bewildered by the new machinery and protesting against its decree, she nevertheless shaped her course to avoid ostracism by her peers.

Another dispute brought before the League was a long-standing quarrel between Finland and Sweden over the possession of the Åland Islands. These islands, constituting a small archipelago lying in the Gulf of Bothnia, almost midway between the two nations, dominate the whole eastern Baltic. They were claimed by Sweden because their population is overwhelmingly Swedish, and by Finland because, for over a hundred years, they had been part of the former Russian Duchy of Finland.

In June, 1920, the tension between the two countries over the ownership of these islands increased alarmingly, and war was threatened on both sides. Great Britain thereupon made use of Article XI of the Covenant, which declares that any nation has 'the friendly

right' to bring to the attention of the League any circumstance threatening to disturb international peace. Upon Great Britain's initiative, the Council of the League appointed an independent commission of inquiry, consisting of a Belgian, a Swiss, and an American, 'to proceed to the spot, obtain evidence, and submit a report.' After some months of investigation, in which both sides to the dispute presented their cases at length, the commission decided that sovereignty over the Aaland Islands belonged to Finland. The Council agreed to the report, which was freely accepted by both the contesting nations, and the final act was a ten-power diplomatic convention, signed at Geneva under the auspices of the League, guaranteeing Finland in possession, providing for the neutralization of the islands from a military point of view, and safeguarding them from the loss of their distinctive characteristics and institutions — particularly the Swedish language.

Here again there was no bloodshed and no coercion. A menace to the peace of the world was averted by the exercise of common sense working through very simple machinery. The method was effective not because it represented force, but because it had behind it the *moral* judgment of civilization.

A third international dispute with which the League has dealt was the Upper Silesian difficulty which burst into flame a year ago and, at one time, threatened the renewal of general war in Europe. It arose over the question of the boundary line between Germany and Poland in the district of Upper Silesia. German at one end, Polish at the other, and hopelessly mixed where the races meet, this territory contains one fourth of the coal supply of the former German Empire and constituted, before 1914, one of her most flourishing industrial areas. The Treaty of

Versailles found the problem too intricate for immediate solution and provided for a future plebiscite. The plebiscite complicated rather than clarified the situation, and, with France backing the Polish claims, England behind the German claims, and Korfanty lighting the fires of insurrection in the district itself, the matter was soon at white heat. The Allied Supreme Council, upon whom rested the decision, found itself in a state of hopeless deadlock. Neither Lloyd George nor Briand would back down. The matter was rapidly approaching a breaking-point when, suddenly, the Allied Supreme Council handed the problem to the League and agreed to accept any decision it might make.

The approach which the Council of the League made to the dispute brought the matter at once into a new atmosphere. Because England and France were interested parties and were represented on the Council, investigation and decision were left to the four members of the Council who came from the smaller states: Belgium, Spain, Brazil, and China. These four members, sitting as a committee, retained experts from neutral countries to advise them in finance, transportation, and mining problems, and an elaborate study was made of all the complicated factors of the case. The decision, which was immediately accepted by the Powers of Europe, laid down a boundary line as nearly as possible on the basis of the plebiscite, taking into account the economic and geographical situation of the district. In order to preserve the industrial unity of the territory, certain mutual economic guaranties were recommended which, with the territorial arrangements, have just been put into the form of a German-Polish convention, negotiated at Geneva under the auspices of the League. Since the decision, complete calm has reigned in

Upper Silesia and, with the signing of the convention, the matter is now a closed issue.

The decision of the League's Council in this boundary dispute has been severely attacked in some quarters on the ground that it favored Poland at the expense of Germany. No one was wholly satisfied with it, not even the Council members who drafted it. A careful review of the matter by disinterested observers, however, seems to indicate that, in immensely complicated circumstances, it was probably the best decision possible. Certainly the method of independent, impersonal examination of a diplomatic difficulty was the right one, even if, in some of its details, the decision was erroneous. In any event there is peace in Upper Silesia and Europe has been saved from war.

One further demonstration of the effectiveness of the League's machinery in settling international disputes remains briefly to be described. In 1920 the Polish Government requested the Council of the League to endeavor to find means of averting the war that threatened between Poland and Lithuania concerning the Vilna territory. As a matter of fact, war had already begun. Troops were on the march and skirmishes had been reported from both sides. Into this involved situation the League sent a special commission. The effect was almost immediate. The skirmishing stopped and the two nations entered into negotiations. At this moment General Zeligowski, at the head of some irregular Polish troops, complicated matters by marching into the city of Vilna which the Lithuanians claimed as their ancient capital, although it contained a majority of Poles. Repudiated by his Government, he nevertheless remained in possession of the town.

The question is still unsettled, for

neither Poland nor Lithuania has been willing to accept the form of agreement which the League's Council has recommended. Nevertheless, order has been maintained and the danger of war is averted. Undoubtedly the spirit of conciliation which has animated the Council has exercised its influence over the two parties. In spite of the difficulties which still separate them, their representatives, early this year, entered into a solemn engagement before the Council to abstain in the future from any act of hostility.

In these four cases of international friction which the League has reconciled during its first two years, one point stands clearly disclosed: the sole authority of the League is moral force; it rests on consent and not on coercion. It can suggest but cannot necessarily impose a settlement. Its victories are gained not by arms but by concentration of world public opinion. If in the future it helps to maintain peace, it will be, not because it represents an overwhelming combination of military force but because by slow stages it succeeds in gathering up the moral judgments of mankind into one powerful shaft of light and bringing that light to bear on instances of international injustice.

V

A society of nations cannot legitimately content itself with putting out the fires of war after they have once been kindled. If we are to have real assurance in the future, the causes of war, the materials upon which the flames feed, must, in so far as is humanly possible, be removed.

Secret diplomacy and secret treaties have been recognized over many years as potent causes of international suspicion and uneasiness. When the Covenant was created, therefore, one of its clauses stipulated that no treaty en-

tered into by a member of the League was valid or binding unless registered and published by the League of Nations. In pursuance of this regulation a treaty-registration section has been established at Geneva, and two hundred and fifty-three treaties have thus far been received, affecting practically every country in the world. Published in five volumes, they contain, some of them, information which under the old order would have been carefully shielded from public scrutiny.

As one glances through these volumes, representing in concrete form the fundamental principle that the nations of the world must stand before each other honestly and frankly, one is struck by the fact that some treaties are published in which the United States is a contracting party. But these treaties have not been sent in for registration by our State Department; they have been submitted by the other parties to the contract that happened to be members of the League. It is a significant point that the treaties growing out of the Washington Conference will have to be registered and published by the Secretariat of the League before they become binding upon the other powers.

Another potent cause of war to which, of late, much attention has been given is to be found in the piling-up of armaments; and in the field of disarmament it must be frankly admitted that the League has secured its smallest measure of success. Debarred from consideration of the question of naval disarmament by the absence of the United States, it has thus far found itself handicapped in taking up the problem of land armaments by the same influences that blocked the discussion of this question in Washington.

Nevertheless some progress has been made. A powerful committee, called the temporary mixed commission, un-

der the chairmanship of Lord Esher, has for over a year been at work with an army of experts on an exhaustive statistical inquiry into the armaments of all countries, distinguishing the military and police forces necessary for internal security, and the forces necessary for national defense. The results of this study are not yet completed, but it is hoped that they will be ready for consideration by the Assembly this coming September. Side by side with this survey, the League has taken up the question of the private manufacture and traffic in arms, to see what can be done to break up the connection between private enterprise and war. As long as American munition-manufacturers are at liberty to ship arms into Abyssinia, for example, that part of the world is not free from menace. On these complicated questions an international conference has been called by the League, to meet, if possible, before September.

Altogether it seems probable that the splendid momentum achieved by the Washington Conference will, perhaps in the course of two or three years, be carried forward to even larger results through the machinery of the League. At least the machinery is in existence, ready to be used.

VI

The mere maintenance of peace, however, is not the sole aim of a real society of nations. Peace is rather the starting-point of international coöperation, the beginning of common responsibilities jointly assumed. The matter of mandated territories is a case in point. When the Covenant of the League was written, it was agreed that the German and Turkish colonies, freed from their former sovereignty, and containing thirteen millions of backward people, should not become

the spoils of their conquerors, but should be mandated to certain powers to be administered, under the general supervision of the League, on terms that would fully guarantee the principle of nonexploitation, and safeguard the natives from those evils that have so often followed upon the heels of colonization. Thus the mandatory powers became 'the trustees of civilization,' responsible to the League for their acts and policies, and obligated to submit an annual report with regard to the territories committed to their charge.

To examine these reports and to advise the Council on all matters relating to the observance of mandates, a permanent Mandates Commission has been appointed by the League, composed of colonial experts who serve internationally, most of them being citizens of nonmandatory nations. While there has been regrettable delay in applying the system of mandates, the matter is now moving forward and mandatory nations, like Great Britain in Palestine, Australia and New Zealand in the islands south of the equator, and Japan in Yap, are submitting annual reports of their stewardship for examination and review by the family of nations.

Another phase of coöperative work which the League is undertaking has to do with the protection of religious, linguistic, and ethnical minorities isolated in the midst of majorities which are alien to them. Elaborate provision for such protection has been written into all the recent peace treaties and covers the whole of Eastern Europe from Finland to Greece; and the League of Nations has assumed the trusteeship. Thus, the Council of the League has been able to settle the dispute between Poland and Austria with regard to the Jews who came from Eastern Galicia into Austria and were there threatened with expulsion; it succeeded in obtain-

ing guaranties for these emigrants from both Governments. It also intervened, to the satisfaction of both parties, in the question of the emigration of minorities between Greece and Bulgaria.

Similarly, the government of the Saar Valley Basin and of Danzig, committed to the League by the Treaty of Versailles, represents a collective responsibility which civilization has assumed through the machinery at Geneva. Because these two districts promised difficulties for the future with which no one nation could wisely cope, they were placed under international control. The governing commission of the Saar, which the League appointed, consists of a Belgian, a Canadian, a Dane, a Frenchman, and a Saarois; in Danzig, an Englishman was appointed high commissioner. Whatever opinion may exist as to the wisdom of isolating the Saar Valley Basin or of creating the Danzig corridor, there can be little question as to the League's administration of its responsibility. It has been impartial and conciliatory, guided by considerations of justice and fair play amid conditions almost insuperably difficult. Those who are inclined to criticize some of the details of the League's administration in these two fields might well consider what conditions would have existed if, instead of an international control, France had had full play in the Saar, and either Poland or Germany in Danzig.

Another illustration of that international coöperation which the League is promoting, is its work in the general field of economics and trade. Here we have a maze of problems which, with the development of modern communications, are of increasing concern to international good-will. The League, therefore, has created two technical branches to handle this activity: one on communications and transit, and the other on economics and finance.

It is impossible within the limits of this paper to outline the scope of the work of these two organizations.

Manned by the best technical experts that can be obtained, drawing on practically all the nations of the world for information and statistics, they have succeeded in making the League a clearing house for conference and publicity on many nonpolitical questions which, in themselves unspectacular, are nevertheless of vital importance to the daily life of the world. The publications and bulletins of these organizations on matters of currency, finance, and trade are eagerly awaited, and constitute an approach to these problems which for its impersonal, scientific spirit is unique in the history of international coöperation. It was the work of these two branches that laid the technical basis for the conference at Genoa. Through their initiative, too, three great international conferences have been held under the direct auspices of the League; one at Brussels, in 1920, which first served to dramatize the desperate condition of the world's finances and which brought forward the 'Ter Meulen Scheme' for the rehabilitation of Austria; one at Paris, which simplified passport and customs procedure and cleared away many of the annoying obstacles to free circulation; and one at Barcelona, which laid down a new international law for liberty of transit in connection with trade, and freed navigable waterways from discriminatory regulations.

Somewhat similar to the two technical organizations we have just mentioned is the International Labor Conference which, though not a direct part of the League machinery, is intimately associated with it through the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, and is supported financially by League funds. Once a year the states that are members of the League, and such other states as may be invited, each state be-

ing represented by four delegates, meet together to discuss the general problems of industrial peace, with the purpose of stimulating the creation of better working and living conditions around the world. In the interim between these meetings, this activity is carried forward by a permanent secretariat of two hundred and fifty people, located at Geneva, and called the International Labor Office. In the three years of its existence this office has become a great clearing house of information in regard to all labor and industrial movements, and its documents and reports are now an essential part of every well-equipped technical library.

The International Labor Conference has a significance little understood in the United States. Although its conclusions, embodied in the form of conventions, are merely submitted for the consideration of the member states, and any Government is free to reject them, it nevertheless has developed a prestige and an authority sufficient to set in motion legislative machinery all over the world. The conventions for the eight-hour day, for the limitation of night work, for the protection of women and children in industry, have been widely adopted, and, little by little, these minimum labor-standards, established by the Conference, are becoming general international practice, and the more liberal countries are being protected against those of backward labor-legislation.

Another activity in the broad field of international coöperation, but of an entirely different type, is represented by the committee, recently appointed by the Council of the League, to suggest methods for bringing together the universities and scientific laboratories of the world in a closer bond of sympathy and understanding. Known as the Committee on Intellectual Coöperation, it includes, in addition to a well-

known American scholar, such leaders of thought as Professor Einstein, Mme. Curie, Henri Bergson, and Gilbert Murray. Although its plans are not yet fully matured, it will aim to stimulate such undertakings as exchange professorships, and will try to organize into some kind of sympathetic relationship the scientific and humanistic interests of the universities of the world.

VII

There is almost no limit to the field of international coöperation. More and more the League of Nations is developing into a repository for activities related to the well-being of mankind which cannot successfully be prosecuted by individual nations.

The campaign against disease is a case in point. Disease knows no boundaries and respects no flags. It is a common enemy of mankind which can be conquered only by united action. As modern methods of travel bring the world into increasingly close relationships such action becomes imperative. To meet this need, therefore, the League of Nations has established an international health organization, which has brought together the brains and resources of the entire world in a common fight on disease.

The activities of this organization are manifold. Operating through an epidemics commission, which built up a sanitary cordon along the entire frontier, it successfully checked the spread of typhus from Russia into Eastern Europe in 1920. In March of this year it promoted a great international epidemics conference in Warsaw, attended by twenty-seven nations, including Soviet Russia and Soviet Ukraine, which laid down a series of sanitary conventions and prepared a detailed plan for a united campaign against typhus. Another international conference

was held under its auspices, in London, to determine some method of standardizing the measurement of the strength of antitoxic serums used in diseases like pneumonia, diphtheria, syphilis, and the like. This conference elaborated a programme of inquiry to be carried out by the great public health laboratories of the world, and centralized in the Copenhagen Institute, which will act as a clearing-house for all the work.

The health section of the League has organized, too, an epidemiological intelligence service, in order to inform all national health authorities rapidly and effectively of the incidence of epidemic diseases. Information is sent out at least twice every three weeks, and a regular monthly bulletin is also issued, containing statistics and charts on the incidence, all over the world, of Asiatic cholera, typhus, relapsing fever, dysentery, smallpox, anthrax, scurvy, and other diseases.

In other words, a common campaign, backed by the financial resources and moral support of fifty-one nations, is being scientifically organized and conducted against an ancient and well-intrenched enemy of the race.

Another campaign organized by the League has to do with the international commerce in opium and its derivatives. Here again a special branch of the League was created, called the opium commission, including in its membership, among others, a Japanese, a Chinese, a Siamese, an Indian, and an American. Two international conferences have been held and, on the basis of information secured from practically every Government in the world except the United States, recommendations for common action have been drawn up which will go far to check if not to eliminate this devastating traffic.

The international traffic in women and girls is another great problem which the League has taken up. Thirty

nations met in Geneva under its auspices, in 1921, and agreed upon a series of changes which will greatly strengthen the existing international conventions. A treaty incorporating these changes has since been signed by thirty-three nations, and the others will undoubtedly soon follow. A special advisory committee has been appointed by the Council of the League to keep in touch with the situation and, with the League's machinery behind the campaign, we may confidently anticipate the steady diminution in an international traffic which, up to this time, has baffled the best efforts of individual nations.

Space is lacking in which to describe all the work that the League is undertaking in the general field of international coöperation. Under its ægis, with Dr. Nansen acting as its high commissioner, 400,000 prisoners of war were returned to their homes at a total cost of about two million dollars. Acting on the advice of a special commission of inquiry which it sent to Asia Minor to look into the question of the imprisonment of Armenian women and girls in Turkish harems, it appointed a high commissioner in Constantinople — an American, incidentally; opened a series of 'neutral houses' to shelter these unfortunates; and persuaded the Allied military officials to bring the matter strongly to the attention of the Turks. Similarly, with Dr. Nansen serving again as high commissioner, it entered upon the work of assisting the thousands of Russian refugees driven from their own land by famine and shifting political fortunes. This necessary activity is still under way, backed by the authority and influence of the Council.

Week by week the League is extending its work along these general humanitarian lines, using its machinery to meet those human needs which over-

flow national boundaries. If, in these uncontroversial matters, the nations of the world can develop the technique of common action and acquire the habit of coöperation, surely, when the great test comes, and another 1914 throws down its ugly challenge to mankind, there will be a better chance for sanity and self-control and a larger hope of escape from a world wreck of untold proportions.

This, then, is the League of Nations — not a superstate, backed by vast armaments, but a simple instrument for bringing nations together in conference around a table. Its warmest friends make no claim of perfection for it. It cannot bring the millennium. It cannot immediately allay the high fever of present international discord. Its weaknesses are apparent. It is powerless to solve, or even deal with, some of the most menacing problems that confront us.

But here is a coöperative world-movement, the first of its kind in history, constituting a central rallying-point around which the forces of law and peace may gather, and slowly developing new approaches to common dangers and new methods of common action. During its first two years, in a period of unparalleled difficulty, its positive achievement has been distinctly creditable, far wider in scope and greater in bulk than its best friends dreamed possible. In spite of all cynicism, all gibes, all remorseless criticism, it has become a real influence in the world and has won for itself a distinct place in the confidence and hope of many peoples. That confidence will not easily be shaken, and that hope is a grim and determined hope; for, if the League proves a blunt and ineffective instrument, there is nothing ahead of us except despair in the face of new wars.

FRANCE'S PART

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

I

WHEN I was wondering how to answer my American correspondent who told me that America was growing to distrust France, I came across a passage in the shrewd and entertaining *Journal of the De Goncourts*, in which Gladstone, dining at Girardin's, was reported to have said that 'the Conservative Party of France is the stupidest of all the Conservative parties in the world.' And then I recalled the phrase about the Bourbons learning nothing and forgetting nothing. The Bourbons to-day are a handful of bourgeois rulers, upon whom the same verdict might be passed by a harsh critic.

What is the truth concerning the French? Is Gladstone's judgment right? Sometimes one is truly tempted to believe that the cause of France's virtual separation from countries which were prepared — nay, were anxious — to continue on the closest terms of friendship with her, is sheer stupidity. France, like the raw recruit, declares that she is the only person in the regiment who is keeping step. Now it so happens that, whether the raw recruit was right or not, France is undoubtedly right. She is the only person who keeps in step, who has not changed feet, who has not put her rifle on the other shoulder. She has forgotten nothing: she has learned nothing.

Will it be permitted to a true friend of France, alarmed at the change of opinion in America, as in England, to present some defense of France — a

defense which, however, will be anything but official — will be nothing if not frank?

It is, unfortunately, a fact that, whereas three years ago France had friends even among her enemies, to-day she has enemies even among her friends. The tremendous change of opinion, which has swept all the shores of the Atlantic, cannot now be denied; and it is better to start by dropping pretenses and by admitting that everywhere France is considered to be the principal power standing in the way of a reasonable settlement of the world's political and economic affairs. There are, of course, plenty of people in every country who still hold with France; but even in these specifically pro-French quarters there is an undercurrent of misgiving. Nor will it suffice to scout indignantly the allegation that France is latently, if not blatantly, imperialist. That is not the charge. Nor is the charge that of militarism-run-mad. There are, doubtless, ill-informed folk who make such accusations, and Frenchmen devote all their energy to repudiating these accusations. In truth, all that can be said against France's large army, all that can be said against her designs on the Ruhr, and so forth, is beside the point. It is wasting breath to attack France on these grounds, and it is unnecessary for France to attach any importance to those who are so woefully irrelevant in their criticisms.

Such spirit of imperialism and of

militarism as exists in France — as it exists in all countries — is comparatively negligible, and at any rate arises out of a much more evil spirit of which it is only an incidental expression. The real vulnerable point of France is her apparent selfishness. The indictment that is framed in men's minds — sometimes unconsciously — is that France is thinking only of herself and not at all of the great world outside France. As my correspondent puts it in the vernacular, people are beginning to say that 'France will neither *gee* nor *haw* when the whole world demands that the European team tug at the plough in unison.'

II

Certainly it is incontestable that there is a general demand for coöperation. The writer long ago placed on record his conviction that the growing need of the age is a greater consciousness of universal solidarity. He has himself preached, in season and out of season, this doctrine. One is tempted to call it a new doctrine — but of course it is an exceedingly old one. Nevertheless, not until our time have all its implications been understood and its practical realization rendered possible.

A short digression — which is really not a digression, which is really the central thing in any consideration of France's relations with the rest of the world — must here be pardoned. It may be that I shall be twitted with elaborating the obvious, with emphasizing a truth that everybody understands. But it was not so when I began to proclaim, in every article I wrote, the oneness of the world. A truism, if you please, but a truism that few people accepted, and that required saying again and again. A truism that sounded like a revolutionary idea.

I do not know at what stage of the world's history except our own the

truism was, for practical purposes, true. The brotherhood of mankind as a moral ideal has long been preached; as a physical fact it had little importance until commerce began to make us, in all countries, dependent one upon another. The industrial age began to translate a vague philosophy into concrete terms of absolute necessity. It is only a few years since the machinery of the world was so organized that every country became a vital wheel in the machinery. Amazing progress in this sense has been made; to-day nothing can happen anywhere without sending repercussions round the globe. Steamships and cables, aeroplanes and wireless telegraphy, have reduced distance to a little thing. Innumerable instances could be cited to show that the natural products and the peculiar manufacturing skill of this land are of essential value to that land, and vice versa.

But it is finance that has woven its web all over the world, in such a way that any ripping and vibration in one part will affect the entire web. Nothing can be cut away, nothing can be ignored. What is a calamity for one, is a calamity for all. Indeed, it is the suffering caused by the dislocation and the disturbance which has taught us to appreciate this truth. In the school of bitter experience we have learned that we are members of each other. We may speak of this in a moral manner, or we may — afraid of 'high-falutin' language, of the appearance of hypocrisy — confine ourselves to the realistic language of trade. I am not sure that it is not better to confine ourselves to material considerations. It is the fiscal facts that strike home — that have struck home.

Balzac, I remember, puts a moral problem before his readers. He supposes that one of us has only to press a button, which will direct a deadly current, to kill a Chinaman whom we have never seen, but whose death will bring

to us untold gold. Would we not press the button, he asks. It is possible that our moral sense is as yet feeble enough to allow us to perpetrate a lucrative murder, easily accomplished and never seen. But the problem would be stated otherwise in these days. Balzac lived before universal solidarity had been realized. To-day we would certainly not gain a fortune — we would lose a fortune — by injuring the unknown person beyond the far-off Chinese wall. We have to think twice before pressing our button, because the distant perturbations will shake the ground under our feet. It is not that we are more moral, but that we are more practical; and the impossible hypothesis of Balzac has been converted into an unmistakable reality in exactly the opposite sense.

The war taught us how to pool on a limited scale; the peace is teaching us that we must pool on the largest scale; for already, by the operation of an intricate and interlocking civilization, our joys and our sorrows are pooled. Dimly, inarticulately, it may be, the average man in nearly every nation is aware of the dominating idea — which is the dominating fact — of our generation.

This is, I said, not a digression. For it is just because the rest of the world is grasping this truth and France is not, that we witness the deepening of the division that has manifested itself between France and the rest of the world. The reproach against France is that she is egotistic, mindful only of her own interest and not of the interests of others. Her own interest, rightly understood, would be to come into the world-scheme, but there are special reasons why she should not understand.

III

The chief point that distinguishes France from countries like America and England is that, economically, France

is, apparently and in large measure, self-sufficing. More than half the population of France is engaged in agriculture, and although, contrary to popular belief, French agriculture is poor and backward, producing much less to an acre than German, American, or British agriculture, France has managed to get back to a total production which corresponds to the country's needs. French peasants are certainly industrious and admirable in many respects. But, in the nature of the case, their vision is limited. They are ignorant, as peasants always are ignorant; but they are uncommonly shrewd and thrifty. So long as they can go on cultivating their bit of soil, even though their methods are often antiquated, even though the much-vaunted system of peasant proprietorship is economically unsound and lamentably fails to make the most of natural resources, so long as they are personally prosperous, and while foodstuffs are plentiful in the towns, France is not likely to feel the pinch that industrial countries are feeling.

The peasant strikes the keynote. It is not Paris which dictates its politics to France: it is France (that is to say, the countryside and the little towns) which dictates its politics to Paris. The majority of deputies, meeting in the Palais Bourbon, see, in their mind's eye, not the towers and monuments and busy boulevards of the metropolis, but the fields and villages which they represent. France has initiated mighty movements in the world, but France in politics is essentially conservative. We have to reckon with the simple thought of the peasant who demands that Germany shall pay, as France paid after 1871, out of treasures hidden in a woolen stocking, without troubling about modern modalities; and who cannot see the need of renewed relations between France and an outlandish Russia.

Curiously enough, England is still regarded as an island. The fact is, of course, that it is France which is an island. We must not allow ourselves to be misguided by the map. England is indissolubly embedded in the centre of the Continent. France is, as it were, economically withdrawn from the Continent. France can wrap herself, if she pleases, as in a cloak, and ignore the outside world. Geography may be an exact science, but it is often untrue. For England, dependent upon industry, upon foreign markets, upon the widest possible diffusion of her commerce, every closed door is a disaster, every outlawed country is a lost customer.

It was all very well, during the period of excitement which followed the war, to demand the uttermost farthing from Germany; but now England, forgetting her own attitude of three years ago, wants to wipe off her bad debts and begin afresh. Germany is as good a dealer with whom to have dealings as any other — and better. It is with great perplexity that England observes that France cannot agree to this placid repudiation of the Versailles Treaty, to which England was a party so short a time ago. England's forgiveness of Germany is not dictated, of course, by any noble application of the precepts of Christianity — it is dictated simply by necessity. There is much common sense in this inconsistency. But it is, perhaps, asking too much, that France should, as a matter of course, follow her.

France, indeed, stands precisely where she stood in 1919. She continues to point to her ruined North, her unbuckled budgets; and she states with some truth that the alternatives for her are German payments and French bankruptcy. That is putting the case too high. I do not believe in the bankruptcy of France, but I do believe that financially the situation will be exceedingly difficult if money is not forth-

coming, as was promised, from an outside source. Sooner or later, I even think, there must be a writing-down of debts — both internal debts and external debts. France's problem is not so much economic as financial. Her real prosperity seems assured. She will continue to earn enough for herself to go on living comfortably. But she cannot, it seems to me, go on earning sufficient to pay off her creditors, whether they are Frenchmen or Americans; and some bookkeeping operation is necessary, which will link up German payments with French payments.

When M. Loucheur flatly says that France cannot acquit her debt to America unless Germany acquits her debt to France, he is speaking the plain truth. Nor do I think that the United States can reasonably expect repayment unless all the allies and associates help her to obtain the wherewithal from the nation declared by everybody to be the ultimate debtor. But it is, in spite of anger, possible to ignore these external debts — which does not imply their repudiation. The connection between France's incomings and outgoings cannot be denied. If that were all the problem, we could safely wait for the day when there would be agreement about the desirability of a clean international slate. Unfortunately, there is also the internal debt. That debt is piling up and up. It is not likely that Frenchmen will consent to a reduction of their claims on the Government, to forgo a good part of their savings lent on the strength of expectations on Germany, without putting up a most desperate fight. Surely, in spite of the gradual, and now almost complete, change of opinion in other countries, the maintenance of the old opinion in France can be readily understood. Every one hundred marks that Germany fails to pay comes off the bondholding of an individual Frenchman.

IV

Besides, there is a perfectly natural hatred and distrust of Germany in France, which does not, which cannot, exist elsewhere. It would be superfluous for me to enlarge upon the causes of this antipathy, which is mixed with fear. Invasion — murderous, malignant, destructive in the last degree — is a terrible experience; and, human nature being what it is, it would be amazing were France to forget as quickly as those comparatively happy countries which sent their armies to be killed on the French battlefields. Undoubtedly the intense horror that France has of Germany colors her policy.

Further, it is clearly seen — and I think with justice — that, unless there is a radical change of international relations, another attempt at invasion is inevitable. Provocation offered by France will undoubtedly hasten the day when Germany seeks her *revanche*; but against the fine humanitarian conception that now prevails in many quarters, — that general friendliness and surrender of special claims is the best means of preventing a clash, — France argues that she does not believe that Germany can be won over by concessions; that, at any rate, France cannot afford concessions, and that such concessions, if they are not effective in their object, will assuredly weaken France against the ineluctable hour of trial. Either you have faith in the nobler future of mankind, when feuds will be set aside — or you have not. France has not. Probably she is wrong in this lack of idealism; but it must be confessed that the idealism demanded from her is blind and perilous. It is not my business to argue against the fallacy of force. Suffice it to say that if at present France is at all disposed to trust in God, — and in her allies, — it is on condition that she be allowed to keep her powder dry.

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For the German repudiation, now in sight, does imply armed resistance. When Germany signed the Rapallo treaty with Russia, it became evident that France would have to reckon with a Russo-German alliance. Could she count upon British support? Could she expect American assistance? Hardly. Both countries had denounced her intransigence. Both countries were washing their hands of French troubles. Then, cried many of France's advisers, what can we do but take care to get our blow in first? If we allow the Russo-German menace to develop, then we are lost! Better seize at once the Ruhr, which is an arsenal of Germany, from which flows the economic lifeblood of Germany!

One is bound to deplore such reasoning; but, given the premises, it cannot be described as illogical. The truth is that France feels herself deserted. Not only has she not received the payments promised her, but she is railed at by those who promised the payments as being unreasonable in expecting them! She sees England and America disposed to side with her old enemy, Germany, and to turn against France, because she insists upon what three years ago was considered a fair demand. Whether everybody was wrong three years ago is beside the question: the point is that the converted scoundrel (if indeed we were, in the political sense, scoundrels in 1919) can have no moral right to turn upon his unrepentant partner with abusive epithets.

Still, although the Ruhr policy would find great support in France, were political passions to be played upon, calmer thinkers in France are not unaware of the peril. The blow would be got in first — but after? Would that prevent, or would it make more certain, retaliation? It is easy to go in, but will it be easy to come out? What profits can be extracted from the Ruhr, or

from Berlin itself? Nobody who considers the matter as a business proposition can do anything but condemn such a policy. Many thousands of bayonets will not dig a ton of coal. There will be an uneasy occupation for a longer or shorter term, — and be it noted that the military men themselves are afraid of such an expedition carried out on what may be called a peace footing, feeling that such an occupation, so far from the base, should be executed with the number of men and the technical precautions that a warlike expedition would require, — during which the mark will collapse, making payments, even were they not absorbed in military expenditure, less and less possible. And then? Some day France will have to get out. Whether she got out peacefully, because the experiment had ruined her, or whether she got out in face of the concentration of Russian and German troops and resources — either kind of retreat would be a confession of failure and a deep humiliation. One could paint the picture in much darker colors. One could show the chances of an attack on Poland by Russia, who would have an understanding with Germany — the necessary reply to this challenge by France; the general conflagration, which would break out and extend, and not burn down until European civilization had gone up in smoke. But, indeed, there is no need to dwell upon these hypotheses. The French themselves sometimes feel that only a final catastrophe can lie at the end of that path; but they also feel themselves driven by an irresistible fate, like the hero of an immense Grecian tragedy.

V

What is to be done? Here is the menace which hangs, like the sword of Damocles, over the head of Europe and of the world. If I may express

frankly my personal opinion, I am bound to say that I think France is right and the rest of the world is right. That is the pity of it. It would be easy were someone entirely wrong. Unfortunately, most of us can see only one side of the shield at the same time. When we are fighting for what may conveniently be called the Lloyd George view (though, of course, no one has changed his opinions oftener than Mr. Lloyd George and no one is more distrusted in France), we are apt to cry shame on the French, and to regard it as inconceivable that any one country can be so obstructive. We can find no justification whatever for the French. Such an attitude can only make matters worse, can only drive the French more swiftly and surely in the direction we consider undesirable. Such an attitude can only make the French more conscious of their isolation, their helplessness, and force them to seek desperate solutions. On the other hand, those who understand the psychology of the French case are usually indignant with Mr. Lloyd George and his British followers, and with those in America who are supposed, for reasons of high finance, to be engaged in a conspiracy with Germany to cheat France of her dues. The really tragic aspect of the whole situation is that there never was a case which had two such distinct sides. Until that fact is recognized, we shall simply play our game of cross-purposes, get red and hot in our anger with each other, and hasten the dénouement.

The French case against any sort of rapprochement with Russia is contained in the French case against Germany, and it is unnecessary to enlarge upon it. Once you admit that France is being wronged, once you admit that she is bound to stand against this supposed betrayal by her allies, it follows that Russia must be put in the German camp, must not be assisted. France

stands facing a Germany who is in league with Russia, who can forge her arms in Russia; while England, America, Italy, and most of the neutral countries, are, rightly or wrongly, suspected of applauding Germany, if not of actively assisting Germany.

Where indeed are the friends of France? Will Poland not seek to save herself by coming to an anti-French understanding with Russia, or Germany, or both? Will the nations of the Petite Entente in the last resort range themselves with France? or will they, in a spirit of self-preservation, make such peace as they can with the growing monster which confronts France? As I write, even Belgium is, contrary to most reports, sharply divided in her sympathies.

VI

A plain statement about the Entente between France and England seems called for from one who has always held that the Entente is the basis of any European peace, and who, when it was a question of choosing between the Entente and his long connection with British liberalism, was obliged, at great personal sacrifice, to choose the Entente, and to detach himself from all those British liberal influences which would frankly shatter the Entente. I cannot see any hope or help for Europe if British publicists turn savagely on France; for, however right may be the view which is gaining ground in England, and is, I believe, conquering America, it appears to me beyond dispute that nothing good can be done in the face of French passive resistance, much less in the face of French active opposition, and that anything which tends to separate France and England (and, with England, America) can result only in the driving of France into an extreme position, which is really a false position, one which she does not wish to take up,

dreading lest the drama should end calamitously for all the world.

But, having made my personal position clear, I am obliged in all honesty to declare that the anti-French movement in England, in spite of such men as Lord Northcliffe, is making headway. Much has appeared in the newspapers, which have indulged in almost incredible verbal violence. Again, to my regret (if in such a situation these personal references may be forgiven), I am compelled to say that that great British journalist, Mr. Garvin, under whose inspiring banner I have marched, beggared the dictionary in his search for epithets to be fastened on France. This is lamentably wrong, and the very worst method of attempting to mend matters.

There has been generally a fatal lack of balance, an inability to see both sides of the shield, an excess of vituperation, which bodes ill for Europe. I cannot do better than to quote from a letter which I lately received from a most competent observer in London.

'To judge from the French press,' he says, 'people over there have not yet begun to understand the enormous effect which the Genoa Conference has produced upon Anglo-French relations, just as they took a long time to understand the effect of Washington on Franco-American relations. Broadly speaking, among all classes, in the clubs and in the pubs, there are no differences of opinion. Everybody looks on France as the single stumbling-block to European reconstruction and trade recovery. However much the justice of the verdict may be questioned, there is not the least doubt about the verdict, nor the least possibility of its being reversed. English opinion, as you know, moves slowly, but it sticks; and one of the symptoms of the new attitude will very likely be a growing disinclination to protest against French politics, on the

ground that they no longer seriously concern us. There is a general feeling that Lloyd George is wasting his time in trying to come to any understanding with Poincaré. A spectacular rupture of the Entente would no doubt, at this moment, be very popular here. A row with France is the best card in the whole of Lloyd George's bag of electoral tricks.'

That is a serious statement; and the truth is that any political demonstration, and spectacular conferences, such as those of Genoa, are, given the present state of feeling in France, utterly bad. They serve to emphasize and publish the deep divergence. The Genoa fiasco was especially ill-timed. Political pretense, of which there is much in France, was beginning to wink its eyes at quiet attempts on the economic terrain to arrive at a settlement with Russia and Germany. The moment political passions are awakened, all chance of agreement must be abandoned; and with an open quarrel between France and Eng-

land, reasonable accords are further off than ever.

What, then, is the remedy? It seems to me that a great flaming gulf lies ahead of us, and that we shall escape it only if France, too, realizes in time her solidarity with the rest of the world, and the rest of the world realizes its solidarity with France. Mere blame for France is stupid and devoid of understanding. Mere sympathy for France is useless. The only helpful way is to rally round France once more, to offer her concrete proposals of assistance in her financial difficulties, and to allay her fears. This means that America must come back to Europe. It means that America must throw in her lot with Europe. I do not know whether this is practical politics, but I think I know that, without it, worse days of confusion and upheaval await Europe, and that America will suffer if she supposes that she can pass by on the other side, and survey the whirling chaos from across the Atlantic.

THE NON-ASSIMILATION OF ISRAEL

BY WILLIAM YALE

AN article entitled 'The Assimilation of Israel,' by Mr. Paul Scott Mowrer, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1921, is of particular interest at this time of blinding nationalistic and racial passion.

The exposition of Mr. Mowrer is both just and fair-minded as regards Jew and Gentile; but a careful reading of his thesis leaves one with the impression that he has not got at the root of

the matter. There are certainly several factors in the equation of which he has entirely failed to make mention. Mr. Mowrer has apparently convinced himself that the Jewish Problem is distinctly a political one, complicated by religious and social features. With this deduction many cannot agree. It does not satisfy either the Jew or the Gentile.

At the present time of nationalist madness, it is almost heresy to as-

sert that, instead of its being nationalism which underlies world-antipathies, both in the past and in the present, it is the antagonism of diverse cultures. Before applying this theory to the Jewish Question, it is advisable to amplify it in order that it may be quite clear.

The sociologists and anthropologists will probably not quarrel with the general thesis that, underlying the mistrust and fear of one primitive tribe for another, was the difference of habits, customs, taboos, and totems, of which primitive culture consisted. Nor will the historians question the statement that the hatred and fear of the ancient Greeks and Persians were in a large measure due to differences in religion, government, and social customs — in fact, to differences of culture.

The present offers so many examples of this phenomenon that there is an embarrassment of choice. When these problems are not complicated by the political and commercial rivalries of governments, the underlying cultural struggle is more clearly in evidence. The growing hostility and intensity of feeling as between the East and the West are almost purely cultural. The antagonism and hatred between Christians and Moslems in the Near East are essentially cultural — differences of customs, habits, and dress; difference in fundamental moral and social conceptions; a different mode of thought; a different philosophy.

Central Europe to-day presents perhaps the most exceptional picture of the hatreds bred by differences of culture. The much-discussed Irish Question is far more cultural than religious and social.

Similarity of race has, in the past, usually implied similar customs, habits, modes of thought, moral outlook and philosophy — in fact, a similar culture. Religion, with all of its intense hatreds and aversions, is essen-

tially only a distinctive and powerful factor in determining the culture of a race, nation, or other unit of mankind.

Americans and Englishmen have probably more in common than any other great groups into which human society is at present divided. But what many of those on both sides of the Atlantic, who have most at heart a closer association of England and America, fail to understand is that one of the strongest determining factors of the culture of a people — the social organization — is radically different in the two countries. England's social organism is based in theory and in practice on the caste system; while in theory, and to a great extent in practice, the American social order is based on worth and achievement. Such antagonism as exists between these two countries is due fundamentally to both a conscious and an unconscious conflict of this strong cultural difference.

The foregoing appears a long way removed from the Jewish Problem; but if the reader has had the patience to follow this sketchy definition of the word culture, he will perhaps follow the application of this theory of conflicting cultures to the question why the People of Israel have not been assimilated during the long centuries; and he will be better able to draw his own conclusions as to whether the Jews will ever be assimilated by the people among whom they live.

The Jewish people have a distinct culture of their own — a culture which is more thoroughly inculcated in the individual Jew than is the Gentile culture in the individual Gentile. The Jews have a literature which is distinct from all other literatures; they have customs and habits which set them apart from any other human group; they have a mode of thought peculiarly characteristic of the Jew; their moral conceptions are different

from those of the Gentiles; their philosophy is distinctly their own. At a very early age, these differences are drilled into the mind not only of the upper classes, but also, and even more intensely, of the masses. There are so many determining factors in the culture of the Jews which are different from those of all other groups, that the Jews are verily a race set apart — a race or group whose culture is antagonistic, on many counts, to the culture of all other peoples.

There are many causes which have tended to increase and to intensify these cultural differences. But two factors, which have had considerable influence on the question of assimilation have not, it is believed, previously been discussed.

Among Christian peoples women have come to be considered from a different point of view than among other peoples. The attitude toward women among the Christians has consistently through the ages been idealistic. This Christian conception of womanhood is probably due to the fact that early Christianity was based on the worship of a Virgin Mother. The conception was intensified and augmented by the advent of chivalry. Christian culture created a refinement of thought, a delicacy of feeling, and a sense of the sanctity of womanhood, which are apparently lacking in Jewish culture, as witnessed both in their literature and in the daily life of the Jewish people.

This difference between the culture of the Christian and that of the Jew has undoubtedly militated against assimilation, as it has restrained Christian men and women from intermarriage with Jews. With all of her charm, the appeal of her emotional nature, and the attractiveness of her many talents, to

the Christian man the Jewish woman has lacked a nicety of thought and feeling. To the Christian woman the Jew, with his extraordinary sensitiveness of feeling, his appreciation of the beautiful in life, in art, and in literature, with the charm of his intellectual brilliance and versatility, has failed to show that delicacy of thought and refinement of manner to which she is accustomed.

On the other hand, handicapped by the lack of this factor in their culture, which to a great extent isolated them and prevented close association with their intellectual equals in the Christian groups, the Jews found themselves thrown among classes of Christians whose intellectual training and equipment were far inferior to that of the average Jew.

For it must be realized that the masses among the Jews receive a far greater intellectual training than the masses among the Christians. As a race or group, the Jews are more intelligent and better trained mentally than any other group. Denied association and intimacy with Gentiles of equal or superior intelligence, the Jews have refused assimilation, both intellectual and physical.

The Jewish Problem is, at bottom, a cultural problem. The antagonistic factors in Jewish culture have made any large assimilation impossible in the past. Jewish culture has much to offer the world, and the question of the future is, whether Jewish thinkers and leaders will endeavor to suppress such factors in the culture of their people as render assimilation difficult if not impossible, or whether Jewish leaders will attempt to intensify these differences, in order to prevent assimilation and preserve Israel as the Chosen People.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HAY FEVER: A PAROXYSM

THREE sneezes are lucky; nineteen are unlucky. One sneeze, isolated, can be taken as proof that you have not the authentic, aristocratic, Henry Ward Beecher variety of hay fever.

Hay fever arrives and combusts on the minute. Every sufferer tries to forget his particular date, only confiding to other sufferers what date he is trying to forget. Nevertheless, his day, like the Fourth of July, is invariably announced, in the early morning twilight, by an explosion. If you forget Independence Day, or your rendezvous with the hay fever, the explosion occurs just the same.

Few things, indeed, seem to have any effect on the hay. Sprays and sprayers, tubes of this, tubes of that, cooking-soda, drinking with meals, drinking between meals, no drinking, no meals, no meat, no sugar, salves and precious ointments — these have no influence. Hay fever sometimes thrives on ragweed vaccine, much as mice seem to fatten on Rat-Snap. It remains, therefore, for a victim to acquire by degrees a hay-fever-trained family, and to continue sneezing in his own favorite way.

It would seem simple to continue to sneeze; but until the family is trained, even this may be attended by a difficulty. Contrary to popular notion, the actual sneeze, per se, is not the most disagreeable part of hay fever. The intolerable phase is that curious sensation of things impending, which immediately precedes a sneeze. If this sensation is not brought to a victorious conclusion, it leaves its medium

suspended in air, thwarted, irascible.

One sneeze, according to the Hay Fever Manual, is normally followed by another. One bright glance at the sufferer is usually sufficient to ascertain whether he has reached the end of his progression, or whether he stands ready, by the book, still waiting accomplishment. A chance question aimed at him just at this crucial moment is absolutely certain to frustrate the sneeze. This makes him ugly.

I have explained all this carefully to my family, in words of one syllable. 'When I shall have sneezed once,' I tell them impressively, 'wait and see if I shall sneeze again.' They assent understandingly, and when the proper moment arrives, they, with mob-psychology, obey.

There has occurred one famous exception, in the case of a recalcitrant sister, whose sympathy is adequate, but whose passion for conversation is at all times equal to my own. Certain members of the family were getting ready for church on Sunday morning. For two weeks now, I myself had eschewed Divine Worship. I do not care for crying, and my hay looked a good deal like it. Cousin Mary, therefore, kindly took my Sunday School class, unless she, in turn, sublet it to Cousin Ruth. Our conversation savored of quiet speculation as to who my substitute would be, when the telephone interrupted. I answered, for I was still active, and able, at times, to talk. The family listened with interest to my enlightening though one-sided conversation. At the close of the episode, our lines ran thus:—

'Mary will take it,' I said briefly,

prevented from further speech by an astounding sneeze.

'Mary who?' inquired Sister pleasantly, from the next room.

Prolonged pause, heavy with silence.

'Mary *who*?' repeated the Voice.

Still longer pause, heavier than ever.

Sister came out to investigate this unconventionality, and visualized all too late the closed eyes, puckered brow, and open mouth, known instantly to the semi-trained as precursor of trouble. But no trouble arrived.

'Mary Pickford,' said I, bitterly, shutting my mouth, defeated.

'Mary Magdalen,' remarked a sympathizer from another room.

'Mary Lyon,' said father placidly, putting on his hat.

Stricken with remorse, the offender made her way to a dark clothes-closet, and went in and shut the door. From within we could hear stifled sounds of repentance, helpless laughter, and such probable Marys as occurred to her mind at the moment — Mary E. Wilkins, Bloody Mary, Mary Elizabeth, Mary Chilton, and Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary. No sneeze has since been spoiled for me by relatives.

But hay fever (I hesitate to generalize), *my* hay fever, is vulnerable in one spot. This was discovered by accident one day, when the house started to burn down. After the fire had been successfully dealt with, we realized that the hay had vanished. When we spoke its name, it returned. We then began to test all forms of excitement. Tragedy was found to work most effectually, then Accident, then Crime. I shall have to acknowledge that all my life I have been carefully led out of range of all horses taken in a fit, all linemen climbing their poles, all highwaymen and runaway motor-cycles pursuing their callings. These are now pointed out to me in hay-fever season, with all details noted; for shock

has been found to succeed where cocaine fails. It is more difficult than you would think, to keep yourself constantly in the way of perils: in perils of robbers, in perils of the sea, in perils of your own countrymen. We then found that Comedy, mixed with uncertainty and a trifle of apprehension, sometimes gives a moment of relief.

My brother's friend, a man of conventional habits, once visited us when autumn vegetation was at its height. He is as resourceful as he is correct, and he saw at once that he had it in his power to alleviate my hay. He has a faculty of standing on his head. He can remain in this position indefinitely. He will do this for my brother, for my brother's friend, and for my brother's friend's dog. He will also do it for me. I hope that it is unnecessary to state that I should never have thought of requesting it. But the gratuitous sight of the unsteady wavering of two pepper-and-salt legs gave me a complete respite. He purposely wavered in my general direction, like a half-chopped tree, which, by every law of physics, would fall, if it fell, on me.

But I could not keep my brother's best friend perpetually on his head, although he was perfectly willing to serve me in this way. I knew that I ought to go to the mountains, but I wanted to go to the sea. When one likes each detail connected with the sea, — fog, fog-horns, sand, sand-fleas, sun, sun-burn, — it is a tragic story to turn one's back, and head for the hills. I remembered one beach where I was certain there was no vegetation; a few spears of beach grass, perhaps; an aged little evergreen growing solidly in sand; but, aside from that, nothing but purple water, gray sails, and clear wind. It seemed pessimistic to believe that salt wind, piping over the Atlantic straight from Madeira, could be laden with pollen.

I resolved to sit upon sand, as near Madeira as possible. But, as we followed the porter up the steps of the little inn, we saw for the first time the giant ragweed, growing in the cracks of solid masonry, waving its tails.

'I think I had better go to the mountains,' said I, unable to close my mouth after any of these words.

We sat on the rocks for the afternoon, to bid farewell to the wheeling gulls and the fine blue line that marked off Madeira. Down by the water's edge, there appeared a rat, about the size of a collie puppy, and apparently enjoying the same games. We are not afraid of rats, but they attract our attention. This rat dispelled the hay fever. He made little runs in our direction, scuttling enough of the time out of sight to provide the necessary uncertainty. At last he headed for our feet, galloping like a rocking-horse over the stones.

'Go home! Go HOME!' I shouted, judging him to be an American rat. He was, apparently, for he veered sharply on one wheel and disappeared under the rocks. After a pause, I sneezed seven times.

'Perhaps he is under the rocks we are sitting on,' suggested my companion.

I stopped sneezing, clearly entertained. We added Rats to our list.

Theories about hay fever are amusing and ingenious, and their name is Legion. Hay fever is a disease of the nerves, a disease of the nose, a disease of the metabolism. It is brought to New England from the Western prairies by a remarkable wind, unnamed. It is caused by heat, light, exertion, anæmia, and the absence of eczema; that is, if you have eczema, it means that if you did not have eczema, you would be having hay fever. Some people even like, for variety, to change about — eczema one year, and hay fever the next.

However, all wits agree that hay fever is a great bore, and can be cured

by neither fasting nor prayer. You must go to the mountains — even unto Bethlehem. And even there, it may be argued that, although you do not sneeze, you are still in a *state* of hay fever. This condition is comparable to a state of war — insecure and ominous, albeit uneventful.

A genuine sufferer, however, largely prefers a state to a paroxysm, caring very little, in his unabridged moments, whether his infirmity is an acidosis, a protein, or a state of mind.

AWARENESS

AMONG all the moods of the spirit, that of simple awareness is the most precious.

It is so utterly natural that, when it recurs, it makes almost every other mood seem artificial; and the great wonder about it is that it does not obtain all the time. But, for some reason connected with the inhibitions of our humanity, it is rare and precarious. As one reviews the months and seasons of the year, its moments of complete visitation shine out notably.

Another name for it is just realization. It does not concern itself with new discovery, with surprise; it contents itself (and how deeply contents us!) with that which sums up and transcends everything else. While it persists, we know what we are, what the world is, what life means, what God and the angels are about; we escape from the inexplicable blindness and pretense that hold us all the rest of the time — we see and understand.

To different people, different environments favor the experience. Music-lovers are most apt to be visited by it in the galleries of music halls; devout Catholics woo it when they kneel before the Blessed Sacrament; nature-lovers stand peculiarly open to it among hills and woods, or beside the sea.

The place where it happens is never forgotten; henceforth it is marked with an invisible sign, designated Bethel. Jacob's comment is often repeated, with the significant deletion of one word: 'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it.' The mental maps of people who have lived long in one locality are apt to be sown with stars indicating the occurrence of the supreme event. There is the silent brook in the heart of the meadow, where the old abandoned road crosses on the dilapidated bridge. There is the grassy hollow, high on the hillside, warm and drowsy with sunshine, fragrant with pennyroyal, visited by butterflies and the shadows of summer clouds. There is a great tree, with spreading roots, on the edge of the woods. And there are the woods themselves, deep and still and brooding, the holiest and starriest spots of all.

Just what is it that has come to pass in these places? One has looked at the world, — really looked at it, not merely caught a glimpse of it from behind veils of illusion and preoccupation, — and, like God on his great seventh day, has found it very good. Holding one's breath, lest body hamper soul, one has gazed straight at, and deep into, things, dwelling upon the line of a hill, steeping one's vision in the blue of the sky, the golden-brown of the brook, exploring largely the green expanse of a meadow. One has listened to the song of the birds and insects, the lapping of the water, the chanting of the wind, and has really heard them, not merely caught confused echoes of them. Over the vast periods of geologic and evolutionary time, one has voyaged, fearless and unhesitating, reaching back, back, seeing how all our present life is bound up with that which has been, how past and present and future exist in one breath. One has prayed to God, and, praying, has seen

Him face to face. One has been aware.

Perhaps it is identification that has worked the trick. In really looking at the world one has lost one's self in it, and thus has been enabled to understand it as never before. Some poet (Sarah Cleghorn, I think) has suggested that immortality may consist in exactly this losing of one's self, and that the ultimate meaning of Christ's most mystic utterance is this ineffable finding of a lost life. And yet, all the time, one's self is there, intensely alive and alert; and, though it is one with what it looks at, it is also separate. The situation is paradoxical. Probably the supreme awareness of death will be needed to clear it up for us.

Moments of awareness are august, and one tries to meet them reverently. But sometimes they come so unexpectedly that one is unprepared; and now and then they even display a whimsical humor, which endears them greatly to our human hearts. Among all the places where they have visited me, there is only one where I can ever count on finding them again, and that is, of all incongruous spots, my garbage-pail!

This is the way it happens: for hours I have been busy in the kitchen, mixing, stirring, baking, washing, hurrying back and forth between the pantry and the sink, too utterly given over to practical affairs to cast so much as a glance out of the window. My entire universe has consisted in four kitchen walls. At last, the bread and the cake have been baked, the dinner prepared and eaten, the dishes washed, and now, as a last item in cleaning up, I seize the old tin plate, full of refuse, and start pell-mell for the garbage-pail behind the woodshed. It is only another, a final, practical detail, and I lose no time about it. Out through the kitchen door I go precipitately.

But, behold! what is this? As I stand, with the lid of the garbage-pail

in one hand and my empty tin plate in the other, something arrests me. I look wonderingly about me. Then — oh, beauty and sweetness of the summer day! serenity and detachment of the summer world! — I am invaded, flooded by it, caught away into it, dazzled by its exceeding loveliness. Before me the orchard lies, peaceful and green, with birds in its widely branching old trees, crickets and butterflies in its grass, blue sky above it, and golden sunshine irradiating it. Beside me is the glowing garden, and beyond are the untroubled hills. What a wide, happy, quiet world — my world, the world where we all of us belong! And what an unholy, unnecessary fuss I have been making! Beside the garbage-pail, just where I am, I — But Sarah Cleghorn has the right words for this, too: —

In came a heavenly childhood to our hearts.
We stood and drank that holy childishness.

Could we be always aware, if we tried? Probably not, for then we might almost as well be dead. Could we be so more frequently? Doubtless we could, and should. The whole trend of evolution seems to lie away from nescience and blindness, toward intelligence; away from the partial to the whole. The divine condition cannot be induced, can hardly ever even be anticipated; but it can be wooed, and can be waited on with a humble mind. The soul's inner moorings can be kept simple and flexible, easily slipped. Readiness and expectation can become habits of the heart. Each one of us is a tiny part of a stupendous, developing Reality, and each one of us is also as much the whole Reality as any other part. Some day we shall be eternally aware of this. Meanwhile, we shall presumably live more sanely and wisely, more largely and freely, if we secure as many moments of temporal knowledge as possible.

A MYSTERIOUS PROFESSION

FOR years I have been fascinated by the mystery of why men become bass-viol players.

There are eight bass-viol players in a modern orchestra. They stand in the back row, wearing drooping moustaches and eyeglasses. The latter, no doubt, are necessary, because for years they have strained their eyes looking for the little parts allotted to them by the composer.

And now comes a burning question. Here is a body of innocent and God-fearing men, honest taxpayers, and, according to our divorce courts, faithful husbands. They are almost wholly lacking in criminal tendencies. Search our jails. Are the glittering crimes of the country committed by bass-viol players? Can this profession honestly boast of any first-class kidnappers, murderers, or swindlers? The answer is — no!

Why then do the composers manifest toward them such an utter lack of trust?

In looking over the average orchestral score, we find that bass-violts are usually permitted only to double in the lower octave a few bass notes while the violoncellos are playing; the cellos at this point are usually showing off, and getting all the credit from the audience. There are some rare exceptions to this rule. For example, Beethoven, with a broad-minded spirit and a certain feeling of optimism, confides to the bass-violts the business of working up a tempest in the storm of the Seventh Symphony. It did my heart good to see the octette rally to the occasion. No longer did they stand there as if suffering from sleeping sickness. Their bows and front hair started tossing angrily; the heavy strings vibrated wildly; heavy rumblings threatened the tranquil calm of a few minutes before — restlessness surcharged the atmosphere, growing stead-

ily more menacing. The tides of wind and rain rushed violently on, until, finally, thunderous furies rode the air, shrieking their cries of rage. I felt myself swept up in the arms of the tempest; the wind howled, the sea moaned, a ship crashed — and all this hypnotic effect from these frock-coated bass-viol players!

Usually, however, they have the driest of parts to play: melodies are carried by the other instruments, and when the bass-viol play at all, they very often have to play the same note sixteen times in succession.

‘Ah!’ you exclaim, ‘how easy!’

But is it easy? To play the same note sixteen times would bore me so that I am sure I should become absent-minded, and at the wrong moment come crashing noisily in with the next phrase. It also might be claimed that much of the time the bass-viols do nothing. But this is not as easy as it appears; for, when they are not playing, they have to know what the rest of the orchestra is doing every minute, and not infrequently they are obliged to count as many as sixty-four measures in order to come neatly in on the beat of the sixty-fifth. This requires concentration of no mean order.

The small parts allotted to the bass-viol, however, are vitally important. Take the bass away from the performance of a musical composition, and the thing weakly collapses. The amateur pianist goes in heavily for this crime; the right hand does not know what the left hand doeth. In an orchestra the bass-viols furnish the foundation of the musical structure, and are just as essential to the performance as the strong man in Keith’s Vaudeville, who does an acrobatic act with five others, supporting them on his head and shoulders. He, however, wins applause after the performance. He runs forward in

his pink-silk tights and green-plush trunks, and takes all the bows.

But the bass-viol player at the end of a concert has no such thrill. The next thing he has to consider is getting the animal home, for nothing can be left in the concert hall. He struggles to the door, and makes for the nearest subway. This is at 5.15 P.M. — the rush hour; he must not only get it in the car, but he must park it there with nice precision, not running the bayonet through the foot of his nearest neighbor, or letting the head, all keyed up as it is, fall hysterically about. Let one of our New York philanthropists carry a bass-viol from 59th Street to the Bronx, via the subway, during the rush hour. I am sure he would add to his philanthropies the new humane measure of supplying Carnegie Hall with a Ford truck, to be backed up after concerts to carry away the bass-viols to Hoboken, Flatbush, and the Bronx.

The drawbacks to playing this instrument are perfectly obvious. It would be interesting to know if there are any pleasures derived from it. Certainly no pleasure comes from playing it as a solo instrument; no musical literature has been written for it, so bass-viol players cannot enjoy playing, either for themselves or for their friends. This is where the mystery lies.

We know that these men could apply their musicianship to another instrument not having these drawbacks. What, then, impels them to adopt this weird pursuit? Are they sordid slackers who, for good pay, prefer a minimum amount of work? For, of course, they put forth less physical effort in their playing than men in the other positions in the orchestra. Or are they great altruists, who, for the sake of having symphonies played, buckle on their frock-coats and sacrifice themselves on the altar of music?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

All that we are privileged to say of the author of 'Beyond the Barrier' is that this record of the illusions of delirium she so vividly presents is circumstantially and accurately true. Perhaps its publication may help toward a completer and more sympathetic understanding of the mental torture which physicians so often treat as unimportant in comparison with those physical symptoms in whose presence they feel less impotent. She writes us:—

As a result of work and deprivations 'for the cause,' I fought at the end of the war not only for my life but for my rationality. A victim of that sinister disease which is causing national anxiety, pellagra, I have the unusual fortune to have recovered my health and normality, while retaining accurate and connected memories of that awful double life of apparent rationality and extreme irrationality which the delirium of this disease produces. Because this land beyond the border is so little understood even by the physician and the psychologist, thanks to the merciful aphasia which ordinarily clothes its returning travelers, yet is of such universal and poignant interest, not only because of the wave of mental disability, unrest, and emotionalism which has followed in the wake of the war, but because its existence has always intrigued or threatened the lives of the majority of men, my husband, Dr. —, has persuaded me that I should offer my unique experience in the hope of winning thereby a clearer understanding of the abnormal, and a more intelligent and more kindly sympathy for the sad travelers in these unmapped regions.

* * *

Emma Lawrence, who contributes 'The Floor of Heaven,' writes us with the enthusiasm of the fanatic that 'that is a good name for any hunting-country.' Against the clatter, the nerve-fret, the speed of modern civilization, A. Edward Newton's essay, 'Change Cars at Paoli,' breathes a spirit of calm protest. Mr. Newton is a well-known lover and collector of books, the author of *Amenities of Book-Collecting* and *A Magnificent Farce*. Jazz has been cheered with a mad delight and damned with infinite scorn and derision. We wonder if it has

ever received a treatment at once so scientific and so human as in Dr. Carl Engel's entertaining paper. The author is a composer, a writer on musical subjects, and the Chief of the Music Division of the Library of Congress. This paper was read at the Musical Supervisors' Conference in Nashville, in March, 1922.

* * *

From the chorus of protest from Tulsa, which greeted the *Atlantic's* May excursion into Oklahoma, we are delighted to select, by way of amende honorable, Philip Kates's good-humored retort. Mr. Kates's paper is proof (to those who need it) that the pursuit of oil and the pursuit of letters are highly compatible. 'Soul—Soul!' is the ringing title of a poem this month by Fannie Stearns Gifford, who has long been an *Atlantic* contributor. In the chapter of 'Peasant Masters' which we print in this number, Madame Emma Ponafidine continues her story of life under Bolshevik rule. She tells of the actual operation of government under the 'Skhodka,' the village governing committee, and the 'Tcheka,' the Extraordinary Commission to suppress counter-revolution. Gertrude Marshall Geer, of New York, contributes her first story to the *Atlantic*.

* * *

In the second series of 'Newly Discovered Letters' of David Livingstone, increased light is thrown not only on the Dark Continent, but on the life and mind of that extraordinary missionary and Christian gentleman. Charles Rumford Walker contributes another chapter in 'Steel,' called 'The Blast-Furnace.' Mr. Walker, who is a college graduate, actually lived these workman's experiences, and the paper has more the quality of a 'picture from life,' than of a treatise on labor problems. Margaret Sherwood, who gives us the poem, 'Reality,' this month, is Professor of English Literature at Wellesley College, and widely known to *Atlantic* readers. 'Nightfall,' an essay,

comes to us from an Australian friend, **Ada Cambridge Cross**. In her sixties, Mrs. Cross wrote a 'Retrospect' for the *Atlantic*. At seventy-six, she sends us 'Nightfall.' Two years residence in Vienna with her nephew, who is in the employ of the Austrian Government, has given **Mary Valentine Stanley** the background for 'Christine and the Princess,' a story laid amid the extraordinary post-war conditions of that country.

* * *

Herbert Sidebotham, who has been military expert and 'student of politics' for the *London Times*, is generally recognized as the Prime Minister's most intelligent 'voice' in journalism. **E. T. Raymond**, an English writer and student of politics, interprets, at our request, the British political scene through the character of its dominant personalities. To those who think that the League of Nations is long since moribund, — or should be, — **Raymond Fosdick's** article, 'The League of Nations After Two Years,' presents interesting data and a suggestive thesis. Mr. Fosdick is practising law in New York. He was appointed Under-Secretary-General of the League of Nations, by Sir Eric Drummond, in May, 1919, but resigned when it became apparent that the United States was not likely to become an early member. **Sisley Huddleston**, who contributes 'France's Part,' is an English journalist with a long record of liberalism, who did work of a high order at the Peace Conference while representing the *Westminster Gazette*. **William Yale** renews the discussion, carried on in previous numbers of the *Atlantic*, of the Jewish question. He sends us 'The Non-Assimilation of Israel' from Port Said.

* * *

Our dangerous Club, 'Telephone and Telaphib,' has brought us this personal experience with 'telephonic morality.'

Happy the man who has a contemporary Cynthia to telaphib for him. My own altercations on telephonic morality are held with my mother, whose standards date from the Age of Innocence and admit no compromise.

It was in April, 1917. One suddenly found one's self on committees and subcommittees, varying from chairman to the unsung multitudes who bear no titles and do the work. Also, every line on one's telephone system ended in a house

that knew that one could be found at home each day from twelve to half-past, and at that time only.

One day I had left my luncheon four times to answer the thing. When the insane jangle sounded for the fifth time I passed my plate for more dessert.

'Answer it, it's for you,' urged my mother.

'I know it is, that's the reason I'm not answering it.'

'Then I will.'

'All right. Tell them I'm out, tell them I'm ill, tell them I'm dead, tell them I'm selling Liberty Bonds on the Capitol steps, tell them I've gone to France for a protracted sojourn and it may be for years and it may be forever, tell them —'

But my mother was already majestically moving toward the telephone. 'I will *not* lie for you,' she said distinctly, as she reached for the receiver; 'I will say I don't know *where* you are.'

WALTER PEIRCE.

PARIS.

* * *

The 'older' and the 'younger generation' continue to break lances with one another.

Let the Old Grouch have a word with the picturesque Barbarian who tells us in the June *Atlantic* why the chaperon was done to death. Wherever in the world they came from, the flapper and her older sister, the flapperoid (by which I mean a moulting flapper whose plumage is changing with the advent of midsummer responsibility), have brought a vivacious, aromatic, and parti-colored joy into life. They are like shimmering butterflies in a field of clover, and the Grouch delights in their bobbed heads, and josephine raiment; their graceful agility, and amusing independence. They are the prettiest things going. But where your Young Barbarian strikes a wrong note is here. She speaks of the things that 'keep us away from the older generation,' 'things which have made us forget the older generation,' and so forth.

The Barbarian must be told plainly that the older generation is running this world; she must not make any mistake about this. She is attractive but in her present state she is nothing but a frisky bob-veal that has no value to the world. She is composed of legs, a rainbow, and a shocked head. Her boarding-school 'education' does not amount to a hill of beans. It is not what she is but what she is to be that justifies her. Just now she is of no more importance to the real welfare of the world than is an organ-grinder. In a few years she will become a persimmon, and then she will scowl at the audacious superflappers that follow in her train. But she may content herself

with the assurance that her successors can never be more attractive and diverting than she is now. So the Young Barbarian must not *fash herself* over her desertion of the older generation.

THE OLD GROUCH.

* * *

We are interested to learn that the term 'flapper' originated in England, and how.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Re/ 'Flapper.' The term originated in England a good many years ago. Funk and Wagnalls give the same definition as Mr. G. Stanley Hall — a young bird unable to rise in flight. In England, however, it is specifically used for young wild duck and occasionally other game birds which can fly a fair distance but slow and clumsily. Only wild duck are shot at this stage when they can be put up from cover surrounding water by dogs or walking. Even in this sense the term is but moderately pleasing to describe the future mothers of the race; but the aptness is due to the potential, inseparable from the feminine, and it is preferable to 'gawk'; Bud is no longer descriptive. This is nothing to be answered.

Sincerely,

L. OGILVY.

* * *

'Deeper Misgivings,' in the *Atlantic* for June, which analyzed the effect of the 'New-Stock' Americans on democratic institutions, has stimulated discussion on half a dozen angles of the subject. One of the most interesting is the effect of the 'New Stock' on religion.

Mr. Speranza, like nearly all modern writers, does not mention the church, or religion. Nevertheless, by the same method of observation, it can be clearly seen that our religious institutions are being vitally affected by the New Stock. There is n't a religious organization in America, with the probable exception of the Episcopalian, that is not vitally affected by the New Stock. This is particularly true of Methodism and Congregationalism. Though these are Anglo-Saxon in origin, they are unlike their sister organizations in the Empire in so far as they have been modified by the German, Scandinavian, and so forth. I am not alone in seeing this; many of my ministerial friends often comment upon the same fact.

The 'American Woman' is another element in our life that is already touched. Anyone who has traveled in Europe and studied the European women, and, besides, knows something of the real New England woman, can readily see what I mean. It is there; and there is something else to Flapper Americana Novissima than G. Stanley Hall has mentioned.

In the last place, what about the American Press? What is the percentage of editors of the New Stock in America? This is very vital and important.

To a nonassimilable people like the Anglo-Saxon and to unassimilables like the Europeans, 'Deeper Misgivings' is of first importance.

Very truly yours,

FRANK HANCOCK.

* * *

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Do you accept love stories for publication? If so, what restrictions do you place on them as to length and kind? Is one with seven thousand words too long for your acceptance?

In anticipation of a favorable reply, I remain,

Perhaps some knowing ones of the younger generation can tell us just how long a 'love passage' can be without losing a thrill?

* * *

Of the many letters we have received on the opium question, we are sorry to have space only for the following.

As an American who has long been interested in the drug problem which is menacing our civilization, I have read with deep appreciation the article by Miss La Motte, published in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The accompanying article by Mr. Bajpai leaves unanswered important issues which he, as representative of the Government in India, can ill afford to leave unanswered.

Throughout his article, Bajpai speaks of the Indian Government as though it were the Government of the people of India. In any discussion of Indian affairs, it should always be borne in mind that the political and economic policies of the country are not Indian but British.

Mr. Bajpai makes no reference to the fact that the British Government encourages opium-producers by loaning money without interest to opium-planters. According to the figures presented by Miss La Motte, for the years 1918 and 1919, 532 tons of opium were consumed by the people of India alone, and 741 tons of opium were produced for export. When the actual medical requirements of the entire world are not more than 3 tons per annum we wonder why it is necessary for the Indian Government to further assist the opium production.

After the many opium wars, it is true that China and the British Government finally came to an agreement whereby China might rid itself of the drug evil without foreign interference. It is further true that in accordance with that agreement no opium has been openly shipped from India into China since 1917. But practically no

reduction has been made in the production of opium in India to meet the decreased demand through the elimination of the Chinese market. And Indian opium and its by-products (morphine, and so forth) are successfully smuggled into China.

We know that abolition of opium and liquor traffic is on the programme of Mahatma Gandhi and his followers. The people of India do not want to be victims of drugs nor do they want to be agents to drug other nations.

SELMA C. MAXIMON.

* * *

The twentieth-century student at the University of Bologna still preserves his cinquecento flavor.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

My interest in Professor Abbot's very just and yet very sympathetic paper, 'The Guild of Students,' was considerably quickened by the fact that I have spent the winter in Bologna, attending lectures at the famous old University. I can say with some confidence that the University of Bologna has not lost, by a good bit, the controlling action of the students; and yet, on the other hand, there is a very sad lack of the activities and the social life fostered by our American 'Guild of Students.'

Early in the fall came Matriculation Day. The whole affair went off with great vim and, for the entire afternoon, the students owned the city of Bologna with a seriousness and a pomposity that was delightful to see.

As it broke up, I happened to find myself moving behind a group of students, including the chairman of the day. How familiar his words sounded! I could put their very emphasis and jargon over into our college boys' slang. 'I tell you, fellows, we want to get together earlier on affairs like this. To-day was all right, in a way, but organization is what we want, organization! Next year we ought to put over something pretty fine.'

The average Bolognese student attends lectures spasmodically, studies by spurts, rises very often near midday, and is in no personal touch whatever with professors—they do not even know his name, unless he really is a scholar. One professor says that they average about five scholars out of every hundred students. Surely in America we can show as high an estimate, although I grant you that the five Italian scholars will probably be of finer calibre than many we produce. The world over, humanity is not *craving* great learning, but will accept some learning coupled with sociability and friendship; and it seems to me that our method does impregnate the mass of students with more real knowledge and culture

than this European method. And after all, 'friendships formed at Yale' are very precious, and there are so few of the like in Italy.

I do not think that lack of student activities is, however, entirely responsible for the spasmodic attendance of classes. A student can take his degree independently at any time during the year, and can come up for examinations in a subject he has hardly frequented. This method may be a very perfect one for the five scholars; such liberty may be conducive to achievement and originality of thought such as we rarely attain in America; but the ninety-five other students need the props of prescribed hours, prescribed terms and years, if they are not to degenerate into sitters by the wayside in the sun or, as Professor Masso suggests, strikers.

We have had this year a strike for Fiume, a strike because a certain professor was to be transferred to another university, and a third strike because another professor was advanced. Altogether we lost more than three weeks in strikes. University boys patrolled all the schools of the city and would allow no sessions. During the interregnum, between the fall of one Italian ministry and the formation of a new one, lessons were resumed very logically, as the students said, 'There is at present no Government against which to strike.' Just now lectures are closing down the fifteenth of May, although they usually continue until the fifteenth of June, because the students have decided that they have had enough. They say they really have not time to go to lectures now as they must study for examinations. Did the students at Bologna in the Middle Ages have much more power?

A SMITH COLLEGE WOMAN.

* * *

We believe in a certain colloquialism in literature, but feel that after all there are limits. However, we are very glad to print the following poem by a well-known scholar — because we like it.

Prone on my back I greet arriving day,

A day no different than the one just o'er;
When I will be, to practically say,

Considerable like I have been before.

Why then get up? Why wash, why eat, why pray?

— Oh, leave me lay!

I had n't ought to want things different

To what transpires every single day;
But I keep wishing that I could of went

From this heart-rendering dulness quite away.
And yet, why move? there's always rent to pay.

— Oh, leave me lay!